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Illustrations,
CRITICAL, HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL,
AND MISCELLANEOUS,
OF
NOVELS
BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

BY THE
REVEREND RICHARD WARNER,
RECTOR OF GREAT CHALFIELD, WILTS.

*Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.*

Horace.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN
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1824.

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TO THE SECOND AND THIRD VOLUMES.



We have endeavoured to redeem our pledge to the Public. Not, indeed, to the extent originally contemplated, (a work of interminable labour, as there seems to be no assigned or assignable limit to the productions of our Author's inexhaustible invention,) but, we trust, in a manner that may prove equally satisfactory to the Reader; by having selected for "Illustration" all those Novels which involve, more particularly, the exhibition of former manners, usages, opinions, and interesting public characters.

We hope that we have been diligent in our researches, correct in our statements, candid in our criticisms, and liberal in our sentiments. Of this we are sure—that such was our desire, and our effort.

July, 1824.



QUENTIN DURWARD.

NOTHING can more satisfactorily prove the pre-eminent powers of the Author of *Waverley*, than the approbation with which this novel, (his last, in point of publication,*)

* Since the above paragraph was written, our indefatigable author has produced another novel, "*St. Ronan's Well*;" a work, however, neither requiring nor deserving "illustration." It is the rickety offspring of a *sheer lucre speculation*, and bears about it all the marks of its sordid origin. As, like Junius, he has chosen to conceal his name, and is "the sole depository of his own secret;" so, perhaps, (should he introduce to the public any further productions of a torpid genius, or mercenary pen,) he had better, also, like Junius, "let his secret perish with him."

"If thou beest he; but O, how fall'n! how chang'd
"From him, who, in the happy realms of light,
"Cloth'd with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
"Myriads tho' bright!"

has been generally perused. Its success, reasoning *a priori*, would appear to have been, at least, problematical. The scene of its action, its epoch, and its characters, presented nothing, apparently, to captivate, or even interest, the English reader—a country, which he either despises or dislikes ; an age, whose incidents are altogether forgotten, or, at least, remembered with indifference : and personages, with whom, from a total dissimilitude of state of life, opinions, and pursuits, he would seem to be incapable of feeling any kindred sympathy. In defiance, however, of these obvious obstacles to popularity, the Novel in question has found an acceptance of the most flattering kind : the multitude have read it with almost unmixed gratification ; and there are not wanting, among those of a *severer tact*, certain, who have pronounced it to be as deeply interesting as some of the best and earliest productions of this matchless author.

To what, then, is to be ascribed a result so different from that which might naturally have been anticipated ? What is that process, by which this literary alchemist can convert his lump of

lead into genuine gold; and impart to a mere *caput mortuum* all the energy and activity of an ardent spirit? Of what nature is that talisman, with which he brings back the departed into a second and more animated existence; or gives to "airy nothings" all the interest, and all the charms, of living entities? It may serve the purposes of a lighter criticism, to bestow a few moments on the consideration of these questions.

"If" (as a very accomplished writer expresses it*) "the force and excellence of language consist in raising clear, complete, and circumstantial images, and turning *readers into spectators*," we may not only pronounce the novels of our author to be among the best existing specimens of this perfect use of language, but at once discover the secret by which he still continues to excite the imagination, enchain the attention, and interest the feelings of his readers. The fact is, he is a *perfect master* of this instrument of the communication of thought: equally skilled in its general exercise, and in its *particular*

* Warton's *Essay on the Genius, &c. of Pope*, vol. ii. 160.

application in the exhibition of those *minute differences*, and *specific circumstances*, which give to every single being, and thing, its appropriate individuality. The claim, indeed, of sagacity to detect, and of observation to mark, these characteristics, must be conceded to him; but, these would not avail for the production of a *complete verisimilitude*, without that perfect command of *descriptive diction*, which can exhibit in *language* what exists in *nature* in appearances the most minute and evanescent, without any loss of its form, freshness, and effect.

Uniform as human nature is in its great original principles, it is still infinitely diversified in minor particulars: and, modified by place, and age, and education; by habit, pursuits, profession, and countless other external causes; it includes, within a contour of general resemblance, an endless variety of *casts* or expressions of *countenance*, (if the metaphor may be allowed,) producing those various *specific* differences which are observed between creatures of the same kind; and which give to every human being his individual and

eculiar character. To exhibit these *distin-
guishing traits* to the mind's eye, is the
highest reach of art in descriptive composition :
only to be effected by him who has language
in all its forms, and words in all their combi-
nations, under his supreme controul ; and who
can, when he pleases, select, from the store,
those *forms of expression* which are precisely,
and, perhaps, exclusively, adapted to embody
the conception of his thoughts, and to excite,
in the mind of his reader, vigorous, and vivid,
and correct ideas of the shadowy peculiarities
which he wishes to pourtray. Like the work
of a first-rate portrait-painter, the resemblance
to his original is not confined to a felicitous
outline ; but, master of all the *gradations* of
colour, and the *mystery* of their *application*,
he exercises a faculty beyond the reach of
common art, and by many an imperceptible
touch of the *appropriate tints*, he transmits
to the canvass the peculiar characteristics of the
living subject, and makes him stand before us
in apparent substance, vitality, and motion.

It is this thorough mastery, and consum-
mately skilful exercise of this uncommon faculty,

which, in our opinion, accounts for the wonderful effect produced by the writings of our author on the mind of his reader. On contemplating his portraits, we instantly perceive that they are *rigid likenesses* of their originals: for his happy *forms of diction* present, not only every feature as it existed in nature, but, also, all those *modifications* of feature which stamp the prototype with its distinct and exclusive character. Nay, what is more, in his personages which are merely imaginary, the same effect is operated by the exercise of the same power: non-existences appear with all the attributes of reality; and we are satisfied that if such human beings had actually existed, they *must* have existed precisely under those forms, and been distinguished by those exact circumstances, by which they are designated in the picture before us. Hence it is that we become intimate with his characters, whether real or fictitious, the moment we are introduced to them: we feel for them a social interest at first sight; and, carried away by the illusion of an actual intercourse, we overlook all distance of time, and difference of country, and

fancy ourselves as much at home with the foreigner of four centuries back, as with a contemporary of our own native land.

The charm and popularity of *Quentin Durward* (as well as of most other productions of our author) may, we conceive, be sufficiently explained by the application of these principles to them, without searching deeper into the secrets of perfect composition. There are a truth, and distinctness, and individuality, in the drawing of this author, which invest every person, and incident, and situation, with reality ; which bring us at once into familiarity and friendliness with his characters ; and link us, by the bond of sympathy, with all their adventures and concerns.

Our author has exhibited much of this power in the *introduction* to *Quentin Durward*, which is a literary morsel of high flavour. The vivid, minute, and particular enumeration of appropriate circumstances, wafts us at once into the ruined chateau of Heautlieu ; and brings our heart into contact with the venerable owner of the mansion. It has touches, also, of deep feeling and delicate

taste, which may bear a comparison with one of Sterne's happiest efforts, in the line of affecting description—the resumption, by the Marquis, of his long-dormant sword. The same peculiar charm pervades the novel itself. All its business is transacted before the eye : and a rapid succession of marked and well-supported contrasts, in characters, dialogues, incidents, and situations, give to the story the magical effect of a good dramatic representation.

Large, however, as the meed of praise is, which may deservedly be bestowed on Quentin Durward, speaking of it as a *whole*; yet, with respect to some of its *parts*, we cannot justly hold the same language of eulogy. It is stamped with the marks of imperfection which attach to every thing human, and has its great defects. Homer nods: Shakespeare puns: and the author of our novel has violated the principles of correct taste, and approached the confines of imbecility and absurdity. Instances of the *first* deviation from the canons of good writing will be found in the accounts of the murder of the Bishop of Liege, and of the hunting of the mock herald: and of the *last*

error, in his desertion of his hero at the very moment when the laurel should have been awarded to him, and giving to a subordinate character the merit of an achievement, which ought, in all reason and propriety, to have been reserved for Quentin Dunward alone.

Roscommon, in his "Essay on Translated Verse," has judiciously observed, that

" *Foul* descriptions are offensive still,
 " Either for being *like* or being *ill* :
 " For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
 " On holy garbage, tho' by Homer cook'd ?"

And, in truth, in all representations, whether descriptive or pictorial, which are intended to awaken the emotions of pity or sympathy, it is essential to the production of this effect, not to be *too circumstantial*. If a *particular* exhibition of horrors be presented to the unbrutalized mind, it shrinks back from it appalled or nauseated: it is harrowed, and not softened; and instead of a tender and improving melancholy, the impression produced is that of unqualified disgust. Who, when he reads the minutiae of brutal butchery which attended the murder of the Bishop of Liege ;

or the detail of cruelties practised upon the hunted, worried, and torn Heyraddin ; does not turn from the scenes with the most painful feelings? The descriptions, it is allowed, are exquisitely spirited and vivacious ; but they are likenesses of things with which the mind revolts from any contact or acquaintance ; and, like some of the subjects of Spagnioletti, though set off by the finest drawing, and most sublime colouring, are still objects of horror rather than delight.

A no less egregious want of judgment is evinced in the *conclusion* of the novel before us. Unmarked as the character of the hero is by any of those striking points, which make an immediate, irresistible, and permanent impression on the imagination of the reader ; yet, frank and bold, faithful and sincere, he soon contrives to interest us deeply in his fortunes. We quickly become participators in his hopes, sharers in his adventures, and personally anxious for his success ; and, in the fondness of partiality, naturally anticipate that the lustre of the *denouement* should be thrown upon the fate of our favourite, and the palm of

triumph be eventually carried off by him. Instead of the gratification of this reasonable wish, however, we have nothing but miserable disappointment. In order to bring about the completion of a ridiculous prophecy, the glory of De la Mark's discomfiture and destruction of the condition of the possession of the Countess of Croye) is transferred from Quentin Durward to his coarse and semi-barbarous uncle; and the hero, after having been so loftily supported throughout, is, at the last, reduced to accept, as a boon, that guerdon, which he had well deserved to snatch with his own right hand, by his perilous services—gallant bearing and honest, persevering fidelity.

“ Oh ! most lame and impotent conclusion.”

Historical Illustrations.

FRANCE is very rich in her native early historians, who, though they may not perhaps equal our own annalists of "olden times" in their simplicity and minuteness, yet interest us deeply in their narratives, by their sprightliness and vivacity, the shrewdness of their remarks, and the richness of their incidents. Of these writers, no one is more entertaining than the *Sieur d'Argenton*, *Philip de Comines*, the guide which our author has selected in the general construction of his story, and the historian to whom he has resorted for almost all his events, as far as they have any authority in recorded accounts.* *Du Haillan*,† it is true, accuses the lively annalist of a want of historical fidelity. He says, that *Philip de*

* The *Memoirs of Philip de Comines*, &c. &c. The edition which we refer to hereafter is that of London, 1674.

† *Bayle's Dictionary*. *Du Haillan*, vol. iii. 336.

Comines has concealed many things (he means injurious to the character of Louis XI.), being moved thereto either by his affection towards his master (Louis), or the benefactions he had received from him,* or the fear of his successor; but, be this as it may, De Comines, in his little volume, has told us much, and told it well; and, however cautious he might intend to be, of conveying to posterity a bad impression of his royal patron, he either directly, or incidentally, makes us acquainted with features of his character, which will immortalize the French monarch as a precious

* It was, probably, a sense of gratitude which induced Philip de Comines to throw a veil over the deformities of Louis's character; for, to say the truth, the monarch was a most munificent patron to him. Letters patent still remain, under the royal hand, in behalf of Philip, conferring certain grants upon him, "because" (as the documents state) "by his good advice and other services which he did us," (meaning Louis's detention in the castle of Peronne,) "he was the chief means of preserving our royal person from danger." The gifts conferred were, the principality, lands, and seignory of Talmont-sur-tonne, Brutonne, Chateau-goutier, Cutzon, La Chevres Berre, and other lordships.

example of combined craftiness, cruelty, and superstition.

Our author's sketch of the state of France, at the epoch of the novel, and the views which he has given of the various conflicting interests of the king and his vassal princes, and of the dark intrigues and crooked politics by which the different parties pursued them, are true to the accounts of history ; but (as may be supposed) many of his *incidents* are altogether imaginary, and several *real events* have been made subservient to the purposes of his beautiful fiction, by a change in their chronological order, and by their adaptation to circumstances with which they were not actually associated. Among the former creations of fancy may be classed, the hero and all his adventures, including those of Isabella countess of Croye, and Madame Hamelin, her aunt ; the Zingaro, Hayraddin Maugrebin, his intrigues and death, &c. &c. : and of the latter description are the scenes in the Castle of Peronne ; the period of the murder, and the personal character, of the Bishop of Liege ; and the mission of the mock herald. The

transcription of Comines' account of these transactions will at once shew the deviations from historical fact, and the anachronisms, which our author has injudiciously (we think) committed, in weaving the thread of his complicated narrative.

Louis, having cajoled Charles with respect to his operations in Brittany, and conceived that he might obtain still further political advantages to himself, by a personal interview with his impetuous but unsuspecting vassal, proposed a visit to the Duke of Burgundy at his court at Peronne. "The Duke," says Comines, "had no great fancy to the meeting, for the Liegeois made a shew of rebelling again, at the instigation of two ambassadors, which the said King had sent to them, to that purpose, before the truce, which was made for certain dayes betwixt the King, the said Duke, and their allies. The Cardinal and his friends replied, that the Liegeois durst not attempt any such thing, seeing the King had not only dismantled their works the year before, but thrown down their walls; and if any such design were in their heads, the news

of this agreement would be sufficient to discuss it. In this manner it was concluded, that the King should repair to Peronne, (which was the place he had recommended,) and the Duke having writ to him, with his own hand, and delivered an ample passport (for his better security) to the ambassadors, they took their leaves, and departed towards the King, who was at that time at Noyon. But to make all sure at Liege, the Duke sent thither the Bishop, (upon whose score those tumults had happened,) and with him the Seigneur d'Hymbercourt, the said duke's lieutenant in that country, with considerable forces."——

“ You have now heard how it was agreed the king should come to Peronne. Thither he came, without any guard, more than the passport and parole of the said duke; only he desired, that the said duke's archers, under the command of Monsieur de Cordes, (who was then in the said duke's service,) might meet and conduct him; and so it was done, very few of his own train coming along with him. Nevertheless there were some great persons attended him, and among the rest the

Duke of Bourbon, the Cardinal his brother, and the Count de Saint Paul, constable of France, who had no hand in this interview, but was much displeased with it, for he was now grown haughty, and disdained to pay that respect to the duke which he had formerly done; for which cause there was no true friendship between them. Besides these, there came the Cardinal Balue, the Governor of Rousillon, and several others. When the king came near, the duke went forth (very well attended) to meet him, conducted him into the town, and lodged him with the Receiver, whose house was fair, and not far from the castle; for the lodgings in the castle were but small, and no way convenient.”—

“War betwixt two great princes is easily begun, but hard to be composed, by reason of the accidents and consequences which follow; for many practices are used, and orders given out, both on one side and the other, to prejudice the enemy, which cannot be suddenly countermanded; as was visible by these two princes, whose meeting was so suddenly determined, that neither having time to give adver-

tisement to their agents, in remote parts, both of them accomplished the commands which their respective masters had given them before. The Duke of Burgundy had sent for his army out of Burgundy, where, at that time, there was a great store of nobles, which came along with the army; and among the rest Monsieur de Bresse, the Bishop of Geneva, the Count de Romant, all three brothers of the House of Savoy, (for betwixt the Savoyens and Burgundians there was always a firm amity,) and some Germans, who were borderers both to the one and the other. It is to be understood, that the king (Louis XI.) had formerly caused the said Seigneur de Bresse to be clapt in prison, upon the death of two gentlemen, which the said Bresse had caused to be slain in Savoy; so that betwixt him and the king there was no right understanding.

“ In this army there was likewise one Monsieur du Law, (who had been a favourite of the king’s, but kept afterwards a prisoner by him a long time, till at length he made his escape, and fled into Burgundy,) Monsieur d’Urse, (since grand escuyer de France,)


and Mons. Poncet de Riviere : all which company arrived before Peronne, as the king came into the town. Bresse, with the three last, (supposing they should have been time enough to have waited upon the duke, when he went out to receive the king,) entered the town with Saint Andrew's Cross upon their clothes; but they came a little too late : however, they went directly to the duke's chamber, to pay their duty; and in the name of the rest, Monsieur Bresse humbly beseeched him, that himself and his three comrades might have his protection, (notwithstanding the king was in the town,) as was promised them in Burgundy, and at the first hour of their arrival, assuring him they were at his service, when and against whomsoever he would command them. The duke returned them thanks, and promised them protection. The rest of his army, under the conduct of the Marshal of Burgundy, was, by orders, quartered in the field. The said Marshal had no more kindness for the king than the others above-said ; for the king had given him Pinal in Lorrain, and taken it from him afterwards,

to give it to John duke of Calabria. The king had notice presently that all these persons were in town, and of the habits in which they arrived ; which putting him into a great fright, he sent to the duke, to desire he might be *lodged in the castle*, for he knew those cavaliers were none of his friends ; the duke was glad to hear it, appointed him his own lodgings, and sent to him to fear nothing.”—

“ We have given an account of the arrival of this Burgundian army at Peronne, almost at the same instant with the king ; for having been upon their march before this interview was determined, the duke had no time to countermand them ; and their coming was a great check and impediment to the mirth that was intended, by reason of certain jealousies and suspicions which ensued thereupon. Notwithstanding, these two princes (Charles and Louis) deputed some of their servants to meet and negotiate of their affairs in the most mild and amicable way that could be thought on ; but whilst the treaty was well advanced, and three or four days had been already spent in bringing it to a conclusion, news

arrived of great accidents at Liege, of which I shall give this relation. The king, at his coming to Peronne, had forgot that he had sent two ambassadors to Liege, to stir them up to a rebellion against the duke ; and they had behaved themselves with such diligence in the business, that they had got together such considerable numbers, that the Liegeois went privately to Tongres, (where the Bishop of Liege and the Seigneur d'Hymbercourt were quartered, with more than two thousand men,) with design to surprise them. The bishop, the said Hymbercourt, and some of the bishop's servants, were taken ; but the rest fled, and left whatever they had behind them, as despairing to defend themselves. After which exploit, the Liegeois, marching back again to Liege, which is not far from Tongres, Monsieur d'Hymbercourt made an agreement for his ransom with a knight called Monsieur William de Ville, *alias*, by the French, le Sauvage ; which knight, suspecting the Liegeois would kill him in their fury, suffered the said d'Hymbercourt to escape, but was slain himself not long after.

The people were exceedingly overjoyed at the taking of their bishop. There were taken with him that day several canons of the church, whom the people equally detested, and killed five or six of them for their first refection; among the rest, there was one of them called Master Robert, a great intimate of the bishop's, and a person that I have often seen attending him compleatly in his arms, for in Germany it is the custom of the prelates. They slew the said Robert in the presence of the said bishop, cut him to maimocks, and in sport threw the pieces at one another's heads. Before they had marched seven or eight leagues, which was their full journey, they killed about sixteen canons, and other persons, for the most part servants of the said bishop; but they dismissed certain of the Burgundians, for they had an inkling that the peace was begun, and were forced to pretend, that what they had done was only against their bishop, who was brought prisoner along with them into their city. Those who fled (as I said before) gave the alarm to the whole country; and it was not



long before the duke had the news. Some said, all of them were put to the sword; others affirmed the contrary, (for in things of that nature one messenger seldom comes alone;) but some there were who had seen the habits of the canons which were slain, and, supposing the bishop and Monsieur d'Hymbrecourt had been of the number, they averred that all that had not escaped were killed, and that they saw the king's ambassadors among the Liegeois, and they named their very names. All this being related to the duke, he believed it immediately; and falling into a great passion against the king, he charged him with a design of deluding him by his coming thither; caused the gates, both of the town and castle, to be shut up; and gave out, by way of pretext, that it was done for the discovery of a certain cabinet which was lost, with money and jewels in it of very considerable value. When the king saw himself shut up in the castle, and guards placed at the gates, and especially when he found himself lodged near a certain tower, in which the Count de Vermandois had caused his pre-

decessor, one of the kings of France, to be put to death, he was in great apprehension: I was at that time waiting upon the Duke of Burgundy, in the quality of chamberlain; and (when I pleased myself) I lay in his chamber, as was the custom of that family. When he saw the gates were shut, he ordered the room to be cleared, and told us who remained, that the king was come thither to circumvent him; that he himself had never approved of the said interview, but had complied to gratify the king. Then he gave us a relation of the passages at Liege; how the king had behaved himself by his embassador; and that all his forces were killed. He was much incensed, and threatened his Majesty exceedingly; and I am of opinion, that, had he had then such persons about him as would have encouraged him to any violence upon the king, he had done it without dispute, or at least committed him to the tower. When he spake these words, there were present only myself and two grooms of the chamber; one of which was called Charles de Visin, born at Dyon, an honest man, and of good repute

with his master. We did not exasperate, but sweetened him as much as we could. A while after, he used the same expressions to other people. The news being carried about the town, it came at last to the ears of the king, who was much affrighted; and, indeed, so was every body else, foreseeing a great deal of mischief, and reflecting upon the variety of things which were to be considered, for the reconcilment of a difference begun betwixt two such puissant princes; and the errors, of which both of them were guilty, in not giving timely advertisement to their ministers, employed in their remote affairs, which would of necessity produce some extraordinary event.”—

“ Having represented to all princes what my judgment is of such conventions, I shall return to speak of the king, who thought himself (as I said before) a prisoner in the Castle of Peronne. The gates being shut and secured, by such as were deputed to that office, continued so for two or three days; during which time the Duke of Burgundy saw not the king, of whose servants very few were admitted into the Castle; and those only by

the wicket ; yet none of them were forbidden : but of the Duke's, none were permitted to speak with him or come into his chamber, at least of such as had any authority with their master. The first day there was great murmuring and consternation all over the town. The second the duke began to remit something of his passion ; a council was called, which sat the greatest part of the day, and a good part of the night. The king addressed himself privately to all such as he thought qualified to relieve him, making them large promises, and ordering 15,000 crowns to be distributed among them ; but he who was employed, acquitted himself very ill, and kept a good share of it, as the king understood afterward. The king was very fearful of those who had been formerly in his service ; who, as I said before, were come along with the Burgundian army, and declared themselves for his brother, the Duke of Normandy. In the Duke of Burgundy's council several opinions arose ; the greatest part proposed that the parole and passport which the duke had given to the king might be kept, provided he signed the

peace, as it was drawn up in writing and ingrossed. Some, would have kept him prisoner as he was, without further ceremony. Others were for sending with all speed for the Duke of Normandy, and clapping up such a peace as should be for the advantage of all the princes of France: those who proposed this, advised that the king should be restrained, and guards set upon him; because a great prince is never, or with great caution, to be delivered, after so great an affront. This opinion was so near prevailing, that I saw a person booted and ready to depart, having already several packets directed for the Duke of Normandy, and attending only the duke's; and yet it was not followed at last. The king caused overtures to be made, and offered the Duke of Bourbon, the Cardinal his brother, the Constable, and several others, as hostages, upon condition, that, after the peace was concluded, he might return to Champeigne, and that then he would either cause the Liegeois to make sufficient reparation, or declare himself against them. Those whom the king had proposed for his hostages, proffered them-

selves very earnestly, at least in public ; I know not whether they said as much in private, I doubt not : and if I may speak my thoughts, I believe, had the king left them there, they had never returned."

"The third night after this had happened, the duke pulled not off his clothes; only he threw himself twice or thrice upon the bed, and then up again and walked, as his custom was, when any thing troubled him. I lay that night in his chamber, and walked with him several times. The next morning he was in a greater passion than ever; threatened exceedingly; and ready to put some great thing in execution : but he recollected himself, and it came to this,—that if the king would swear to the peace, and go along with him to Liege, and assist him to revenge the injuries which they had done him, and the Bishop of Liege, his kinsman, he would be contented. Having resolved upon this, he went immediately to the king's chamber, to give him an account of it himself. The king had some friend or other who had given him notice before, and assured him no hurt would befall

him, if he consented to these points; but if he refused, he would run himself into so great danger, that nothing could be greater.” —

“ When the duke came into his presence, his voice trembled, so much was he moved, and so ready again to be angry: he made a low reverence with his body, but his gesture and words were sharp; demanding of the king, if he would sign the peace as it was agreed and ingrossed, and swear to it when he had done. The king replied he would; and, indeed, there was nothing added to what had been accorded in the treaty at Paris, as to the Duke of Burgundy’s interest, or the Duke of Normandy’s, but to his own very much; for it was agreed that he should renounce the dutchy of Normandy, and have Champagne, and Brië, and some other places adjacent, as an equivalent. Then the duke asked him, if he would go along with him to Liege, to revenge the treachery they had practised by his means, and by means of that interview? Then he reminded him of the nearness of blood betwixt the king and the Bishop of Liege, for he was of the House of Bourbon. The king

answered, that when the peace was sworn, (which he desired exceedingly,) he would go with him to Liege, and carry with him as many or as few forces as he pleased. The duke was much pleased with this answer; and immediately the articles being produced, and the true cross, which Charleman was wont to use, (called the Cross of Victory,) taken out of the king's cabinet, the peace was sworn, to the great joy of all people; and all the bells in the town were too little to express it. The Duke of Burgundy writ the news immediately into Brittain; and with it sent a duplicate of the articles, that they might see he had not deserted them, nor disengaged himself from their alliance: and, indeed, Duke Charles, the king's brother, had a good bargain, in respect of what he had made for himself, in the late treaty in Brittain; by which there was nothing left him but a bare pension. Afterwards, the king did me the honour to tell me that I had done him some service in that pacification."—

“The peace being concluded, the king and the duke departed the next morning for Cam-

bray, and from thence towards the country of Liege.”*

The anachronism in the death of the Bishop of Liege (which did not happen till nine years after the visit of Louis to Peronne) had been “better honoured in the breach than in the observance;” for poor amends are made to the reader for leading him from facts, by disgusting him with appalling scenes of ideal horrors. Some shew of reason, indeed, presents itself, for the author’s converting the sensual prelate, destitute (according to Comines) of all moral discernment, into an amiable and high-minded character; and representing *William de la Marck* as a ferocious barbarian, instead of “a fine gentleman, and brave soldier;” because the effect of *contrast* is, by these means, greatly heightened, and a far deeper interest given to the situations and circumstances narrated, than would otherwise have been the case. De Comines’ account of the bishop’s destruction is short and simple.

“This bishop,” says he, “took into his councils Mons. William de la Marck, a fine

* Philip de Comines, 95, 101, 109, et infra.

gentleman, and a brave soldier, but of a cruel and malicious temper; and one who favoured the citizens of Liege, and had always been an enemy to the Duke of Burgundy's family, and to the bishop himself. The Princess of Burgundy gave this William de la Marck fifteen thousand florins, partly on the bishop's account, and partly to oblige him to espouse her interest; but it was not long before he openly declared both against her and his master the bishop, and by the assistance of our king (Louis XI.) would have made his own son bishop of Liege; after which he fought with, overcome, and slew with his own hands, the bishop in battle, and ordered his body to be thrown in the river, where it was found three days after."

The historical fact, also, of the *mock herald* is equally distorted, without the slightest addition to the interest of the story. The hazardous trick was, indeed, actually played; but it was by the intriguing Louis himself on our own monarch Edward the Fourth, and with complete success. Comines narrates it as follows;

“As soon as he (Louis) was sat down, and had considered a little, (which was his custom, and to those who did not know him, seemed imprudent, but his actions cleared him as to that,) he whispered me in the ear, and bid me go dine in my chamber, and send for a servant belonging to Monsieur de Halles, and ask him whether he would venture with a message into the King of England’s army in the habit of a herald? I did as he commanded; and was much surprised when I saw the said servant, for he seemed to me neither of a stature nor mind for such an enterprise; yet his judgment was good, (as I found afterwards,) and his expression voluble enough, but the king had never spake with him but once. The poor man was much abashed at the motion, and fell down upon his knees before me, as one that thought himself lost. I encouraged him what I could; told him he should have ready money for his pains, and a preferment in the Isle of Ree; and, for his greater assurance, I persuaded him that the proposition came first from the English themselves. I took him to dinner with me, (there

being no body but he and I, and one servant that waited,) and by degrees gave him an account what he was to do. Not long after the king sent for me, and I gave him a relation of what had passed, and recommended others to him, which, in my thoughts, were more proper for his design : but he would hear of no other ; came to talk with him himself ; and encouraged him more with one word, than I could do with a hundred. There came along with the king into my chamber only Monsieur de Villiers (at that time grand escuyere, and now bailiff of Caen). When the king had prepared and settled his man, he sent the grand escuyere for the banner of a trumpet, to make his herald a coat of arms ; for the king was not so stately or vain as to have either herald or trumpet in his train, as other princes have ; wherefore the grand escuyere and one of my servants made up the coat of arms as well as they could ; and the grand escuyere having fetched a scutcheon from a little herald, called Plein Chanin, who belonged to Monsieur the Admiral, they fastened it about him, sent for his boots and his

cloak privately, and his horse being got ready, he mounted, (and no body perceived him,) with a bag or budget at the bow of his saddle, in which his coat of arms was put ; and having been well instructed what to say, away he went to the army of the English. Being arrived, with his herald's coat upon his back, he was immediately stopt, and carried to the King of England's tent. Being asked his business, he told them he was come with a message from the King of France to the King of England, and had orders to address himself to the Lords Howard and Stanley : he was carried to dinner into a tent, and very civilly treated. When the King of England had dined, the herald was sent for, who told him that his errand was to acquaint his Majesty that the King of France for a long time had had a desire to be at amity with him, that both their kingdoms might be at quiet, and enjoy the blessings of peace. The King of England, and part of his great officers, liked the overture very well ; a passport was given to the herald, as he desired ; and having been presented with four nobles in money, he was

returned, with a herald from the King of England.”* Fortunately the deceit was not detected. Had the real character of the personated herald been discovered, his own instant destruction, and an immediate war with the French monarch, would have been the inevitable consequences, from the indignation of a monarch, who, though the last of our chivalric princes, was himself the quintessence of knighthood, and would have instantly revenged any breach of his knightly honour.

* Philip de Comines, 221.

Biographical Illustrations.

LOUIS XI.

The character of this prince in Quentin Durward is a first-rate specimen of fine moral painting; every feature nicely discriminated, strongly defined, and vividly brought out, with an harmony and consistency in its *toute ensemble*, that proclaims its truth to nature, and its accurate likeness of a real subject. The novelist, in fact, has, in the production of it, merely adorned and illuminated what history had already prepared for his pencil; for there is not a single eccentricity in conduct, deformity in morals, or obliquity in feeling, attributed by him to the French monarch, in which he is not sanctioned by the authority of contemporary writers.* Louis's public career of wickedness commenced in revolting from his

* Comines, Monstrelet, Du Tillet, &c.

father Charles VII., and in devising schemes for his secret destruction ; a conduct which brought the parent to an untimely grave, by his abstaining from food, in consequence of the information he had received of his son's intention to take him off by poison. No sooner had Louis thus obtained the crown, than, determined to aggrandize it, by depressing the power of the nobles, and re-uniting the great fiefs to the monarchy, he dismissed from his councils every man of high and honourable spirit, and selected from the lower classes the most subtle, deceitful, unfeeling, and cruel characters he could find, as proper agents to execute his dark schemes of base and wicked policy. By the sacrifice of every virtue, and good feeling, he succeeded in adding to the possessions of the crown, Burgundy, and Roussillon, and Cerdagne, and the county of Bologne ; but his acquisitions thus obtained could only be secured by the merited execution of his atrocious ministers, the Bishop of Verdun and Cardinal Balue ; by the poisoning of his brother Charles ; and the decapitation of the Constable de St. Paul, the Count of Armagnac, and

the Dukes Alençon and Nemours.* But guilt is always cowardly. That “the wicked fleeth

* Mezerai informs us, that when the Duke of Nemours was beheaded, Louis commanded his two infant sons to be placed under the scaffold, that the father's blood might fall upon the children's heads! He put to death upwards of four thousand persons by various modes of torture, and without any form of trial; and frequently attended their execution in person, to glut at once his thirst for blood, and his desire of revenge. *Iron cages* were constructed by his order, in which many of the nobility were inclosed, carried about, exhibited to the populace, and afterwards handed over to the favourite agents of his cruelties, Tristan l'Hermite, Trois Eschelles, and Petit André, in order to be dispatched; whilst others of his victims were immured in dark and dreary dungeons, where they perished by famine or secret assassination.—Du Clos; Comines. “In the Tower of London,” Mr. Pennant remarks, “is a narrow room, or dungeon, called *Little Ease*; but this will appear a luxurious habitation compared with the inventions of Louis XI., with his *iron cages*, in which persons of rank lay for whole years; or his *oubliettes*, dungeons made in the form of reversed cones, concealed with trap-doors, down which dropped the unhappy victims of the tyrant, brought there by Tristan l'Hermite, his companion, and executioner in ordinary. Sometimes their sides were plain, sometimes set with knives or sharp-edged wheels; but in both cases they were true *oubliettes*—the devoted were certain to fall into

when no man pursueth," is a truth, established both by revelation and experience ; and Louis, in his high career of accomplished or meditated crime, was the victim of perpetual terror, and the despicable slave of the most groveling superstition. It was this vague but unconquerable alarm, which induced him, towards the conclusion of his reign, to immure himself in the castle of *Plessis la Tours* ; and to secure it from entrance, and even approach, by every contrivance of art. " He encompassed the castle," says Comines, " with great bars of iron, in form of a grate, and placed, at the four corners of the house, four watch-towers of iron—strong, massy, and thick. The said grates were without the wall, on the other side of the ditch, and went to the bottom ; several spikes of iron were fastened into the wall, set as thick by one another as was possible. He placed, likewise, ten bowmen in the said ditches, to shoot at any man who should come near, before the gate was opened ; and ordered that they should lie in

the land where all things are *forgotten*."—London, p. 258.

the said ditches, but retire to the watch-towers upon occasion.

“ The gate of *du Plessis* was not opened, nor the drawbridge let down, before eight in the morning ; at which time the courtiers were let in, and the captains ordered their guards to their several posts, with a main guard in the middle of the court, as in a town upon the frontiers that was closely besieged ; nor was any man permitted to enter but by the wicket, and those only by the king’s order, unless it was the steward of his household, and such officers as came not into his presence.” —

And again : “ In the first place ; nobody was admitted into *Plessis du Parc*, (which was the place where he kept himself,) but his domestic servants and his *archers*, which were four hundred ; some of which kept constant guard at the gate, whilst others walked continually about, to prevent any surprise. No lord, nor great person, was suffered to lodge in the castle, nor to enter with his train ; nor, indeed, did any of them come in, but Monsieur de Beaujeu, the present duke of Bourbon, who was his son-in-law. Round about the castle

of Plessis he caused a trellis, or iron gate, to be set up, spikes of iron planted in the wall; and a kind of crows'-feet, with several points, to be thrown every where in the ditch, where there was any likelihood that any body might enter; besides which, he caused four watch-houses to be made, all of thick iron, and holes, out of which they might shoot at their pleasure; which were very noble, and cost above twenty thousand francs, in which he placed forty of his cross-bows, who were to be upon the guard night and day, with orders to let fly upon any man that offered to come near, before the gate was ope in the morning."*

These precautions, however, were insufficient to quiet the apprehensions, and remove the gloom, of his mind; and he sought, in the practices of superstition,† a refuge from the scourgings of conscience, and the horrors of

* Philip de Comines, 382, 402, et infra.

† A singular external mark of his superstition appeared in the decorations of his *hat*, which, Comines tells us, was "old, and differing from every body's else." This was filled with images, for the most part of lead and pewter, which, whenever any good or evil news arrived, or when the phantasy took him, he

approaching death. From Pope Sextus was sent, by Louis's special request, "the corporal, or vest, which the Apostle St. Peter used when he said mass:—and the holy vial at Rheims (which was never stirred before)" was brought to his chamber at Plessis, to exert its mirific influence on the ulcerated and tortured body of the dying sinner. The stars were consulted on his behalf by the profoundest adepts in judicial astrology; and the monk most renowned in his time for holiness and austerity of life was invited from Calabria, by Louis, to add his personal prayers to the other means used for his recovery. "Among men renowned for devotion," says Philip de Comines, "he sent into Calabria for one called Friar Robert; whom, for the holiness of his life, the king called the holy man; and, in honour to him, our present king erected a monastery at Plessis du Parc, in compensation for the chapel near Plessis, at the end of the bridge. This hermit, at the age of twelve would kiss, throwing himself upon his knees before them, sometimes so suddenly that he appeared deranged.—Claude de Seyssol, Phil. de Comines.

years, was put in a hole in a rock, where he continued three and forty years and upwards, till the king sent for him, by the master of his household, in the company of the Prince Tarante, the King of Naples' son. But the said hermit would not stir without leave from his holiness, and from his king, which was great discretion in so inexperienced a man. He built two churches in the place where he lived; he never eat flesh, or fish, or eggs, or milk, or any thing that was fat, since he undertook that austerity of life; and truly, I think, I never saw any man living so holy, nor out of whose mouth the Holy Ghost did more manifestly speak; for he was illiterate and no scholar, and had only his Italian tongue, wherewith he made himself so wonderful. This hermit passed by Naples, where he was respected, and was visited (as he had been a legate from the Pope) both by the King of Naples, and his children, with whom he conversed as if he had been brought up in the court. From thence he passed to Rome, where he was visited by the Cardinals; had audience three times of the Pope, and was every time alone

with him three or four hours, sitting always in a rich chair placed for him on purpose, (which was great honour for so private a man,) and answering so discreetly to every thing that was asked him, that every body admired; and his Holiness granted him leave to erect a new order, called the Hermits of Saint Francis. From Rome he came to our king, who adored him as if he had been the Pope himself; falling down on his knees before him, and begging the prolongation of his life. He replied as a prudent man ought. I have heard him often in discourse with the king that now is, in the presence of all the grandees of the kingdom, and that not above two months ago, and it seemed to me, whatever he said, or remonstrated, was done by inspiration; otherwise he could not have spoken of some things that he discoursed of. He is still living, and may change either to better or worse; and therefore I will hold my peace. Some there were who laughed at the king's sending for this hermit, and called him the holy-man, in derision; but they were not informed of the

thoughts of that wise king, and had not seen what it was that gave him the occasion.*”

All these measures of escape, however, from the inevitable blow, proved ineffectual; and Louis expired on the 30th of August, 1483, but not before he had suffered more severe tortures than those which he had inflicted on any criminal during his reign. The character of this prince is one of the most complicated in history. He obtained the end which he proposed by his policy, but at the expense of his peace and reputation. His life was a jumble of crimes and contradictions. Absolute, without dignity; popular, (because he humbled the great,) without generosity; unjust by system, yet zealous for the administration of justice; living in open violation of the first principles of morals, but resigning himself to the most ridiculous superstition; the tyrant of his subjects, and the timid slave of his physicians;† he debased the regal power, at the

* Phil. de Comines, 385.

† His chief physician was a man called Dr. James Coctier, who had acquired a wonderful influence over the mind of Louis, and appears to have well under-

same time that he strengthened it. Yet this prince, who rendered religion contemptible, and royalty disgraceful, assumed the title of *majesty*, and *most christian*, since given to his successors, and formerly not claimed by the kings of France.*—It is an awful lesson to wicked ambition, and the cruel abuse of power, that human happiness is always decreased in

stood how to use it to his own behoof. “To this man,” says de Comines, “in five months time he had given 54,000 crowns ready money, besides the bishoprick of Amiens for his nephew, and other good offices and lands for him and his friends. Yet this doctor used him so rudely, one would not have given his servants such language as he gave the king; who stood in such awe of him, he durst not command him to be gone. Tis true, he complained of him after; but he durst not change him, as he had done all the rest of his servants, because he told him most impudently, one day, ‘I know some time or other you will turn me away, as you have done the rest; but be sure (and he seconded it with an oath) you shall not live eight days after it.’ With which expression he was so frightened, that ever after he did nothing but flatter and present (make presents) to him: which must needs be a great torment to a man who had been obeyed all along by so many brave men, much above the doctor’s quality.—De Comines, 401.

* Hist. Modern Europe, v. ii. 93.

proportion to the violations of the sanctions of humanity and justice. Such was the case with Louis the XIth; whose history de Comines winds up with this melancholy declaration: "I believe, from his infancy to his death, his whole life was nothing but trouble and turmoil; and am of opinion, that if all the days of his life were computed, in which his pleasure out-balanced his pain, they would be found so few that there would be found twenty for one on the other side. He lived about sixty-one years, yet he had always a fancy he should never outlive sixty; alleging that, since the time of Charles le Grand, there had not any king of France lived beyond that age; but he was well gone in his sixty-one."*

It is some relief to the mind, nauseated by the recital of such atrocities as we find Louis and his execrable instruments of cruelty to have committed, to be assured that these fiends of darkness were brought to a sense of suffering, if not of guilt, before they went to their final account. We have seen the terrific termina-

* Page 408.

tion of Louis's career : nor did Oliver le Dain, Tristan l'Hermit, Trois Eschelles, or Petit Andrè, escape the merited legal retribution of their accumulated crimes.

The first of these worthies was executed at Paris, (as we shall shortly see more particularly,) in the year 1484; and the others paid the temporal penalty of their violations of law, justice, and humanity, at different places, soon after Charles the VIIth had ascended the throne of France.

CHARLES THE BOLD,

The brother-in-law of Edward IVth, by his marriage with Margaret, sister of that king. Striking as the difference was between the character of Louis the XIth and the Duke of Burgundy, the villany of the one, was not contrasted by any thing like virtue in the other. Less crafty, but more passionate, than the French king, Charles's ungovernable fury often led to the same atrocious *results*, which the cold, calculating

cruelty of Louis more cautiously effected: and the restless ambition, which, at last deprived Charles of his life and dominions, was perpetually impelling him, during his tempestuous reign, into those violations of justice and humanity, which this inordinate passion too frequently demands, for its unjust gratification. Philip de Comines, who had been in his service, and always retained a regard for his memory, has given us an outline of his character; which, though drawn with a somewhat partial hand, still impresses us with nothing like esteem or respect for the original. "I have seen him," says he, "a great and an honourable prince, as much esteemed, and as much courted by his neighbours, (when time was,) as any prince in christendom, and perhaps more; and I cannot see what it was should run him so far into the displeasure of God, unless it was that he arrogated to himself (that is, to his own wisdom and conduct) all the success and all the honour he acquired, without attributing any thing to God. Yet, to speak truth, he had *several* good qualities in him. No prince had

a greater desire to entertain young noblemen than he; nor was more careful of their education. His presents and bounty were never extraordinary, because he gave to many, and had a mind every body should taste of it. No prince was ever more accessible to his servants, or his subjects. Whilst I lived with him, he was never cruel; but, a little before his death, he took up that humour, which was a sign his own life would not be long. He was very splendid and neat in his clothes and in every thing else; and, indeed, a little too much. He paid great civility to all the ambassadors and strangers, and they were always feasted and made very welcome. His desire of honour was insatiable, and that was it which engaged him in war more than any thing else. He had a great ambition to be like the old kings and princes, who are still so much talked of in the world; and his courage was as great as any man's in his time.*

He was overthrown and slain in a battle fought between himself and the Duke of Lorraine, near Nancy, the 5th of January,

* De Comines 291.

1476. The general sketch of this prince's life and fortunes (which de Comines has given in a very spirited manner) affords a striking proof of the vanity of seeking enjoyment, felicity, and peace, by any other course than that of piety, virtue, and benevolence.

“ Charles Duke of Burgundy: what ease, what pleasure had he, more than our master aforesaid? True it is, in his youth, his trouble was not much; for he attempted nothing till he was two and twenty years old; so that before then he was quiet and at ease. But then he began to quarrel with his father's great officers; and his father defending them, he absented from his court, and retired in a huff into Holland, where he being well received, fell immediately into intelligence with Gaunt, and went and visited them. He had no allowance from his father; but Holland being a rich country, they made him great presents; as several other great towns did, hoping thereby to insinuate into his favour, and reap the advantage in time to come. And 'tis the common custom of the world to adore the rising sun; and court him whose autho-

rity will be greater, rather than him who is already at the height, and can never be higher. For this reason, when it was told Duke Philip that the Gauntois had great kindness for his son, and he understood how to manage it, the Duke answered,—they love *him* always who shall be their sovereign; but, as soon as he is invested, they hate him as much. And his saying was true; for, from the time that Duke Philip was dead, and Charles in possession, their love began to decline; and he, on the other side, had as little for them: yet they did more mischief to his posterity, than they could do to him. But, to go on with my story: from the time Duke Charles undertook his war for the towns in Piccardy, (which our master had redeemed from Duke Philip,) and joined himself with the lords of the kingdom, in the war called Public Good; what ease, what tranquillity had he? He had perpetual trouble and labour, without the least intermission or refreshment, either to his body or mind; for glory having got the possession of his heart, and egged him on to the conquest of whatever he thought for his convenience; all the

summer time he was in the field ; his person in great danger, the care of the whole army lying entirely upon him ; and yet he thought it too little. He was the first up, and the last down ; and took as much pains as the poorest foot-soldier in the army. When in winter he lay still, his mind was busily employed in raising of money. Six hours, every morning, he set apart for conferences, and audience of ambassadors : and in this perpetual hubbub he ended his days ; and was killed by the Swissers, at Nancy, as you have heard before ; so that it cannot be said he had one good day, from the time he began to exalt himself, to the hour of his death. And then, what got he by all his labour ? or what necessity was there of it ? seeing he had towns and territories enough already to have made him happy, if he could have been contented.”*

Such is royalty :

- “ Princes have but their titles for their glories,
- “ An outward honour for an inward toil,
- “ And, for unfelt imaginations,
- “ They often feel a world of restless cares :
- “ So that between their titles, and low name,
- “ There’s nothing differs but the outward fame.”

* Comines, 408.

OLIVER LE DAIN.

The mention of this redoubtable instrument of Louis's dark and intricate politics occurs very frequently in the Memoirs of de Comines. In his fifth book he gives us the following outline of his character, and of a difficult embassy in which he was employed by his master Louis at Ghent: "Monsieur Oliver was gone to Gaunt with letters to Mademoiselle de Bourgongue, the daughter of Duke Charles, and commissioned (by the by) to make certain overtures to her, if she would put herself under the protection of the king. This, however, was not his principal business; for he knew it would be hard to speak with her alone, and if he did, it would be no easy matter to persuade her. His main design was, to work some innovation in the town, to which it had been always inclinable, being kept under, during the reigns of Duke Philip and Charles, by their fear; for they had lost several of their privileges, in their wars with Duke Philip, and been forced to consent to their loss, in the articles of peace. Besides, another of their

privileges was taken from them by Duke Charles, (and that was about election of their magistrates,) upon occasion of an offence they committed, the first day he entered into their town as duke. These passages added much confidence to Monsieur Oliver, the barber; who, following his instructions, spake with some persons he judged most tractable, and offered them, not only that all their old privileges should be restored, but what new ones they pleased to demand. These things were not spoken in their senate, nor publicly, but in private, as I said before, for he had had a mind to see what he could do with the young princess; but they guessed his design. After Monsieur Oliver had been some days in Gaunt, he was conducted to his audience, in the best garb he could possibly procure. Mademoiselle was in her chair of state, the Duke of Cleves on one hand, the Bishop of Liege on the other, and many other great persons attending. Monsieur Oliver presented his credentials; which the lady having read, bid him deliver his message. He answered, his instructions were to deliver them

only to herself; it was replied, *that* was a custom not used among them, and not to be introduced now with a young lady that was fit to be married. He persisted, that by his orders he could not communicate with any body else. Upon which they threatened to make him; and put the poor barber into a terrible fear. I fancy when he had delivered the said letters, he had not provided himself with an answer; for, indeed, (as you have heard,) that business was but collateral. However it was, Monsieur Oliver departed for that time, without any more words. Some of the council looked upon him with great contempt, both in respect of the meanness of his profession, and the uncomeliness of his demeanour and language; but more especially the citizens of Gaunt, (because he was born in a pitiful village hard by,) who putting several affronts upon him, he thought it time to be gone, for he had notice, if he had staid, he would be thrown into the river; and truly I believe it would have been his destiny. This *great* ambassador took upon him the title of Comte de Meulant, which is

a small town near Paris, of which he was the governor. When he had made his escape out of Gaunt, he fled to Tournay; which town (though neutral) had a great affection for the king, for it had formerly belonged to his predecessors, and paid him six thousand Parisian livres a year. In all other respects it was free, and entertained all comers.”*

The termination of Oliver’s flagitious life, and the particular atrocious act which occasioned his execution, are related as follows, in “The Supplement to the Memoirs of de Comines, in the English edition, dedicated to Lord Burleigh.” They form a marked example of the truth of the poet’s assertion,

Rarò, antecedentem scelestum,
Deservit pœna pede claudo.†

“Before the king’s coronation (Charles VIII.), the princes of the blood, and the nobility of the kingdom, (who had so often been injured and affronted in the late king’s

* De Comines, 307.

† For lame Revenge still stalks behind,
Does slowly dodge the guilty mind,
And only stays to take the surer blow. *Creech.*

reign by Oliver le Dain, his barber, one Daniel a Fleming, Monsieur Oliver's servant, and Monsieur John Dayac, who had managed the affairs of the whole kingdom during part of the reign of Louis XI.) caused information secretly to be exhibited against them, for several murders, rapines, and other enormous offences, which they had formerly committed, though some of them were by the express command of the late king. These informations being brought before the Court of Parliament, they were immediately apprehended, their process made out against them, and at last they were all three condemned to death; and the year following, which was 1484, Monsieur Oliver, and his servant Daniel, were executed at Paris, and Monsieur Dayac had his tongue cut out, and his ears bored through. One of the crimes committed by Monsieur Oliver and his servant Daniel, and for which they were executed, was this. A certain gentleman was committed to prison by the order of Louis XI., and having a very young and beautiful lady for his wife, Monsieur Oliver falls desperately in love with her,

and promises to release her husband by his intercession, provided she would submit to his loose desires. Accordingly she did so ; but instead of performing his promise, the very next day he ordered his servant Daniel to put him into a sack, and throw him into the Seine, where he was drowned. This Oliver was by birth a Fleming, and had been barber to King Louis, and of greater power and authority with the king than any nobleman in France."

Miscellaneous Illustrations.

THE SCOTCH ARCHERS.

THE connection between the Scotch and French was ancient and intimate. Long previously to the time of Louis XI. our brave and faithful northern brethren had served in the armies of the monarchs of France, with equal credit to themselves, and satisfaction to their employers ; and the opinion formed of their trust-worthiness was such, (and never was a higher compliment paid to national character,) that the guard selected for the personal protection of the monarch was originally composed, and continued to be formed, through nearly six centuries, of these gallant and incorruptible foreigners. The origin and history of this distinguished corps are given in the

following extract from a Scottish historian.*

“1270. Being come to the period when the Scotch guard in the service of France is said to have been augmented, I think it will not be amiss to give some account of it, for the information of the reader.

“ This guard, according to Lesley, was at first constituted to attend on the persons of the French kings, about the year 883: it consisted at first only of twenty men, and is supposed to have been the first regular body of troops in that kingdom. Be that as it will, Alexander III. and Louis agreed to augment it to the number of a hundred men. This corps was so much honoured and trusted in France, that it became a proverb there, that when a man spake in praise of a man of honour and probity, 'twas said that he was *fidelle comme un Ecossois*; that is, as faithful as a Scot. This guard was the only one belonging to the French king, till the reign of Charles VII.; who added some companies of French to it, yet so as to continue to the Scots the honour and degree of precedence.

* Maitland's Hist. Scot. vol. i. p. 395.

“ For instance: the captain of the Scots guard, (of what country soever,) till of late, was always a *Scotsman*, and is, by way of pre-eminence, styled the first captain of the French king’s guard. He begins his attendance every first day of the year, and serves the first quarter, according to their manner of reckoning ; nay, when others are on duty, he may, if he pleases, assume the first rank, and serve accordingly. When the king is anointed, or crowned, the captain of the Scots guard stands by him ; and when the ceremony is over, takes the royal robes as his due. When the keys of a town or fortress are given up or presented to the king, he delivers them to the captain of the Scots guard. Twenty-five of this guard wear always, in testimony of their unspotted fidelity, white coats, of a peculiar fashion, trimmed with silver lace ;* and

* Tom Coryat, in his “ *Crudities*,” has given us this description of the costume of the Scotch archers at the commencement of the seventeenth century : “ They wear long-skirted, half-sleeved coats, made of white cloth, but their skirts mingled with red and green ; and the bodies of their coats trimmed before and behind with mayles of plain silver, but

six of these men stand next to the king's person, at all times and seasons, (whether the rest of the guard be on duty or not,) either in the palace, church, parliament-house, or courts of justice; as also at the reception of foreign ministers; and, generally, on all public and solemn occasions whatever.

“’Tis the right of the said twenty-five gentlemen to carry the corpse of the said king from the capital city of the kingdom to the royal sepulchre in the city of St. Denis. In a word, that troop of guards has, ever since the days of St. Louis, been in possession of all the honour and trust the kings of France could bestow on their greatest confidants and most faithful friends.”

“And,” says the translator of Monsieur Beagne’s History of the Scots war, “in the years 1548 and 1549, it would be very strange and amazing in France, to see the brave and fierce *Ecossois* (so they generally are called) sit down and be contented with the sinister.” The same writer takes notice of the great not so thick as the coats of the English guard.”—Vol. i. 41.

honour and advantage that accrued to the kingdom of Scotland, before the unions of the crowns of Scotland and England, from the guard; for, he says, by these means our gentry were taught at once the rules of civility and the art of war; and we were possessed of an inexhaustible stock of brave officers, fit to discipline and command our armies at home, and sure to keep up that respect, which was deservedly paid to the Scots name and nation abroad. Nor could younger brothers repine at the laws being partial in favour of the first born, when they had an open door to preferments, great as their wishes; and they might abandon with joy the rural manners of their fathers, when they were to be educated in the most splendid court in christendom.

“The above account of the Scots guard, I think, may safely be depended on, seeing we are told by its author, Patrick Abercromby, M.D., that he spent the greatest part of his youth in foreign countries, and had been much more conversant with Roman and French writers than with our own.”

Louis XI. was particularly partial to this corps, and with good reason ; for his personal preservation more than once entirely depended on the courage and adherence of his Scottish archers. De Comines mentions several occasions on which they evinced their bravery in his defence ; more especially a signal instance of it, during the desperate sally of the citizens of Liege. " In the same manner," he remarks, " the king was assaulted by his host, who entered his house, but was slain by the Scots. These Scots behaved themselves very well ; kept firm to their ground ; would not stir one step from their master ; and disposed of their arrows freely."*

ASTROLOGY.

Our author's animated account of Galeotti Marti derives considerable interest from the circumstance of the character being taken from real life ; from its being the portrait of a personage highly celebrated in that science of

ndicial astrology, which, in the age of Louis XI., was so intently pursued, and so universally believed in. The incidents at *Plessis les Tours*, as far as they regard this corpulent sage, are, indeed, altogether imaginary ; for although Galeotti was invited by Louis to quit his patron, Matthias Corvinus, in Hungary, and to take up his residence in the court of France, yet, it seems, an accident occurred to the astrologer, which effectually prevented him from availing himself of the royal courtesy. M. Naudè (in his *Addition à l'Histoire de Louis XI.*) has given us several curious particulars respecting this singular character, and the circumstance which occasioned his unlooked-for death. “Galeottis Martius,” says he, “was a native of the city of Narni in Italy; a man profoundly skilled in letters; a great critic, a philosopher, a physician, an astrologer, a humanist, and an orator; as may be seen by his books, *de Doctrina promiscuâ*, &c. &c. &c. Beside this, he was also very adroit in the management of all sorts of arms; and though he was of a somewhat large, heavy, and bulky stature, he

nevertheless overcame, in a solemn challenge, and regular combat, the most able wrestler of his time. Wherefore Louis XI., having heard of this great prodigy of learning, grew somewhat jealous of Matthias Corvinus, who had chosen him for his master, and the companion of his studies; and, moved by an honourable emulation, made proposals to him of so much advantage, that he determined at length on quitting Hungary, to the end he might better and more fully enjoy the honour and reputation which he had acquired by his merits; and breathe, in all comfort, the air of France, under the favour and liberality of so powerful a king. But, oh strange misfortune! on his arrival at Lyons, where the king was, in the year 1476, he was so surprised by the suddenness of the meeting, that, in his hurry to alight, in order to salute him, he fell from his horse with so great violence, that he broke his neck, and died on the spot." Naudè then quotes an account of the casualty from Joannes Pierius Valerianus's work, *de Literatorum Infelicitate*; but adds, "in which, nevertheless, he doth not agree with

Jove and Scardeon, who describe his death as having come to pass in a town near Padua, where he was suffocated by his avarice and corpulency."

Superstitious, however, as the narrative may be of Louis's transactions with Galeotti, a credence in the verity of astrology was a striking feature in the character of the French king. It is true he only shared this delusion common with the wisest and greatest men of his own times; for false science had been long and too densely diffused, to be dissipated by the feeble rays of truth and philosophy, which now began to shoot through the intellectual darkness of Europe. The doctrine of the influence of the stars and planets on the fortunes of mankind was a dogma of venerable antiquity; and, with the natural progress of unchecked error, had grown, by the fifteenth century, into a system of the most monstrous absurdity; supported by cunning and impudence on the one hand, and by patient curiosity and natural credulity on the other. Man, who intuitively knows that his most important destinies are linked with

the *future*, has ever been anxious to draw aside that mysterious veil which intervenes between what now is, and what shall be hereafter. Not knowing, or not considering, that the great Author of nature has involved events to come in clouds and darkness, for the wise and benevolent purpose of enlivening his hopes, keeping his energies in action, and saving him from the sadness and torpor of anticipated inevitable evil, he has ever been restless to inspect that part of the volume of time which is yet unrolled; and, prone to give credit to those who professed to have the power of reading the hidden page. Hence originated the astrologer's art, and the gainful success with which it was practised by its adepts. Pretending to foretell the chain of future events, by the motions and situations of the stars and other heavenly bodies; by the

“Mystical dance—and mazes intricate,

“Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular

“Then most, when most irregular they seem”—

of “the starry sphere of planets;” they obtained, from very remote times, a prodigious influence over the minds of mankind; and

retained a considerable portion of it, long after that period when real science had spread itself widely over the civilized world. Originating, probably, in ancient India, the specious art penetrated into Egypt; and, nourishing, strengthening, and expanding itself among its luxuriant superstitions, travelled into Arabia, and passed, with the enterprising Saracens, into the European world. But *here* was the scene of its greatest triumph; for *astrology*, not only long successfully contended with revived literature, dawning science, and increasing intellectual illumination; but struck its roots so deeply into the general mind, that four centuries of light and philosophy have scarcely been sufficient to overcome its influence, and explode its errors. Though retired from open day, it may even yet be found “in holes and corners.” The “shadow of its shade” may still occasionally be discerned, accompanied by its associates,—impudent pretensions, and foolish credence: and, by those who can throw back their recollection for half a century, it will not be forgotten, that, even in England, at that recent

period, the professed astrologer sat in state at the Old Bailey, and dealt out the secrets of futurity, to a long train not only of the ignorant and vulgar, but of the well-informed, the fashionable, and the rich.* In Europe, indeed, the history of astrology forms a most humiliating picture of human weakness and inconsistency; where

“ Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise,”

are traced on every part of the canvass: and where we perpetually behold the prostration of

* We ourselves have known an instance of a person who devoted himself to judicial astrology, and passed much of his time in *casting nativities*. Among other employments of this kind, he drew his own horoscope, and predicted his death at a certain period. About the appointed time, whilst walking in a public street in London, he was seized with a fit and carried home, and imagination co-operating with disease, he expired in a very short time after his seizure. In the celebrated *South-Sea scheme*, which for nine years (from 1711 to 1720) kept the nation in a delirium, enriched a few knaves, and ruined thousands of fools, among the many inducements held out to the public to become holders of its stock, was, the buyer being put into possession of a *scheme to cast nativities*.—Pennant's *London*, 406.

the most lofty intellect, and the abasement of the profoundest erudition, before this senseless object of visionary hope and unfounded fear.

A godless Regent trembling at a star,
is not a sight which will excite our wonder ;
for abject superstition is ever associated with infidelity and guilt: and the Regent Duke of Orleans was a wretched and notorious example of both. But it certainly does awaken the astonishment of the cool, reflecting mind, to find that such spirits as the calm, amiable, and sensible Melancthon; the acute and experienced Burleigh; the celebrated Boulanvilliers; the illustrious Cardan; and, above all, the deeply metaphysical Locke, and the half-inspired Newton,* should have entertained a con-

* Warton's *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*, v. ii. p. 125. When Charles the Ist was confined, an astrologer was consulted for what hour would be most favourable to effect his escape.

A story which strongly proves how Charles the II^d was bigoted to this art, and whose mind was certainly not unenlightened, is recorded in Burnet's *Hist. of his own Times*, v. i. 422.

Dryden cast the nativity of his sons; and what is remarkable, his prediction relating to his son Charles

fidence in a system, founded on no reasonable analogies, supported by no just principles, and hostile to the spirit and revelation of scripture. But “unthought of follies cheat us in the wise ;” and the leaven which we detect in all human excellence, should check the pride of intellectual superiority, by teaching it, that, with all its lofty pretensions, it is still brought down by its weaknesses to the level of our common nature.

“A history of *court astrologers*” (a writer in the *Quarterly Review* remarks*)

took place.—D’Israeli’s *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. i. page 195, edit. 1791. In a letter from Dryden to his sons, he speaks thus confidently of the certain completion of what the horoscope had predicted. “Towards the latter end of this month, September, Charles will begin to recover his perfect health, according to his nativity ; which, casting it myself, I am sure is true, and all things hitherto have happened accordingly to the very time I have predicted them ; I hope, at the same time, to recover more health, according to my age.—Johnson’s *Lives of Poets*, Dryden, vol. ix. p. 459.

* No. li. page 184. The important influence of the stars on human affairs was an article of implicit faith in the court of Elizabeth. “The queen,” (says Lord Henry Howard, writing to Mr. Edward Bruce,

“ would form an amusing volume ; particularly if we could trace the *effects* of the advice of such an irresponsible ministry.” Any attempt, however, at such a copious account would

of Kinloss,) “ in all her robes, had fallen the first day of the Parliament, if some gentlemen had not suddenly cast themselves under that side that tottered, and supported her. The king (James I. then in Scotland) did fall without harm ; the French king (Charles) with a great bruise ; which proves that some great planet in this configuration was precipitate. But God is gracious ; *et sapiens dominabitur astris.*”—The Secret Correspondence of Sir Robert Cecil with James VI. of Scotland, page 26. The same power was attributed to the planets by the licentious court of Charles II. Burnet tells us, “ the king” (Charles II.) “ had ordered Montague, his ambassador at Paris, in the year 1678, to find out an astrologer, of whom it was no wonder he had a good opinion ; for he had, long before his restoration, foretold he should enter London on the 29th of May, 1660. He was yet alive : and Montague found him, and saw he was capable of being corrupted ; and he was so bewitched with the Dutchess of Cleaveland, that he trusted her with this secret. But she, growing jealous of a new amour, took all the ways she could think on to ruin him, reserving this of the astrologer for her last shift. And by it she compassed her ends ; for Montague was entirely lost upon it with the king, and came over without *being recalled.*”—Vol. i. page 422.

here be out of place. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with a few particulars respecting two celebrated astrologers, nearly cotemporary with each other—*William Lilly*, a countryman of our own ; and *John Baptist Morinus*, who, a little previously to Lilly's time, had been the pride and boast of France. They were both consulted on the state affairs of the respective governments under which they lived.

“ *Lilly* was one of those men, who, by dint of plain, persevering, consistent, unblushing roguery, acquire a decent reputation ; convince themselves that they are honest ; put money in their purses ; and, in due time, are comfortably buried, as he was, under a nice black marble stone, inscribed with a record of deceased virtue in English and in Latin. The shrewd, shock-pated knave came up from Dixworth with the Leicester carrier, and was bound 'prentice to Gilbert Wright, of Newgate market. His enemies maintained that Gilbert was a tailor. Lilly repels the taunt with great energy. ‘ I write this,’ quoth he, ‘ that the world may know that he was no

tailor, or myself of that or any other profession. My work was, to go before my master to church; to attend my master when he went abroad; to make clean his shoes, sweep the streets, help to drive bucks when we washed, fetch water in a tub from the Thames, (I have helped to carry eighteen tubs of water in one morning,) weed the garden, scrape trenchers, and so forth. If I had any profession, it was of this nature. I should never have denied my being a tailor, had I been one.' Diligent he surely was; and his master rewarded him by an annuity of twenty pounds. Gilbert Wright being gathered to his fathers, his widow, who had been twice married to old men, was now resolved to be cozened no more. To her maid, Lilly's fellow-servant, the lusty dame frequently observed, that she cared not if she married a man that would love her, though he had never a penny. After a few tender hints of this kind, Lilly became bold; and one day after dinner, when all her talk was about husbands, he saluted her; she spoke lovingly; he obtained her hand, which, six years afterwards, was snatched from him by

death ; she leaving him one thousand pounds as a reward for all his services. Lilly now throve apace ; he married a second wife ; she was of the nature of Mars, and brought him five hundred pounds as a portion ; and with this addition to his fortune he fairly embarked himself in the study of astrology, the black art, alchemy, and all other occult sciences..

“ Lucrative as these pursuits may have been, he carried them on in conjunction with other professions of a less occult nature. According to his own confession, Lilly was a *pimp*. True it is, that when he ordered the fair lady from Greenwich to go at such a day and see a play at Salisbury Court, which she did, and within one quarter of an hour the young lord came into the same box wherein she was, the conjunction between the fair Greenwich lady and the young lord was effected, not by human means, but by the ministry of the angels Uriel, Raphael, and Zadkiel, and the Pentacle of Solomon. But all is vanity. ‘ I grew weary,’ he exclaims, ‘ of such employments, and since have burned my books, which instruct these curiosities.’ Lilly also picked

pockets, and stole papers ; but these feats were performed out of pure friendship, for the purpose of helping Mr. Pennington. And, in addition to these honourable exertions of science, Lilly was an intelligencer, or in plain English, *a spy* ; for which he received a pension from the Council of State, under the Commonwealth. In his more avowed calling of an astrologer, there is no doubt but that his *Mercurius Anglicus* was an useful ally to the Roundheads. He tells us, with much satisfaction, that during one of Cromwell's battles, a soldier stood with the almanack in his hand, exclaiming, as the troops passed by, 'Lo! hear what Lilly saith, you are in this month promised victory : fight it out, brave boys!' and then read that month's prediction. Lilly was a very prudent astrologer. Until the cause of the king began to decline rapidly, he tells us that he was more cavalier than roundhead. Subsequently, he could still discern that the configurations of the planets boded no certainty to the prevailing party ; and, to use his own words, ' I engaged, body and soul, in the cause of Parliament, but still with much

affection unto his Majesty's person, and unto monarchy, which I loved and approved beyond any government whatever.' The same prescience created an instinctive antipathy between him and the Presbyterians; and, therefore, when Cromwell became Protector, Lilly felt himself in favour, and he could write 'as freely and as satirically' as he chose. Using these expressions, he could scarcely intend to conceal the secret, that his astrology was merely the vehicle of the opinions which he was paid to favour."* Lilly died on the 9th June, 1681.

The far-famed French astrologer, *John Baptist Morinus* was born on the 23d February, 1583, brought up to physic, and admitted to the faculty of doctor in 1613. Claude Dormi, bishop of Bologne, soon honoured him with his patronage; and in his house Morinus became intimate with one Davidson, a Scotsman, and an astrologer,

* Ib. page 187. See also Granger's Biog. Hist. vol. iii. p. 126. There is a good but scarce print extant, by Hollar, of William Lilly, *student in astrology*, duod.

another inmate of the bishop's family. The consequence of this friendship was somewhat curious. "Davidson," says Bayle, "grew out of conceit with astrology, because of the uncertainty of the art, and betook himself to physic; while Morinus, on the contrary, for a like reason, was disgusted with physic, and applied himself to astrology: and both with such success, that they deserve to be ranked among the famous men of that age."* Among the first efforts of his newly adopted art was the calculation of the events of the year 1617; by which Morinus found that his patron was threatened either with death or imprisonment, and failed not to inform him of it. "The prelate only laughed at the prediction; but meddling, soon after, in some intrigue of state, and mistaking the right side, he was treated as a rebel, and cast into prison." Deprived thus of his patron, Morinus entered into the service of the Abbot of St. Evroul, in Normandy. But higher distinctions awaited him; and he was summoned to court, under the pretext of filling the situation of physi-

* Bayle's Dict. Morinus.

cian to the Duke of Luxemburg, but with the real object of the minister's obtaining the benefit of his astrological science. Richelieu consulted him on various occasions ; had his own nativity cast by him ; solicited his prediction respecting the events of a journey to Perpignan, which he was about to undertake ; admitted him to his secret councils ; and advised with him in matters of the greatest moment. Nor was this the limit of Morinus's success at court. Cardinal Mazarine appointed him a pension of two thousand livres per annum, which was duly paid to him during his life. The queen mother applied to him for the result of the king's horoscope, which, finding to be favourable, she rewarded him with a royal recompense : and Queen Christina of Sweden, when at Paris, lavished the warmest praises on the sage, and accompanied them with much more substantial marks of her esteem. It will not surprise us to find that this infallible astrologer was very frequently egregiously mistaken in his calculations. Bayle mentions several instances of these unfortunate results ; and, among the rest, the following,

which seems to be the more fatal to the credit of astrology, as the process was conducted with the most minute attention to all the particular regulations enjoined upon such occasions. "I mean," says Bayle, "the affair of the Count de Chavigny, and shall give an instance of his credulity with relation to astrology. Having determined to go into Provence in the year 1646, he desired to have Morinus along with him; but as this astrologer never undertook any thing without the approbation of the stars, he would not venture upon this journey, except they promised him good success. He therefore desired time to consult them; and after that promised to accompany his *Mecænas*. He desired he would leave it to him to choose a propitious hour for their departure; and assured him that experience would teach him how material a thing it is to set out in an enterprize under a favourable disposition of the stars. M. de Chavigne would contest no such point with him; but ensured him of his entire submission. Morinus found that the best time to set out would be the 9th of May,

nine minutes after four in the morning; and desired that every thing might be ready at that moment. The orders of the secretary were so punctual, and so well executed, that every thing was accordingly ready at that instant. He had four good dials in his garden, on which they observed for half an hour together the approach of the critical minute; and took coach precisely at the time when the shadow on the dial had reached this minute. They arrived happily at Antibes; and when M. Chavigny, who was count of it, was about to return to Paris, he was informed by his astrologer, that it was requisite to consult the heavens about the hour of their departure. He was no less tractable now than he had been the first time: he ordered every thing to be got ready with such exactness, that he and his retinue were on horseback precisely at twenty-seven minutes after four in the morning of the second of July. All things were got ready against the moment prefixed; and the most noble Count and Morinus waited in his bedchamber (the windows towards the east being open), till they saw the sun risen.

Their return was very prosperous ; the master, and servants, and horses arrived in good health, notwithstanding the heat of the season. But when he came to Paris he discovered some intrigues in the cabinet against his fortune. He was accused, amongst other things, of having taken an astrologer with him, to consult about the destiny of the king, the queen, and Cardinal Mazarine, &c. *Morinus had foretold that Chavigny would have a fit of sickness, but said nothing of his imprisonment ; yet M. de Chavigny continued in good health, but was made a prisoner.* I only relate all these things," adds Bayle, "to shew the weakness of those who sometimes sit at the helm. The destiny of nations and kingdoms is in their hands, whilst their own depends upon the caprices and visions of an astrologer. *Their* passions and ideas have often a greater share in the government than the will of the monarch, because they dexterously infuse into him whatever they have a mind to.*

* See an amusing article in that most amusing book, Bayle's Dictionary, vol. iv. page 258, et infra,

We will conclude this article, with an extract from the occult philosophy of Henry Cornelius Agrippa, counsellor to the Emperor Charles the Fifth; to illustrate the notions entertained even by the sages and philosophers of the sixteenth century, respecting the *influence* which the stars and planets possessed and exercised over the world and “all which it inherit,” both animate and inanimate.

“Chap. xxx. That the whole sublunary world, and those things which are in it, are distributed to planets.

“Moreover, whatsoever is found in the whole world is made according to the government of planets; and accordingly receives its virtue. So, in fire, the enlivening light thereof is under the government of the sun; the heat of it, under Mars: in the earth, the various superficies thereof, under the moon and Mercury; and the starry heavens, the whole mass of it under Saturn; but, in the middle

in voc. Morinus; also, Johnson’s works, vol. ix. p. 198, and Le Clerc’s Causes of Incredulity, edit. 1697, for curious instances of the superstition of Richelieu and Mazarine, with respect to judicial astrology.

elements, air is under Jupiter; and water, the moon; but, being mixed, are under Mercury and Venus. In like manner, natural active causes observe the sun; the matter, the moon; the fruitfulness of active causes, Jupiter; the fruitfulness of the matter, Venus; the sudden effecting of any thing, Mars and Mercury; that for his vehemence, this for his dexterity, and manifold virtue: but, the permanent continuation of all things is ascribed to Saturn. Also, amongst vegetables, every thing that bears fruit, is from Jupiter; and every thing that bears flowers, is from Venus; all seed and bark is from Mercury; and all roots, from Saturn; and all wood, from Mars; and leaves, from the moon. Wherefore, all that bring forth fruit, and not flowers, are of Saturn and Jupiter; but they that bring forth flowers and seed, and not fruit, are of Venus and Mercury. Those which are brought forth of their own accord, without seed, are of the moon and Saturn. All beauty is from Venus; all strength, from Mars; and every planet rules and disposeth that which is like to it. Also in stones, their weight, clamminess,

styptickness, is of Saturn ; their use and temperament, of Jupiter ; their hardness, from Mars ; their life, from the sun ; their beauty and fairness, from Venus ; their occult virtue, from Mercury ; their common use, from the moon.*

ZINGARI, OR GYPSIES.

The wild manners, extravagant opinions, and picturesque costume, of this singular race of people, afforded one of the happiest subjects imaginable, for the exercise of our Author's descriptive powers ; and he has done ample justice to it. Nothing, indeed, can be more spirited or consistent than the character, throughout, of Hayraddin Maugrebbin ; the well-opposed qualities of his ferocious and unprincipled, but firm and unconquerable, mind ; the artful weaving of his intricate and

* Three books of Occult Philosophy, &c. by Henry Cornelius Agrippa, book i. c. xxx. p. 61. edit. 1651, London.

mysterious intrigues; and the terrible, but lofty and natural bearing, at the hour of quitting existence, of a being, who had lived in the scorn of all obligations, religious and social, contrasted and relieved by delicate touches of tenderness and pathos, which soften the sense of justice into the melting mood of pity and compassion. The whole representation, too, assumes additional interest from the conviction that the outline is sketched, not only from what *has been*, but from what now actually *is* in several parts of Europe. The habits of the *Zingari*, so well painted by the Novelist, are still occurring to the observation of the foreign traveller; their opinions remain unaltered; and their defiance of the sanctions of religion and law; their voluntary separation from the social body; their life of shifts, and tricks, and roguery; their fantastic garb, peculiar language, and characteristic features, continue to be much the same as they were four centuries ago; and very nearly approach to the 'vivid colouring of our Author's portraiture of his Bohemian gypsies. It is true, that in England we do not now see them in

so striking a distinctive form as heretofore, because much has been effected by the wisdom of our laws, and the vigilance of their administration, in lessening their numbers, and checking their inordinances; and much success, also, has attended the christian-like endeavours of private philanthropy to humanize their manners, and meliorate their condition: but, in various other parts of the world, less favoured than ourselves, where public ordinances are less comprehensive, salutary, and efficient, and the efforts of individuals for the improvement and good of their kind more rare, the general aspect of the gypsey tribes bears a great resemblance to the account which the traveller, Tom Coryat, gives of their actual state in the heart of France, in the commencement of the seventeenth century. "I never saw," says he, "so many roguish Egyptians together in any one place in all my life as in Nevers; where there was a great multitude of men, women, and children of them, that disguise their faces, as our counterfeit western Egyptians in England. For both their hair and their faces looked so black as if they were raked out of

hell, and sent into the world by great Beelzebub to terrify and astonish mortal man. Their men are very ruffians, and swash-bucklers, having exceeding long black hair, curled, and swords, or other weapons by their sides. Their women, also, suffer their hair to hang loosely about their shoulders; whereof some I saw dancing in the streets, and singing lascivious vain songs, whereby they draw many flocks of the foolish citizens about them.”*

It is somewhat remarkable that the origin and history of so peculiar a race of people as the Gypsies, (or Bohemians, as our author calls them,†) should yet be undetermined: a people,

* Coryat's Crudities, v. i. p. 54.

† The French gave this name to them. *Egyptiaci*, (Gallicè, Egyptians, Bohémians,) *vagi homines, harioli, et fatidici*, qui hac et illac errantes, ex manus inspectione futura præ sagire se fingunt, ut de marsupiiis incautorum nummos corrogent. Du Fresne Glos. in voc. *Egyptiaci*. They obtained their appellation of *Zigeuner* or *Zingari*, from their *wandering* up and down; the signification of the word. Ib. Throughout Italy they are at present called *Zingari*. Mr. Twiss, in his Travels, gives the following notices of them, as they existed in Spain, during his journey through it. “Their language, which is peculiar to

who, ever since the early part of the fifteenth century, have been widely diffused over Europe, and whose hordes have, from time immemorial, wandered through the plains of Asia, and the central parts of Africa. Sufficient learning has been exercised on the

themselves, is everywhere so similar, that they are undoubtedly all derived from the same source. They began to appear in Europe in the fifteenth century; and are, probably, a mixture of Egyptians and Ethiopians. The men are all thieves, and the women all libertines. They follow no certain trade, and have no fixed religion. They do not enter into the order of society, where they are only tolerated. It is supposed there are upwards of 40,000 of them in Spain: great numbers of them are innkeepers in the villages and small towns; and they are everywhere fortune-tellers. They are not allowed to possess any land, nor even to serve as soldiers. They marry among themselves; stroll in troops about the country; and bury their dead under water. Most of the men have a smattering of physic and surgery; and are skilful in tricks performed by sleight of hand." *Travels*, p. 179; also Swinburn's *Travels*, &c. p. 304. One observation of the latter traveller throws a light on the *moral code* of Hayraddin: "A Gypsey, being brought to trial for larceny, declared that his laws allowed him *to take as much from others every day as sufficed for his maintenance.*"

question, both by foreigners and scholars of our own country : but the results of their investigations and reasonings have hitherto been unsatisfactory ; and though the *East* is uniformly pointed to as the place from whence the gypsies originally came, yet the stem of which they are a branch, and the time when they were severed from it, and first appeared as an anomaly on the surface of society, have never been clearly discovered. Among the most plausible solutions of this difficult problem, that which strikes us as coming nearest to the truth is an hypothesis proposed by Captain David Richardson, in the Asiatic Researches, that the gypsies are an offset of the *Bezeegurs*, or rather *Nuts*, a race of wild and wandering people, of similar habits and appearances with them, and found in many parts of India, and more especially in Bengal.

“The Bezeegurs” (a Persian word, signifying jugglers) “are subdivided” (remarks Capt. R.) “into seven casts ; but the difference seems only in name, for they live together, and intermarry as one people. They profess

to be Moosulmans, but have little knowledge of the prophet. They acknowledge a god; and in all their hopes and fears address him, except when such address might be supposed to interfere in *Tansyn's* department,—a famous musician, whom they seem to consider as a sort of tutelary deity; consequently, they look up to him for success and safety in all their professional exploits. These consist of playing on various instruments, singing, dancing, tumbling, &c. The two latter accomplishments are peculiar to the women of this sect. The notions of religion and a future state among this vagrant race are principally derived from their songs, which are simple and beautiful. They are commonly the production of *Kubeer*, a poet of great fame. On every occasion of doubt, they have a quotation ready from their favourite bard; and, in answer to any queries respecting the state of the soul after death, the following stanza is repeated,

‘ Nor soul, nor love divine, can die;
 Although our frame must perish here,
 Still longing hope points to the sky —
 Thus sings the poet *Das Kubeer*.’

“ They conceive one spirit pervades all nature, and that their soul, being a particle of that universal spirit, will of course rejoin it when released from its corporeal shackles.

“ At all their feasts, men, women, and children drink to excess. Liquor with them is the *summum bonum* of life; every crime may be expiated by plentiful libations of strong drink; and, in some cases, to the ordinary fine is added this peculiar punishment,—of having their noses rubbed on the ground.

“ Though professing Islamism, they employ a Brahman, who is an adept in astrology, to fix on a name for their children, whom they permit to remain at the breast till five or six years of age. Their marriages are deferred to a later period of life, in consequence of a daughter being considered as productive property to the parents, by her professional abilities. The girls, who are merely taught to dance and sing, have no restriction on their moral conduct; but the chastity of the tumblers is strictly enjoined, until their stations can be supplied by younger ones, trained up in the same line. After the matrimonial

ceremony is over, they no longer exhibit as public dancers : a total change of conduct is expected, and generally ensues.

“ There are, in and near Calcutta, five sets of these people ; and to each is appointed a *Surdar*, or manager, one of whom is considered as the chief, or *Nardar Boutah*. The people of each set are hired by the *Surdar* for a certain period ; after which they are at liberty to join any other party. No person can establish a set without the sanction of the *Nardar Boutah* ; who receives a fourth of the profits, besides a tax of two rupees, which is levied on the girls of each set as often as they may have attracted the notice of persons not of their own cast. When the parties return from their excursions, this money is paid to the *Nardar Boutah* ; who convenes his people, and they continue eating and drinking till the whole is expended. When any of the *Surdars* are suspected of giving in an unfair statement of their profits, they are brought to trial, and subjected to a fine for liquor ; and if it be not immediately paid, the delinquent is banished

from their society, his wife and children even avoiding him.

“ The *Budeea Nuts* differ from the *Buzee-gurs* in some particulars. The men are remarkably athletic, and adroit in every kind of slight of hand, practising juggling in all its branches. As tumblers, they exhibit not only feats of agility, but great instances of strength. They inter their dead, and the only ceremony seems to be to forget their sorrows by getting completely drunk afterwards. The women are not allowed to witness their juggling exploits ; they have a department allotted to themselves, which consists of the practice of physic, &c. ; they usually sally out in the morning, with a quantity of herbs and dried birds, and begging from door to door, offer their services generally to the females ; only in the cure of whose ailments they pretend to have a peculiar knowledge. Should it so happen that they do not return home before the jackal’s cry is heard in the evening, their fidelity is suspected, and they subject themselves to the displeasure of their husbands, and are punished accordingly.

“ The marriage ceremonies are truly farcical: but when the bride is delivered into the hands of the bridegroom, he is expected to behave kindly to her ; and she is reminded of the necessity of conducting herself as a good and obedient wife. The man then makes a mark with red powder on her forehead, saying, ‘ this is my wedded wife.’ She repeats the same ceremony upon her husband’s face. The merriment then begins; and each endeavours to accomplish the soonest the business of intoxication, except the wife, who, on that day, is expected to refrain. A little after day-light the whole party prepare to set off for the bridegroom’s house, and the dowry is delivered. Before the house stands an earthen pot, filled with water ; and in it is placed a small fresh branch of a mangoe tree, an emblem of plenty. The mother comes forth with a sieve, containing rice, &c. which she waves round each of their heads three times, and touches their foreheads with it. The bridegroom then leads the bride into the house, where she is received by the mother with many welcomes. The men and women again assem-

ble, and in the evening scenes of intoxication succeed; their greatest enjoyment consists in the grossest indulgence of sensual appetite."

Captain Richardson, after many other particulars, shews that the jugglers who arrived in Europe about the thirteenth century, and who introduced the viol with three strings, were of a race very similar to what the Buzeegurs are at this day; in confirmation of which he introduces an extract from Dr. Burney's History of Music. He then draws a parallel between the gypsies of Europe and these Buzeegurs. They are both a wandering race, and have a language peculiar to themselves. The gypsies have their king, the Nuts their *Nardar Boutah*; they go in companies, and their employments are similar. They are both considered as thieves, and to both religion seems of no concern.*

The entertaining life of Bampfylde Moore Carew has rendered the modes of living among the English gypsies, their systematic roguery, and distinguishing characteristics, familiar to the English reader; but he may not possibly

* Monthly Mag. 1804, vol. i. p. 62.

be so well acquainted with the history of this race in our sister kingdom, Scotland, and an account of it will not be the less interesting, from its having been drawn up by Sir Walter Scott.

Our authority says,* “ the distinguished poet, Walter Scott, who is sheriff of Selkirkshire, has, in a very obliging manner, communicated the following statement.

“ A set of people, possessing the same erratic habits, and practising the trade of tinkers, are well known in the Borders, and have often fallen under the cognisance of the law. They are often called *Gypsies* ; and pass through the county, annually, in small bands, with their carts and asses. The men are tinkers, poachers, and thieves, upon a small scale. They also sell crockery, deal in old rags, in eggs, in salt, in tobacco, and such trifles; and manufacture horn into spoons. I believe most of those who come through Selkirkshire, reside, during winter, in the villages of Sternclyff and Spittal in Northumberland, and in that of Kirk Yetholm, Roxburghshire.

* An Historical Survey, &c. of the Gypsies, by John Hoyland. York, 1816, page 93.

“ Mr. Smith, the respectable baillie of Kelso, can give the most complete information concerning those who reside at Kirk Yetholm. Formerly, I believe, they were much more desperate in their conduct than at present. But some of the most atrocious families have been extirpated, I allude particularly to the *Winters*, a Northumberland clan; who, I fancy, are all buried by this time.

“ Mr. Reddell, justice of peace for Roxburghshire, with my assistance and concurrence, cleared this country of the last of them about eight or nine years ago. They were thorough desperadoes, of the worst class of vagabonds. Those who now travel through this country, give offence chiefly by poaching, and small thefts. They are divided into clans; the principal names being Faa, Baillie, Young, Ruthven, and Gordon.

“ All of them are perfectly ignorant of religion; nor do their children receive any education. They marry and cohabit amongst each other; and are held in a sort of horror by the common people.

“ I do not convey them to be the proper

Oriental Egyptian race; at least they are much intermingled with our own national outlaws and vagabonds. They are said to keep up a communication with each other through Scotland, and to have some internal government and regulation as to the districts which each family travels.

“ I cannot help again referring to Mr. Smith, of Kelso, a gentleman who can give the most accurate information respecting the habits of these itinerants, as their winter quarters of Yetholm are upon the estate of which he has long had the management.”

To the above must be added a very curious communication from the Mr. Smith mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, which may be thought to account for the great liveliness and accuracy with which the character and manners of the Gypsies are portrayed in *Quentin Durward*.

“ When first I knew any thing about the colony, old Will Faa was king, or leader; and had held the sovereignty for many years.

“ Meeting at Kelso with Mr. Walter Scott, whose discriminating habits, and just obser-

vations, I had occasion to know from his youth; and at the same time seeing one of my Yetholm friends in the horse-market, I merely said to Mr. Scott, ‘ Try to get before that man with the long drab coat; look at him on your return; and tell me whether you ever saw him, and what you think of him.’ He was so good as to indulge me; and re-joining me said, without hesitation, ‘ I never saw the man that I know of; but he is one of the Gypsies of Yetholm, that you told me of several years ago.’ I need scarcely say that he was perfectly correct.

“ The descendants of Faa now take the name of Fall, from the Messrs. Falls of Dunbar, who they pride themselves in saying are of the same stock and lineage. When old Will Faa was upwards of eighty years of age, he called on me at Kelso, in his way to Edinburgh, telling me that he was going to see the Laird, the late Mr. Nesbit, of Dirleton, as he understood that he was very unwell; and himself being now old, and not so stout as he had been, he wished to see him once more before he died.

“ The old man set out by the nearest road, which was by no means his common practice. Next market-day some of the farmers informed me that they had been in Edinburgh, and seen Will Faa upon the bridge ; (the south bridge was not then built ;) that he was tossing about his old brown hat, and huzzaing with great vociferation, that he had seen the Laird before he died. Indeed, Will himself had no time to lose ; for having set his face homewards, by the way of the sea coast, to vary his rout, as is the general custom of the gang, he only got the length of Coldingham, when he was taken ill and died.

“ His death being notified to his friends at Yetholm, they and their acquaintance at Berwick, Spittal, Horncliff, &c. met to pay the last honours to their leader. His obsequies were continued three successive days and nights, and afterwards repeated at Yetholm, whither he was brought for interment. I cannot say that the funeral rites were celebrated with decency and sobriety, for that was by no means the case. This happened in the year

1783 or 1784; and the late Mr. Nesbit did not long survive.”*

The excellent civil policy, the active vigilance in enforcing its ordinances, and, above all, the industrious spirit, and moral habits of the Scotch, have cleared their country of these unprincipled vagabonds; who are now only to be seen, occasionally, and in small numbers, in some of the bordering counties. Here, now and then, indeed, the artist has still an opportunity of animating his sketch, and the tourist of diversifying his incidents, by the introduction of such a party as the moral Poet so well describes:

“ I see a column of slow-rising smoke
O’ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,
Or vermin, or at best of cock purloin’d
From his accusom’d perch. Hard faring race !
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves and wood, just saves !
The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
Their fluttering rags, and shews a tawny skin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.” *Cowper.*

* Hoyland ut supra, p. 109.

ROYAL OATHS.

One mode which our Author has adopted of identifying the French king, of Quentin Durward, with the Louis the XIth of history, is that of attributing to his well-drawn character the frequent repetition of an oath, (or rather superstitious exclamation,) which, it appears, the monarch was in the habit of using in his common conversation. The introduction of such a characteristic circumstance is not injudicious; because, if dealt out discreetly, it throws another mark upon the copy, of resemblance to its original. But our Author has, unfortunately, *not* exercised discretion in this respect. With the violent, but short-lived attachment of a child to a new play-thing, he crowds upon us, in the earlier part of his story, the cant expression in every speech of Louis, till he has nauseated us with its iteration; and then, suddenly dropping this link of likeness between the real and fictitious, we have almost all the remaining colloquy of the king, as free from

this peculiar form of words, as if he had never been in the practice of adopting it.

The habit of using such favourite expressions, in frequent repetition, was very general with the Norman, Anglo-Norman, and French kings and their courtiers; and, however improper in itself, or absurd in the estimation of the considerate, such a practice may be considered, yet it had its origin, *not* in impiety or want of thought, but in the perverted notions of a misleading superstition. Early in the history of the corruption of christianity, and the multiplication of saints, we find the devotees calling upon the name of some one of these canonized personages, who was peculiarly their favourite; and either confining their supplications exclusively to this patron, or, at least, addressing him with their most frequent and solemn homage. Mental ejaculations would, of course, often ascend to the same objects of trust and adoration; and these would at length be embodied in words, and adopted in conversation, associated, at the same time, with sentiments of piety. But habit and custom would soon sever the *feeling* from the *expres-*

sion, and render *that* a mere expletive, which had its origin in real, though misguided, religious impressions. Thus, Edward the Confessor, swore by his venerated patron *St. Peter*: William the Conqueror, by *the attributes and members of the Deity*: Rufus, by the *holy face of Lucca*; meaning a great crucifix, with a dead Christ, in that city, held in high veneration:* and King John, by *the feet of our Lord*;† whilst their royal neigh-

* Our historians tell us that Rufus's common exclamation was, *by St. Luke's face*; but this is erroneous. See Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, v. ii. p. 136. Lord Lyttleton's *Life of Henry II.* v. i. p. 414.

† Antiquarian Discourses, v. i. p. 261. Our James First, though he had been brought up a Presbyterian, gave, by his example, a notorious currency to common swearing among his courtiers. His son Henry, whose good sense and virtuous principles would be equally shocked by such a practice, once made a keen allusion to this verbal frailty of his father's; for when he was told that some hawks were to be sent to him, but that it was thought the king would intercept some of them, the little prince replied, 'he may do as he pleases, for he shall not be put to the oath for the matter.' " D'Israeli's *Cur. Lit.* v. iii. p. 138, edit. 1817. James the First (and it is not an uncommon case) could *preach* better than he *practised*; and see and denounce the im-

bours on the Continent, the French monarchs, intermingled in their familiar converse

propriety of profane language in others, whilst he made it a marked feature in his own common conversation. In his *Basilikon Doron*, he carefully guards his son against "the foolish use of oaths: beware," says he, "to offend your conscience with use of swearing or lying, suppose but in jest; for oaths are but an use, and a sin, clothed with no delight or gain; and, therefore, the more inexcusable, even in the sight of men."

P. 17. And in the same work he offers the following judicious hints for the regulation of the young prince's *general conversation*: "in your language be plain, honest, natural, comely, cleane, short, and sententious; eschewing both the extremities, as well in not using any rustical, corrupt leide, as book-language, and pen and ink-horn terms; and least of all mignard and effeminate terms. But let the greatest part of your eloquence consist in a natural, clear, and sensible form of the delivery of your mind, builded ever upon certain and good grounds, tempering it with gravity, quickness, or merriness, according to the subject and occasion of the time; not alleging or profaning the scripture in drinking purposes, as over many do."—

P. 115. edit. London, 1603.—One of James's common oaths was, "Swounds; an abbreviation of *G—d's wounds*. Oldmixon's *Lives of Stuarts*, p. 25. His grandson, Charles the Second, was partial to "odds fish," or *G—d's fish*: an allusion either to the whale of Jonas, or the fish caught by Peter, at the command of Christ.

similar strange and quaint expressions, recorded in the following curious Gallic rhymes :

“ Quand le Pasque Dieu en decida.” Louis XI.

“ Par le jour Dieu lui succeda.” Charles VIII.

“ Le Diable m'emporte s'entint prés.” Louis XII.

“ Foi de Gentilhomme vint apres.” Francis I.

Which inform us, that *Pasque Dieu*, or “ the Easter Host,” was the peculiar oath of Louis XI; and “ the day of judgment,” that of Charles VIII; that “ may the devil take me,” was the usual exclamation of Louis XII;” and “ the faith of a gentleman,” the more respectable and intelligible asseveration of the chivalrous Francis the First.*

A fashion originating with royalty necessarily spreads its influence downwards, and is quickly adopted by those who are more immediately in contact with the court. The barons and knights, and even the clergy, indulged in the usage of favourite and frequent oaths and “ bye words,” (as an old antiquary expresses it,) “ whereby they would be known; and whereupon they would be more trusted, than

* For the French lines we are indebted to the curiously learned and obligingly communicative Francis Douce, esq.

if they affirmed any thing of God and the Trinity :” so that, by the middle of the fourteenth century, the practice had become so prevalent and offensive to persons of real piety, as induced the great reformer Wickliffe to animadvert severely upon it, in his preface to the translation of the Bible. “ He setteth it out,” says Agarde, “ that the priests of his time, by their wicked life, did many lords and prelates excite strongly to idolatry; for they swear customably, needlessly, and often unadvisedly and falsely, by the members of God, and of Christ, and of saints; insomuch, that each lord and great prelate commonly maketh to him an idol of some saint, whom he worshippeth more than God. For, commonly, they swear by our Lady of Walsingham, St. John the Baptist, St. Edward, St. Thomas of Canterbury, and such other saints; and chargen more this oath, than though they swore by the Holy Trinity. And in all this they honoured more their saints, than they honoured the Holy Trinity.”*

* *Antiquarian Discourses*, vol. i. p. 261. *Ritson's Metrical Romances*, vol. iii. p. 238.

It would not be difficult to deduce that practice of common swearing, which, till our own times, was so disgraceful to the English gentry, and which even now forms a miserable feature in the character of the lower classes of our countrymen, to this royal origin ;* for the vices of the more elevated ranks are invariably and inevitably adopted by the infe-

* Common swearing was the reproach of the English, in the fifteenth century ; and tauntingly alluded to by a very remarkable character, Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans. When she was imprisoned in Rouen, chained to the floor, and loaded with irons, the Count of Luxemburg, accompanied by the Earls of Warwick and Stafford, paid her a visit, under the false pretence of arranging with her the terms of her ransom. Viewing the Count, who had betrayed her to the English, with ineffable disdain, she cried, " Begone ! you have neither the inclination nor the power to ransom me." Then casting her eye upon the two Earls, she said, " I know that you English are determined to put me to death, and imagine that after I am dead you will conquer France ; but though there were an hundred thousand G—d dammees in France, more than there are, they will never conquer that kingdom."—Villaret, tom. xv. p. 57. quoted by Dr. Henry, *Hist. Eng.* v. x. p. 293. For a beautiful memoir, and complete vindication, of the character of this great, but amiable, enthusiast, see Mr. S. Turner's *Hist. Eng.* v. iii. quarto.

rior ones, whose eye is always turned up to those above them for the example and sanction of their own conduct. Whether the senseless, if not impious, habit be gradually fading away among the multitude, may, perhaps, be doubted; but it is gratifying to observe, that it has almost entirely disappeared in higher life; and it is a striking proof of our improvement in *taste*, as well as in *morals*, that every man who now indulges in the pernicious practice is considered as forfeiting his claim, not only to the character of the christian, but also to the manners of the gentleman.†

† The reign of Charles II., so fruitful in every species of profligacy and impiety, seems to have been the period when the practice of swearing among the great, the fashionable, and the gay, was at its climax. Lord Rochester, pre-eminent in every vice, rendered himself conspicuous by the fancifulness and eccentricity of his blasphemous expressions. He was, however, mercifully checked in his mad career by premature disease; and spared, for a time, to deplore this and other vicious habits with horror, contrition, and remorse. The following anecdote occurs in an elegant and useful little work, by the late venerable William Gilpin, vicar of Boldre, Hants, entitled “Moral Contrasts,” Cadell, 1799. “Lord Rochester had formerly indulged an uncommonly

profane habit of swearing. Oaths made a part of his usual conversation; and when he was heated, they were frightful. But he had so wholly mastered this vile habit, that Bishop Burnett tells us, when fits of pain came upon him, which were frequent and violent, he never heard any thing like an oath escape him. On one occasion, indeed, when he was suffering under an acute paroxysm of his disorder, and had sent a servant for something, which he thought he might have brought sooner, he cried out, 'that d—n'd fellow, I suppose, is lost.' When the Bishop remarked it, he said, 'Aye, you see how the language of fiends still hangs about me. Who deserves d—ng so much as myself? God forgive me!' Except on this occasion, the Bishop observes, he never heard even a hasty expression come from him."—Page 148. The soldiery in Scotland, who were commissioned to execute the atrocious purposes of Charles II'd's government against the unfortunate Puritans of that country, "raved," says the writer of *Alexander Peden's Life*, "like fleshly devils, when the mist shrouded from their pursuit the wandering Whigs." One gentleman belonging to this band of military bloodhounds, closed a declaration of vengeance against the Conventiclers with this strange imprecation, "or may the devil make my ribs a gridiron for my soul."—*Scott's Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. 59.

We have been informed, by an unquestionable authority, that the innocent exclamation of our late amiable monarch George III. on any excitation either of anger or surprise, was only, "Oh, dear!"

THE MONASTERY.

THAT success leads to rashness is as true in literature as it is in war. Many have been the authors in whom *popularity* has generated *carelessness*; and the conviction of favour with the public lessened that respect for its judgment and taste, on an attention to which their fame had originally been founded. Instead of being stimulated by victory to further exertions, they have remitted their vigilance, relaxed their discipline, and scattered their powers—a negligence which has not unfrequently been followed by disappointment, defeat, and disgrace. It might be harsh (perhaps irrelevant) to apply this observation to the Author of *Waverley*; but, assuredly, the tricks he has played in the novel of “*The Monastery*,” and the liberties he has here

taken with the good sense and correct taste of an enlightened public, justify the conclusion that it was written with the most culpable haste and carelessness; with no exercise of those faculties of genius and invention, of sagacity and discrimination, of happy diction, and graceful composition, which had adorned and dignified all his preceding productions. The *plot* of the *Monastery* is involved and confused, its characters feeble, its incidents unexciting, its situations unnatural, with little or nothing in it that can rescue it from that character of imbecility, which Dr. Johnson attributed to Mr. Macauley's *History*, when he averred, that "many men, many women, and many children, could have written as good a book." Had the general execution of the novel, however, been of an higher cast than it confessedly is, one egregious and prominent defect pervades it, which would have lowered the impressiveness, and marred the effect, of the finest writing—the introduction of the fiction of the *White Lady*, and the glaring *inconsistency* with which this visionary character is delineated.

The admixture of the impossible, or rather unnatural, with the probable, in every work of invention, intended to impress the idea of *real action*, is utterly fatal to its purposed end. In a tale or romance, whose object exclusively is to excite the imagination or amuse the fancy, any deviations from the possible or natural course of things, or any excursions into visionary and unreal worlds, are admissible; for the mind comes to the perusal of the work to be surprised or enlivened, and not informed or improved; entertainment, and not truth, is the expected repast; and extravagances which contradict all experience, and characters which outrage all probability, are legitimate adjuncts, because *reason* not being called upon to exercise its calculations, *fancy* alone remains the arbitress of what is right and proper, and readily allows any "wild work" or "misjoined forms," which may heighten her enjoyment, or gratify her eccentric taste.

But much more rigid are the laws which must regulate every fictitious narrative, whose drift it is to produce the illusion of *actual*

occurrences. Here, *probability* is indispensable; for reason, understanding, and experience, are the umpires: and, whatever revolts the one, or shocks the other, or contradicts the third, dissipates, in a moment, the charm of an admitted reality; and destroys the pleasure which the *semblance of truth* had excited in the mind. The author falls into the error denounced by Horace, by at once offending his reader, and sinking his own credit:

“ Aut in avem Procne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem :
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.”

“ If a bird’s feathers I see Progne take ;
If I see Cadmus slide into a snake ;
My faith revolts, and I condemn outright
The fool that shews me such a silly sight.” *Coleman.*

But the *incongruities* in the description of “the White Lady” are to the full as monstrous as the introduction of such an agent into such a work. She appears under such dissimilar forms, that we are utterly at a loss to conceive, clearly, of her essence or figure; now, an object of more senses than one; and now impalpable, and almost invisible: now, a substance, and again an evanescence,

melting into "thin air:" now gliding through the sky, and skimming o'er the earth; and now penetrating, with a mortal hero in her hand, through its crust, and descending into glittering palaces, in the centre of the globe. Nothing, certainly, but the combination of "a French fairy tale with a dull German romance," could have produced such an anomaly.

The Euphuist, also, Sir Pierce Shafton, is (as it has been justly observed) a mere nuisance throughout: nor can any incident be called to mind, in an unsuccessful farce, more utterly absurd and pitiable, than the remembrance of "tailorship" that is supposed to be conjured up in the mind of this chivalrous person by the presentment of the fairy's "bodkin" to his eyes. There is something ineffably poor at once, and extravagant, in the idea of a solid silver implement being taken from the hair of a spiritual and shadowy being, for the sage purpose of making an earthly coxcomb angry to no end—while our delight at this happy imagination is not a little heightened by reflecting that it is all the time utterly unintelligible how the mere exhibition of a lady's

bodkin could remind any man of a tailor in his pedigree ; or be thought to import such a disclosure to the spectators.* The *moral* tendency, however, of the knight's character is improving. His good feeling makes amends for his absurdity. Affectation is forgotten, or forgiven, when associated with such high principles of honour, generosity, and affection, as he displays in his conduct to "the Maid of the Mill."

It ought, also, to be recollected, that, as far as "the White Lady" is concerned, the Author appears to have been sensible of the imperfections of "the Monastery," and the degradation of his powers in weaving such a woof of puerilities ; since in "the Abbot," which immediately succeeded this novel, and is connected with it, he "struck out the whole machinery of the White Lady," under the conviction that the public taste gives little encouragement to those legendary superstitions, which formed the delight, alternately, and the terror, of our predecessors."†

* Edin. Rev. No. lxxiii. p. 204.

† Introductory Epistle to the Abbot, p. 2.

Historical Illustrations
OF THE
MONASTERY AND ABBOT.

THE actual state of the southern parts of Scotland, both *ecclesiastical* and *civil*, at the epoch of the "Monastery" and "Abbot," fully bears the Author out in his representation of the jeopardy and alarm of the Monastic Order, and of the insolence and violence of Julian Avenel, his retainers and dependants. The Protestant doctrines had found their way into Scotland shortly after the establishment of the Reformation in England; and had made a deep impression on the Earl of Arran, (the then regent,) who, for a time, both professed the doctrines, and encouraged the preachers, of the new faith. Alarmed, how-

ever, by the representations of Cardinal Beatoun, who at length persuaded him that he was impugning his own legitimacy, and extinguishing every ambitious hope, by opposing the Papal authority, Arran changed, or affected to change, his religious opinions, and altered his conduct towards the reformers; abjuring the one, in the Franciscan church at Stirling, and adopting a terrible system of persecution against the other.

The Protestant doctrine, however, (remarks Dr. Robertson,) did not suffer much by his apostacy. It had already taken so deep a root in the kingdom, that no discouragement or severity could extirpate it. The regent, indeed, consented to every thing that the zealous cardinal thought necessary for the preservation of the established religion. The Reformers were persecuted with all the cruelty which superstition inspires into a barbarous people. Many were condemned to that dreadful death which the church has appointed for the punishment of its enemies; but they suffered with a spirit so nearly resembling the patience and fortitude of the primitive martyrs, that

were converted than terrified by such
les.

two factions which divided the king-
were still the same, without any alteration
in views and principles; but, by one of
strange revolutions which were frequent

age, they had in the course of a few
changed their leaders. The regent was

at the head of the partisans of France,
the defenders of Popery; and Lennox,

on the same station with the advocates for the
the alliance, and a reformation in religion.

He laboured to pull down his own work ;

the other upheld with the same hand
and hitherto endeavoured to destroy it.*

It is obvious that such a distracted state of
affairs must have greatly disquieted,
much endangered, the monastic establish-

The passions of both parties were
inflamed; and their violence, as each

endeavoured to prevail, was manifested in similar

injustice and fury. The lower classes

especially, indeed, who are the last to reason

on speculative matters, and by whom, conse-

rtson's Hist. Scot. v. i. p. 105. edit. Edin. 1769.

quently, early and deeply-rooted prejudices are most tenaciously retained, were, for the greater part, inclined to the ancient superstition: but this apparently favourable circumstance availed little to the advantage or safety of the cloistered ecclesiastics. The influence of the feudal chieftains over their vassals was paramount to all private feeling; and the bidding of the lord was implicitly obeyed, whether it were to fire a castle, or violate an abbey; to root out the germs of the new faith, or extinguish the struggling flame of the old one. Nor was this the only danger to which the conventual edifices and their inhabitants, throughout the Scottish border, were exposed, during this dismal season of political convulsion, and amid the fierce struggle for pre-eminence between the Reformed and Popish religions.

In addition to the calamities which they had to apprehend from the leaders in their own country, who befriended the new system of faith, they were exposed, also, to those which might be continually dreaded, from the irruptions of the English forces, and the marauding bands of the bordering northern counties; who,

during the latter years of Henry VIII. and the greater part of Edward VIth's reign, were perpetually pouring into the southern parts of Scotland, and involving in undistinguishing ruin edifices of all descriptions, and professors of all opinions. The histories of this troubled period teem with details of the atrocious and sacrilegious violences of the "Southern Reivers," as these English invaders were emphatically called. In the incursion of the Earl of Hertford into the eastern marches in the year 1543, and during a similar expedition of Lord Wharton into the western borders in 1545, the plunder and destruction of conventual establishments, and the murder of their inmates, form a frightful feature of the devastations committed by the invaders; while in the short interval between the two periods, Evers and Latoun laid waste the whole vale of Tiviot, and left no less than *seven monasteries* in smoaking ruin, when they retired from the scene of their incursion.*

Surrounded thus by perils on every side, the religious houses in the south of Scotland,

* Hayne's State Papers, p. 48, et infra.

incapable of defending themselves against either the attacks of the reformed part of their own countrymen, or the "forays" of the neighbouring invader, were under the necessity of seeking out some competent defence; and, accordingly, placed themselves and their establishments under the protection of any contiguous powerful chieftain of their own faith, whose favour they could conciliate by a sacrifice of part of their temporal goods, and a free communication of such spiritual blessings as they affected to bestow. But, even with the advantage of this patronage, their safety was still precarious, and their quiet and property frequently disturbed. The thunder of the eloquence of Knox and his coadjutors in the glorious work of reformation resounded through the land; and every successive peal shook, more and more, the tottering fabric of papal superstition; till, at length, it was tumbled to the earth, by the memorable acts of the convention, in 1560, which utterly abolished the Pope's authority in Scotland; declared the Roman Catholic clergy to be usurping ministers; and proclaimed the general demolition

of abbacies, monasteries, priories, and all other papal establishments, throughout the realm.*

* The Reformation took place this year, in Scotland, by the preaching of Mr. John Knox, a bold and courageous Scotch divine, who shunned no danger, nor feared the face of any man, in the cause of religion. He had been a preacher in England, in King Edward's time; then, an exile at Frankfort; and, at last, one of the ministers of the English congregation at Geneva; from whence he arrived at Edinburgh, May 2d, 1559, being forty-five years of age, and settled at Perth; but was a sort of evangelist over the whole kingdom. He maintained this position, that "if kings and princes refused to reform religion, inferior magistrates and the people, being instructed and directed in the truth, by their preachers, may lawfully reform, within their own bounds, themselves; and if all, or the far greatest part, be enlightened by the truth, they may make a public reformation."—Neale's Hist. Puritans, v. i. p. 148.

This bold proposition was exactly adapted to the tone of public feeling; it found a response in almost every heart, and an assertor in many a powerful hand; and triumphed, in a few years, as every great popular sentiment will inevitably do, over every opposition—the exorbitant influence of the Popish clergy, (who held nearly half the landed property of the kingdom,) the authority of the Crown, and the most strenuous efforts of such of the aristocracy as continued to adhere to the ancient superstition.

Nor did the *civil state* of southern Scotland, through the period which we are at present contemplating, wear an aspect of more composure and order than its ecclesiastical history. The constant and terrible struggles between rival political parties during the infancy and nonage of Mary, and the convulsions which agitated her unhappy reign, prevented the weak and ever-changing government from adopting any means to check, effectually, the inordinances which were perpetrated in the bordering counties; or to coerce the proud and powerful chieftains, who exercised through that district a more than royal rule, capricious as their will, and terrible as the impulse of fierce and wanton passion could render it. Many were the feudal lords, who, like Julian Avenel, confident in the strength of their castles, and the number of their retainers, contemned, alike, the authority of the crown, the sanctions of the laws, and the regulations of civil society : who were now at the head of their followers, bearding their sovereign : now waging fierce and bloody war with some rival chieftain : and now despoiling a neighbouring

estate, to supply the rude hospitality, or inordinate waste, of their own expensive households.* James the First, who, before he succeeded to the English throne, had often experienced, in his own person, the insolence and power of these semi-barbarous nobles, has feelingly characterised them in the second book of his *Basilikon Doron*: "The natural sickness,

* The animosity with which these quarrels (or *feuds*) were carried on, and the inveteracy with which they were perpetuated, are scarcely to be credited by those who live under an improved civilization, and a milder system of manners. "In the border counties of Scotland (says an accomplished writer) it was formerly customary, when any rancorous enmity subsisted between two clans, to leave the *right hand* of male children *unchristened*, that it may deal the more deadly, or according to the popular phrase, *unhallowed* blows to their enemies. By this superstitious rite they were devoted to bear the family feud, or enmity."—Scott's *Minst. Scottish Border*, v. iii. p. 144. "In the case of *deadly feud*, either against an Englishman, or against any neighbouring tribe, the whole force of the offended clan was bent to avenge the death of any of their number. The vengeance vented itself, not only on the homicide and his family, but upon all his kindred; on his whole tribe; and on every one, in fine, whose death or ruin could affect him with regret."—*Ib.* l. xxii. v. i.

says he, "that I have perceived this estate" (the nobility) "subject to in my time, hath been a fectlesse, arrogant conceit of their greatness and power ; drinking in with their very mothers' milk, that their honour stood in committing three points of iniquity :—to thrall by oppression the meaner sort, that dwelleth near them, to their service and following, although they hold nothing of them : —to maintain their servants and dependers in any wrong, although that they be not answerable to the laws, (for any body will maintain his man in a right cause :)—and for any displeasure that they apprehend to be done unto them by their neighbour, to take up a plain feid," (an open feud,) " and (without respect to God, king, or commonweal) to bang it out bravely, he and all his kin against him and all his. Yea, they will think the king far in their common," (that is, much obliged to them,) " in case they agree to grant an assurance to a short day for keeping of the peace ; where, by their natural duty, they were obliged to obey the law, and keep the peace, all the days of their life, upon the

peril of their very craggés (nëcks).” Such an aristocracy, in truth, might well be formidable to the crown, and overawing to the districts within its range ; for the dwellings of the chieftains were *fortresses*, and their bands of kindred and followers *little armies*.

The remains of these castellated mansions attest their former strength, and capability of resisting the assaults of an enemy, in an age when the method of besieging fortified places was still imperfect. Situated in places almost inaccessible, from surrounding precipices, rocks, or morasses, they defied all approach, except by those who were acquainted with the dangerous or intricate paths which led to their entrance. Their walls were immensely thick ; their chambers vaulted with stone ; and their summits *machicolated*, or furnished with projecting parapets, to permit the pouring down of stones, melted lead, or boiling water, upon the heads of the assailants. If the outer works were carried by the enemy, the keep, or *donjon*, was often found to be impregnable ; and it was not uncommon in such cases of effectual resistance, for the assaulting party to

kindle a fire around the fabric, and either suffocate the defenders, or drive them from their last refuge by this terrible mode of expulsion. It was this method of securing themselves, which enabled the southern Scottish chieftain, so long and so frequently to defy the power and authority of the weak and distracted government of Scotland; and drew from James the Vth, when he was surveying the Castle of Lockwood, the strong hold of the Johnstones, the pithy observation, that "he who built this place must have been a knave in his heart." Mr. Pennant, in describing Hoddam Castle, one of the fortified dwellings of which we are speaking, says, "the castle consists of a great square tower, with three slender round turrets; the entry through a door protected by iron bars; near it a square hole, by way of donjon, and a staircase of stone."* And, in mentioning Loch-leven Castle, (more to the north, and

* Scotland, ii. 92, edit. 1775. It was built by John Lord Herries, nicknamed John de Reeve; a strenuous supporter of Mary Queen of Scots, who conveyed her from the battle of Langside, and accompanied her in her flight to England.

the place of Queen Mary's confinement,) he thus adverts to its capability of resistance, and the mode of its attack and defence in 1335. "This castle then underwent a siege; and the method attempted to reduce it was of a most singular kind. John of Stirling, with his army of *Anglicised Scots*, sat down before it; but finding from the situation that it was impossible to succeed in the common forms, he thought of this expedient. He stopped up the water of *Leven*, at its discharge from the lake, with a great dam, with stones and every thing that could obstruct its course, hoping by that means to raise the waters so high as to drown the whole garrison. But the watchful governor, Alan de Vipont, took an opportunity of sallying out in boats, when the besiegers were off their guard, and piercing the dam, released the pent-up waters, and poured a most destructive deluge on all the plain below; struck a panic into the enemy's army, put them to flight, and returned to his castle laden with the spoils of the camp."

* Sibbald's *Hist. of Fife and Kinross*, page 108.
Pennant's *Scotland*, vol. ii. page 68.

But the means either of aggression or resistance with these southern chieftains were rendered still more formidable by the large companies of followers, who, at a moment's warning, were prepared to rally round their standards, and to share with their leaders either victory or death. When Lord Wharton, in the year 1547, over-ran and ravaged Annandale, Nithesdale, and Galloway, and compelled their lawless inhabitants to receive the yoke of England, the bordering Scottish barons gave in to the English commissioners lists of the numbers of their dependents, by whom they were respectively supported, and who from thenceforth were to do service to the King of England. On these lists we find the following powerful bands (among numerous others) attached to the names of certain of these Western lairds. In Annandale: the Laird of Kirkmighel, 222; Patrick Murray, 203; the Bells, 364; the Johnstones, 582. In Nithesdale: the Maxwells, 1000; the Laird of Closeburne, (Q. Cockburne?) 403; Lag, 202; Maxwells of Brakenside, and Vicar of Carlaverick, 310. In Annan-

dale : Lord Carlisle, 101 ; the Laird of Applegath, 242. In Liddesdale: the Armstrongs, 300. In Galloway : Carlisle, 206. Tiviotdale : the Laird of Drumlire, 364. In Eskdale: Battisons and Thompsons, 166, &c. &c.:* Schedules which will well account for the perpetual scenes of strife, war, and bloodshed, which this portion of Scotland exhibited, until its reduction to something like regular government, after the accession of James the First to the crown of England.†

* Scott's Min. Scottish Border, vol. i. page 28.

† " Before the union of the crowns by the accession of James I." (observes a writer of great sense and deep research,) " great part of Scotland was little removed from barbarism, and it resisted improvement till a late period. Even in the most civilized districts of the low country, society, in the most important respects, appears not to have attained that degree of refinement which it had reached in England about two centuries before. Large estates resembled petty principalities; the lords of which, while they trampled with impunity on the inferior classes, frequently gave law to the sovereign. Their feuds were inveterate, and conducted like wars betwixt foreign states: murders, burnings, plunderings, and devastations disgraced the community; and the aristocracy

The general aspect of the ecclesiastical and civil state of southern Scotland in the sixteenth century, by formal leagues or associations among themselves, to obtain that security (against powerful neighbours often, themselves banded for their destruction), which the laws could not afford."—Brodie's Hist. British Empire, vol. i. page 332. Buchanan's History, and the first part of Calderwood's MS. History, in the Advocate's library, present a lamentable picture of society. Spottiswode's History is a valuable performance, for the light it throws on the subject. The little respect paid to royalty is conspicuous in every page of Scottish History. Few of their kings died a fair death; and it seems to have been a matter of great importance to the different factions to get a prince into their custody: thus, in 1526, Sir Walter Scott, of Buccleugh, was anxious to take James Vth from the Earl of Angus, and the young king inclined to a change of masters; but the Earl's brother having in vain attempted to prevail with him, by "alluring words," to hasten his pace, resorted to a more convincing argument: "*Rather,*" says he, "*than the enemies take you from us, we must keep one half of your body with us.*"—Cald. MS. Hist. i. page 36. The Earl of Arran wished to get possession of the young queen's person (Mary), in 1543, deeming by that means that he should have upon his side not only the shadow of her name, but also might dispose of her in marriage as he thought good; and either feed the English king with promises, or draw him to his party.—Ib. page 167. The

teenth century is, as has been already observed, exhibited with minute accuracy in the two novels which at present engage our attention; nor has their author been less attentive to historical fact, with respect to the most important political events, introduced into "The Abbot"—the imprisonment and liberation of Mary, the battle of Langside, and her flight into England. A comparison of the recorded

repeated attempts to seize King James VIth's person by Bothwell (not Mary's husband) are well known; likewise the *raid* of Ruthven or Gowrie's conspiracy. As a proof of the distracted state of the country, we may refer to Spottiswode, p. 61, 70, 186, et infra. In 1571, it was convulsed with civil war; and to such a height did faction run, that fathers are represented as having been opposed to their own sons. Even children that could scarcely speak had their plays founded on such distinctions.—Ib. p. 253, 273, 306. In 1583, the church represented to the king, that there was an universal murmur that no man could be assured of his lands, nor even life, the laws of the country being wholly perverted; and they regretted the divisions of the nobles, one part seeking the ruin and overthrow of the other; that blood and slaughter were common; and that it was impossible to bring the guilty to punishment.—Ib. 347, et infra; 390, 400, et infra; and 443.

accounts with our author's sketch may not, perhaps, be uninteresting.

The events of Darnley's murder, and the queen's subsequent marriage with Bothwell, though they both had been contrived and executed (as we shall hereafter see) by a confederacy of the Protestant lords; together with Mary's pertinacious adherence to the Popish religion; furnished the same lords with a pretext for an open combination against the queen: the *avowed* object of which was to ensure the safety of the young prince, James, and to settle the kingdom; though the *real* motives were—the destruction of Bothwell, (who, having served their purpose, was now to be dispatched,) the abasement of Mary, and the assumption of the reins of government into their own hands. Of this confederacy, Argyle, Athol, Mar, Morton, Glencairn, Home, Lyndsay, Boyd, Murray, Kirkaldy of Grange, and Maitland, were the principals. Under these lords a considerable body of troops quickly arrayed themselves; and Bothwell and the queen, justly alarmed at their approach, fled with precipitation, and

under many humiliating circumstances, to Dunbar. Here Bothwell collected all his personal dependants, and such partisans in the neighbourhood as were attached to the person or religion of the sovereign, and marched forwards to meet the confederates. The result, however, was fatal to the cause of the queen: her troops fled before the army of the associated lords; and Bothwell, having taken a final farewell of Mary, left the field of battle, and secured his escape. The victors became immediately possessed of the queen's person, and conducted her, as a captive, with many marks of ignominy, to Edinburgh. The destination of such an important prisoner would, of course, engage the most serious attention of the successful confederates. Various debates were held, and different plans proposed, on the subject; but it was at length determined that she should, for the present, be conveyed to Loch-leven Castle,* and there

* Loch-leven is a magnificent piece of water, very broad, but irregularly indented, about twelve miles in circumference, and in some parts twenty-four fathoms in depth. It is finely bounded by mountains on one side, and on the other by the plain of Kinross; and

detained as a prisoner. To Sir William Douglas, the owner of the fortress, the unhappy queen was accordingly consigned, under a warrant enjoining him to be her gaoler; nor could a place have been selected by the malignity of the confederates better calculated to wound the feelings, or excite the indignation, of Mary, than this castle, whose mistress, Lady Douglas, had been the paramour of James Vth, and who boasted daily to the queen, that she was the lawful widow of her royal father.

is prettily embellished with several groves most fortunately disposed. "Some islands are dispersed in this great expanse of water, one of which is large enough to feed several head of cattle; but the most remarkable is that distinguished by the captivity of Mary Stuart, which stands almost in the middle of the lake. The castle still remains; and consists of a square tower, a small yard with two round towers, a chapel, and the ruins of a building, where, it is said, the unfortunate princess was lodged. In the square tower is a dungeon, with a vaulted room above, on which had been three other stories. Some trees are yet remaining on this little spot, probably coeval with Mary; under whose shade she may have sat, expecting her escape, at length effected by the enamoured Douglas."—Pennant's Scot. vol. ii. page 67.

Other deliberations now took place with regard to the ultimate fate of Mary; in which some expressed themselves as favourable to her cause, and others as desirous that her imputed crimes should be expiated by her blood. "But at length," says the historian, "both parties agreed upon a scheme, neither so moderate as the one, nor so daring as the other. Mary was to be persuaded or forced to resign the crown; the young prince was to be proclaimed king; and the Earl of Murray was to be appointed to govern the kingdom, during his minority, with the name and authority of regent. With respect to the queen's person nothing was determined. It seems to have been the intention of the confederates to keep her in perpetual imprisonment; but in order to intimidate herself, and to overawe her partisans, they still reserved to themselves the power of proceeding to more violent extremities."*

Under the circumstances in which Mary was now placed, it is not surprising that she should have yielded to the will of the lords.

* Robertson's Hist. Scot. vol. i. p. 440.

She was plunged in present distress, and looked forward with well-grounded dread to the future. "The confederates took advantage of her condition and her fears: they employed Lord Lindsay, the fiercest zealot in the party, to obtain her subscription to the necessary papers; and he executed his commission with harshness and brutality.† Certain death was before Mary's eyes, if she refused to

† Lord Lindsay of the Byers was the most ferocious and brutal of the Regent's faction; and as such was employed to extort Mary's signature to the deed of resignation, presented to her in Lochleven Castle. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigour; and it is even said, when the weeping captive, in the act of signing, averted her eyes from the fatal deed, *he pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove.*—Scott's *Bord. Min.* vol. iii. 436. Mary had pardoned this very lord for his share in the murder of Rizzio; but the soul of Lindsay was incapable of generosity. "He menaced her grace," say Mary's commissioners, "that if she would not subscribe, he had command to put her presently in the tower," (the dungeon,) "and would do the same: and counselled her to fulfil their desire, or else *worse would shortly follow*;" which Lesley explains, by saying, that Lindsay added, "unless she would thereto subscribe, *she should lose her life.*"—Goodall, vol. ii. 167. Lesley's *Defence*, &c. 37, 38.

comply with his demands. She signed the deeds presented to her ; by one of which she resigned the crown, renounced all share in the government of the kingdom, and consented to the coronation of the young king. By another, she appointed the Earl of Murray regent, and conferred upon him all the powers and privileges of that high office. By a third, she substituted some other noblemen in Murray's place, if he should refuse the honour which was designed for him. Mary, when she subscribed these deeds, was bathed in tears ; and while she gave away, as it were, with her own hands, the sceptre which she had swayed so long, she felt a pang of grief and indignation, one of the severest, perhaps, which can touch the human heart.”*

The queen had now been confined nearly ten months within the walls of Loch-leven Castle, enduring all the anguish which a situation so peculiarly deplorable would inflict on a mind of great feeling and sensibility, though of an ardent and ambitious tone. But her unmerited sufferings had not been unnoticed

* Robertson's Hist. Scot. vol. i. page 144.

or unpitied. Their severity and continuance had engaged the warmest sympathy of her friends; drawn over to her cause those with whom her alleged crimes were hypothetical; and even softened the asperity of some of her hitherto most obdurate foes. Fallen royalty is ever an object of commiseration. The immense contrast between the state of one, now elevated on a throne, and now enduring the horrors of a prison, makes a deep impression upon the mind; and insensibly produces compassion for the sufferer, an oblivion of the causes which may have occasioned the punishment, and a wish for the redress of such a disproportioned degradation.

“Such was the favourable disposition of the nation towards the queen, when she suddenly recovered her liberty,” (says Dr. Robertson,) “in a manner no less surprising to her friends, than unexpected to her enemies. Several attempts had been made to procure her an opportunity of escaping; which some unforeseen accident, or the vigilance of her keepers, had hitherto disappointed. At last, Mary employed all her arts to gain George Douglas,

her keeper's brother, a youth of eighteen.*

* Robertson's Hist. Scot. v. i. p. 453. Miss Benger, in her elegant and interesting "Memoirs of the Life of Mary Queen of Scots," has given a somewhat less romantic account of the circumstances of Mary's liberation: "A few days," says she, "after this interview (with the Regent) Mary nearly succeeded in making her escape, disguised as a laundress. She had actually seated herself in the boat, when she was discovered by inadvertently raising to her cheek a hand of snowy whiteness. In a second attempt, planned by *George Douglas*, she was alike unsuccessful; and for his friendly offices that youth was expelled the castle, but not before he had secured to her interests another *Douglas*, an orphan boy, who had from infancy lived in the family, a poor dependant on the Lord of Lochleven.

"Of any new enterprise, however, Mary was so little sanguine, that on the 1st of May she wrote to Catherine de Medicis that she was watched night and day, the girls of the castle sleeping in her chamber; and that, unless the French king interposed, she should remain in prison for life. The next afternoon, however, William Douglas had the address to steal the keys from the hall in which Sir William and his mother were sitting at supper. The queen being apprised of this circumstance, once more descended, with her maid, to the lake, where a boat was waiting, into which they both entered, the maid assisting William in rowing; and, as they approached the shore, he flung into the lake the keys of the castle they had

As her manners were naturally affable and insinuating, she treated him with the most flattering distinction; she even allowed him to entertain the most ambitious hopes, by letting fall some expressions, as if she would choose him for her husband. At his age, and in his circumstances, it was impossible to resist such a temptation. He yielded; and drew others into the plot. On Sunday the 2d May, while his brother sat at supper, and the rest of the family were retired to their devotions, one of his accomplices found means to steal the keys out of his brother's chamber, and opening the gates to the queen and one of her maids,* just quitted. Another coadjutor in this enterprise was John Beaton, who held frequent communication with George Douglas; and, by his assistance, provided horses to be ready on the queen's approach."—V. ii. p. 358.

* Our Author has made the bewitching little Catherine Seyton, this faithful female attendant. Certain it is, that a lady of this surname was one of the *four Maries* who went to France in the young queen's train, and returned with her into Scotland.—Keith, p. 55, 288, 291. See a ballad entitled, "The *Queen's Maries*," Scott's *Bord. Min.* v. iii. p. 87. These ladies had been given as attendants to Mary at a very early age. She was placed, when very young.

locked them behind her, and then threw the keys into the lake. Mary ran with precipitation to the boat that was provided for her, and on reaching the shore was received with the utmost joy by Douglas, Lord Seaton, and Sir James Hamilton, who, with a few attendants, waited for her. She instantly mounted on horseback, and rode full speed to Niddriè, Lord Seaton's seat, in West-Lothian: there she arrived that night, without being pursued or interrupted. After halting three hours, she

by the queen mother, for security, in an inaccessible isle, in the lake of Mintoith; and the queen appointed, as her companions there, four girls of her daughter's age, from the respectable families of Livingston, Fleming, Seton, and Beatoun, who played, and were educated, with her.—Chalmers' *Life of Mary Queen of Scots*, v. i. p. 5. When Mary was sent to France, at five years old, she was attended by *Lady Fleming*, the natural daughter of James IV.; and accompanied by her *four Maries*. They were her schoolfellows and playmates, at present; they were designed to be her attendants and friends through life; endeared to her by the recollection of their youthful hours having been passed in a happy communion together. They attended upon her, even after her marriage, and they returned with her to her distracted kingdom.—*ib.* p. 10.

set off for Hamilton; and, travelling at the same pace, she reached it next morning.*

In the course of a few days the liberated queen found herself once more surrounded by a crowd of courtiers; and at the head of six thousand men; in whose presence she protested against the resignation which she had signed, asserting that it had been drawn from her by threats and coercion. This declaration being confirmed by Sir Robert Melville, a council of nobles immediately pronounced that it was forced and illegal; and formed an association for the defence of her person, and the support of her authority. Once again the fortunes of Mary assumed an auspicious aspect: a large army was arrayed in her favour; and an opportunity appeared to offer itself for the re-possession of the power which she had heretofore enjoyed. But, deficient in judgment herself, she had, unhappily, entrusted with the chief direction of her affairs one, (the Archbishop of St. Andrew's,) who, merely pursuing the gratification of his own ambition, was both disinclined and unable to adopt those measures of caution

* Robertson, v. i. p. 453.

and prudence, which the critical situation of his mistress especially demanded. Although already superior in force to the troops of the Regent, she had still to receive a considerable augmentation of it from Huntly, Ogilvie, and the northern clans; public opinion had shifted round to her favour; the commiseration of the "fond many" had warmed into a revived attachment to her person; and nothing seemed wanting to her general popularity, and ultimate success, but the allowing of time for the partial sentiment to become universal, and for increasing her army to an overwhelming and irresistible force. The Archbishop, however, blinded himself to this reasonable and obvious policy, and prevailed upon the luckless Mary to give battle to the army of Murray.

This act of imprudence, in resolving to fight, was not greater than the ill conduct of the queen's generals in the battle. "Between the two armies, and on the road towards Dunbarton, there was an eminence called *Langside Hill*. This the Regent had the precaution to seize, and posted his troops in a small village, and among some gardens and

inclosures adjacent. In this advantageous situation, he waited the approach of the enemy, whose superiority in cavalry could be of no use to them on such broken ground. The Hamiltons, who composed the vanguard, ran so eagerly to the attack, that they put themselves out of breath, and left the main battle far behind. The encounter of the spear-men was fierce and desperate; but, as the forces of the Hamiltons were exposed, on the one flank, to a continued fire from a body of musqueteers; attacked, on the other, by the Regent's most choice troops; and not supported by the rest of the Queen's army; they were soon obliged to give ground, and the rout immediately became universal. Few victories, in a civil war, and among a barbarous people, have been pursued with less violence, or attended with less bloodshed. Three hundred fell in the field; in the flight, scarcely any were killed. The Regent and his principal officers rode about, beseeching the soldiers to spare their countrymen. The number of prisoners was great, and among them many persons of distinction. The Regent marched back to

Glasgow, and returned public thanks to God for this great, and, on his side, almost bloodless victory.

“ During the engagement, Mary stood on a hill, at no great distance, and beheld all that passed in the field, with such emotions of mind as are not easily described. When she saw the army, which was her last hope, thrown into irretrievable confusion, her spirit, which all her past misfortunes had not been able entirely to subdue, sunk altogether. In the utmost consternation, she began her flight, and so lively were her impressions of fear, that she never closed her eyes till she reached the Abbey of Dundrenan in Galloway, full sixty Scottish miles from the place of battle.”*

Deplorable as the condition was, to which Mary had been reduced by the fatal issue of the conflict of Langside, still it was not utterly desperate. Her friends were numerous, though dispersed: the popular feeling in her behalf would have grown with her increased misfortunes; and the neighbourhood to which she had retired, promised her shelter and

* Robertson's Hist. Scot. v. p. 457.

protection, till her adherents could again rally round her standard. But her evil star was ascendant; and in despite of all the chances of better fortunes which even yet presented themselves, she formed the rash and fatal resolution of flying from Scotland into England, and throwing herself upon the protection of Elizabeth, her bitterest personal enemy; whose heart ne'er distilled "the milk of human kindness;" whose passions were equally violent and mean; with whom policy was religion; and *state expedience*, the rule of moral action. Thus resolved, in opposition to the intreaties of Lord Herries, Fleming, and her other attendants, who conjured her, on their knees, not to confide in the English queen, Mary, on the 16th of May, 1568, embarked, with about twenty followers, on board a fishing-boat; landed at Workington in Cumberland, and was conveyed to the castle of Carlisle; a desperate and irrecoverable step, which resulted in her own legalised murder, and in the everlasting infamy of her malignant, perfidious, and inhuman sister queen.

Biographical Illustrations.

JAMES STUART,

Prior of St. Andrew's, earl of Murray, and regent of Scotland. The only prominent political characters introduced into the novel of "The Monastery," are this celebrated man, and James Douglas earl of Morton. We extract a slight outline of the lives and diversified fortunes of these two noblemen from a recent work, which, among the many "illustrations" of the novels by the Author of Waverley, that have hitherto appeared, presents, perhaps, the best claim to the encouragement of the public, from the simplicity and conciseness of its plan, the general authenticity of its materials, the beauty of its typo-

graphy, and the masterly style and high finish of its engraved representations.*

“ This celebrated character was an illegitimate son of James the Fifth, king of Scotland, by Margaret, daughter of Lord Erskins, of Lochleven, the ancestor of the present Earl of Morton. Being, like all James’s natural sons, educated for the church, he was, while yet a child, presented to the priory of St. Andrew’s, and Dr. Milne, abbot of Cambus Kenneth, was appointed administrator of the affairs of the benefice, as well spiritual as temporal. Notwithstanding his office in the Catholic church, he is said to have been amongst the earliest promoters of the Protestant faith ; and the queen-regent having peremptorily refused to concur, by her authority, in reforming religion, and having, besides, violated some articles of pacification, for which he stood guarantee with the noblemen of that persuasion, he betook himself to the party of

* Illustrations of the Novels and Tales of the Author of Waverley ; a Series of Portraits, &c. with biographical notices. London : Baldwyn, Newgate-street : 1823 : part 7, price 8s.

the lords of the congregation, protesting that he had no other view or design in what he did than the advancement of the true reformed religion, and preservation of the endangered liberty of his country."

"When his sister, Mary queen of Scots, became a widow by the death of Francis the Second, the prior was dispatched by the protestant nobility to invite the queen to return to Scotland; and, on her arrival, was appointed one of the members of her privy council. Not long after he was sent with a commission of lieutenancy to the borders, to suppress an insurrection that was threatened in those parts; and there behaved himself with such courage and fidelity, that upon his return he was rewarded with the earldom of Mar, which he subsequently exchanged for the earldom of Murray.

"From this period he continued uninterruptedly to enjoy the queen's favour, till the year 1565; when her Majesty having declared her resolution of marrying the Earl of Darnley, Murray and many others opposed the match, as equally dangerous to church and

state. Finding, however, that arguments availed not, they made, says Sir James Melville, an essay to take the Lord Darnley in the queen's company at the raid of Baith, and, as they alleged, to have sent him into England; but failing in that enterprize, they were so closely pursued by the queen's troops, that they thought it the safest course for them to flee to England, where they met with a cold reception. After the queen's marriage with Darnley, he was summoned before the parliament, and would undoubtedly have been forefaulted on a charge of treason, had not the murder of David Rizzio thrown the country into confusion. Being innocent of this offence, Mary was easily prevailed upon to pardon, and restore him to her grace and confidence.

“ Finding the country becoming more and more agitated, he obtained licence to travel, first in England, and afterwards in France; whence he was invited, on Mary's resignation, to the regency of the kingdom under James the Sixth; and after having, in about two years, restored the country from confusion to order,

he was shot at Linlithgow, in revenge for a private injury, on the 23d January, 1570. 'His death,' says Bishop Spottiswode, 'was greatly lamented, especially by the commons. A man truly good, and worthy to be ranked among the best governors that this kingdom hath enjoyed; and therefore to this day he is honoured with the title of the *Good Regent.*'"

How truly the Earl of Murray deserved this glorious and comprehensive title, will be a matter, at least, of doubt, with those who look a little attentively at the incidents of his eventful life. As far as the reformation of religion in Scotland was concerned, he, without question, merited well of his countrymen and posterity; for he was a strenuous supporter of the purified system of faith, and of the preachers who promulgated it. But the motive which actuated his public career was, it is to be feared, any thing rather than a disinterested regard for the honour of God,

the good of his native land, or the improvement of mankind. In fact, the thoroughly good *public character* is an object of rare occurrence :

“ Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto ;”

and it requires many an age to produce an Alfred, a Washington, or a Kosciusko. Patriots and heroes, as the terms are usually applied, seem to be made of very “ common stuff ;” and if stript of certain glittering external qualities, and unaccompanied by those fortuitous circumstances which have made them the idols of “ the million,” they will be found to differ from the general herd, merely in their more inordinate ambition, or their greedier appetite for “ the bubble, reputation.” Such, decidedly, was Murray’s *patriotism* : a sound, and not a substance ; the semblance of a feeling, to which his heart did not respond ; the specious pretence, that covered designs the most iniquitous, and apologised for actions the most oppressive. Decked in the garb of public worth and private virtue, by the venal, or courtly, or cowardly writers of his own day,

it remained for the freer spirits of modern times to divest the Regent of his borrowed plumes; to shew him in his naked moral and political deformity; and, in spite of the partiality or tenderness of a Hume, a Robertson, or a Dalrymple, to convict him of a dark, and deep, and guilty ambition, that, in the pursuit of its object, hesitated not to plunge into a *conspiracy*, so foul and atrocious, as scarcely to be paralleled in the evil-fraught records of national history—a conspiracy which planned and effected the *false crimination* of Mary with her *husband's murder*; the *violation* of her *person* by *Bothwell*; and her *forced marriage* to that licentious baron;—a conspiracy which, extending itself as it matured, embraced within the circle of its abettors the wicked and wily Elizabeth, and her time-serving counsellors; and, by the aid of the intrigues, and perjuries, and forgeries of the associated band, reaped at length its wished-for harvest, in the murder of its destined prey. As the proof of the verity of this statement will be given in the course of a few pages, it may here be necessary merely to

remark, that Murray's participation in this horrid scene of villany and oppression obtained the end for which he sacrificed his honour and humanity, the ties of blood, and the feelings of nature; and his pride was gratified by the regency in 1567. But short was his enjoyment of the glittering guerdon; for a violent death dissipated the vision of ambition, and closed his life of plot and intrigue in less than two years after he had reached the elevation, for which he had longed so much, and paid so dearly. The circumstances of his assassination are thus detailed by Dr. Robertson.

“ Hamilton, of Bothwell-Haugh, was the person who committed this barbarous action. He had been condemned to death soon after the battle of Langside, and owed his life to the regent's clemency. But part of his estate had been bestowed upon one of the regent's favourites, who seized his house, and turned out his wife naked, in a cold night, into the open fields; where, before next morning, she became furiously mad. This injury made a deeper impression on him, than the benefit he

had received; and from that moment he vowed to be revenged upon the regent. Party rage strengthened and inflamed his private resentment. His kinsmen, the Hamiltons, applauded the enterprise. The maxims of that age justified the most desperate course he could take to obtain vengeance. He followed the regent for some time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the blow. He resolved, at last, to wait till his enemy should arrive at Linlithgow, through which he was to pass on his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took his stand in a wooden gallery which had a window towards the street; spread a feathered bed on the floor, to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard; hung up a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might not be observed from without; and, after all this preparation, calmly expected the regent's approach, who had lodged during the night in a house not far distant. Some indistinct information of the danger which threatened him, had been conveyed to the regent, and he paid so much regard to it, that he resolved to return by the same gate through which he

had entered, and to fetch a compass round the town. But, as the crowd about the gate was great, and he himself unacquainted with fear, he proceeded directly along the street ; and the throng of the people obliging him to move very slowly, gave the assassin time to take so true an aim, that he shot him with a single bullet, through the lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on his other side. His followers instantly endeavoured to break into the house whence the blow had come, but they found the door strongly barricaded; and before it could be forced open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse, which stood ready for him at a back passage, and got far beyond their reach. The regent died the same night of his wound.*

* Hist. Scot. v. i. 511. The carbine with which the Regent was shot, is preserved at Hamilton Palace. It is a brass piece, of a middling length, very small in the bore ; and, what is very extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a match-lock ; for which a modern firelock has been injudiciously substituted.—Scott's Minstrelsy, v. iii. p. 434.

EARL OF MORTON,

Regent of Scotland. James Douglas was the second son of Sir George Douglas, of Pinky. The early part of his life was spent in obscurity, his father being in exile, and his family persecuted by the reigning king, James V. To escape observation, he lived several years with a gentleman as his steward, under a fictitious name. The death of James enabled him to resume his proper character, and he soon after married the daughter of the Earl of Morton, whom he succeeded in his title and estates. He was one of the first peers who exerted themselves in support of the reformed religion, and the liberties of the country, during the regency of the queen mother. After the expulsion of the French party, he was sent by the parliament as ambassador to Queen Elizabeth, whose confidence and support he acquired, and whose interests he espoused, with a zeal which subsequently contributed to his ruin. On the return of the young queen

from France, he was appointed one of the privy council, and afterwards Lord High Chancellor. The active part which he took in the murder of Rizzio, obliged him to take refuge in England. He was recalled by the influence of Bothwell, who divulged to him his design on the life of Darnley ; but Morton refused to join him in this horrible conspiracy, and subsequently exerted himself to bring the murderers to justice. On the marriage of Mary with Bothwell, he entered into a league with others of the nobility to protect the person and rights of her son against that usurper, and, on the queen's deposition, assumed the principal management of the state. On the death of the Earl of Mar, he succeeded him in the regency ; and by the prudence and vigour of his administration, commanded the obedience and respect of the nation. He restored peace at home, improved the revenues, contracted a strict alliance with England, and seemed to have finally crushed and extirpated his enemies. But his power and popularity were speedily ruined by his immoderate eagerness in amassing wealth ; which led him into many

acts of oppression and extortion, particularly towards the clergy, and rendered that powerful body his active and inveterate opponents. Finding himself universally unpopular, and unable to contend with the hostility of the young king, and the intrigues of his favourites, he thought proper to resign the regency in 1578. This voluntary degradation did not satisfy his enemies, who urged on his destruction with unrelenting activity. In 1581, he was brought to trial, on the accusation of one of the king's minions, and found guilty of being art and part in the murder of Darnley. Morton confessed that Bothwell had revealed his design to him; but pleaded his utter inability to prevent it, as the imbecile Darnley would have immediately betrayed his informant, and the queen was in the power, and believed to be a participator in the projects, of Bothwell. There is every reason to believe Morton's statement, at least there is no evidence to contradict it; the tribunal by which he was tried was determined to find him guilty, and the proofs adduced against him were presumptive and inconclusive. He con-

ducted himself in the last scene of his life with intrepidity and dignity, unruffled by the ingratitude of his friends and the insults of his enemies. He was beheaded the day after the trial, his head fixed on the top of the Tolbooth, and his body left for several hours, covered only with an old cloak, and without a single attendant to protect it. He, who a few years before had been obeyed and revered as a king, surrounded by wealth, honours, and friends, was now abandoned and disowned by all. Morton, though low in stature, was of a graceful person and demeanour; his great courage and military skill were eminently conspicuous in the civil wars; he was a profound politician—cool, subtle, and unscrupulous. His greatest failing was avarice; to which his early necessities had contributed, and which frequently betrayed him into measures equally unjust and impolitic.

As the foregoing account is chiefly drawn from the courtly pages of Robertson, it may be proper to correct it by a reference to

writers, who, if inferior to the Scottish historian in elegance, stand high above him in independence and accuracy. A cursory perusal of the "defence" of Mary's honour, by Lesley bishop of Ross; of "Goodall's examination" of the *letters, sonnets, and marriage contracts*, contained in the celebrated casket; of Mr. Tytler's work upon the same subject; of Mr. Whitaker's "Vindication of Mary queen of Scots;" and of Mr. Chalmers's "life" of the same personage, (last edition); will be sufficient to convict Morton of a blackness of heart, and turpitude of conduct, which go far beyond the common degeneracy of unprincipled political characters. His object, also, like that of Murray, was the attainment of the regency; and Providence permitted him to succeed in it; but it was only to afford an awful confirmation of the truth of its own inspired representation of the *temporary* triumph of the flagitious great: "Thou dost set them in slippery places, and casteth them down, and destroyest them. Oh! how suddenly do they consume, perish, and come to a fearful end! Yea, even like as a

dream when one awaketh, so shalt thou make their image to vanish out of the city.”*

* It is a circumstance calculated to excite reflection, that Morton perished (and, indeed, was one of its earliest victims) by the very instrument which he had invented as the least troublesome and most expeditious mode of dispatching the objects of his cruel displeasure. This engine was called the *maiden*, and obviously suggested the idea of the modern French guillotine ; the latter being constructed on precisely the same principle as the Scottish instrument of punishment. The society of Scottish antiquaries have Morton's *maiden* in their collection. The degrading circumstances of Morton's execution, and the desertion of his headless corpse, would be an useful warning to ambition (if ambition would take warning from any thing) of the penalty which it must pay for its gratification.

“ Ambition *this* shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high ;
To *bitter scorn* a sacrifice,
And *grinning infamy*.”

Gray.

Miscellaneous Illustrations.

WHITE LADY. APPARITIONS.

THE motley character of our author's supernatural agent (as is already remarked) leaves the reader in doubt to determine to which, among the many orders of existences, he shall assign her. The admixture of shade and substance, of definite form and illimitable expansibility, in the same being, is without a parallel in any of the systems of *spectral appearances* with which we are acquainted, from the lucubrations of that profound Rosicrucian, Dr. John Dee, to the "Accredited Ghost Stories of T. M. Jarvis, esq; in 1823;" and the learned Dr. Scot, or solemn Aubrey, themselves, might well address this unique intelligence in the hesitating apostrophe of Hamlet to his father's shade:

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
 Be'est thou a spirit blest, or goblin damn'd:
 Bring'st with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from
 Thou com'st in such a questionable form, [bell:
 That I will ask thee," *what thou art?*

Numerous and manifold as the superstitions of his country are, which the author has so judiciously pressed into his service, and so beautifully adapted to his purposes, we meet with no imaginary existence among them, that assimilates, in all points, with his *White Lady*; nor do we find her exact prototype, in any of the records of foreign dæmonology to which we have had access. She seems, indeed, to have been composed of "the shreds and patches" of many distinct ideal forms, invoked from several regions, whose parts, not precisely according with each other, have, when conjoined, produced the undefinable result before us.

The notion of spiritual essences presiding over, or connected with, fountains, rivers, lakes, and waters, is, we know, of classical antiquity; and many very beautiful passages of the ancient poets borrow their charm from an allusion to this superstition. The same

agination, also, constituted a part of the creed of the Gothic nations ; followed their footsteps in the various conquests and migrations of their adventurous tribes ; and was incorporated by them with the indigenous superstitious fancies of the Scots and our own countrymen. Their belief, however, as it regarded this particular notion, was not of a consolatory or amiable cast. It partook of the general fierceness of the Gothic character ; and their *White Wiven* (the name speaks for itself) presented only ideas of terror to the imagination of those who gave credit to their existence :

“ Spirits, that have o’er water government,
Are to mankind alike malevolent ;
They trouble seas, floods, rivers, brooks, and wells,
Meres, lakes, and love to inhabit wat’ry cells ;
Hence noisome and pestiferous vapours raise :
Besides, they men encounter different ways.
At wrecks some present are ; another sort
Ready to cramp *their* joints that swim for sport.
One kind of these the Italians *fata* name,
For the French, we *sybils*, and the same ;
Others *white nymphs*, and those that have them seen,
Night ladies some, of which Habundia queen.”*

* Heywood’s Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels, p. 507.

The prose description of the same supernatural beings is rather more definite and particular, but of the same forbidding aspect.

"In the time of the Emperor Lotharius," says the relator, "in 830, many spectres infested Friesland, particularly the *white nymphs* of the ancients, which the moderns denominate *white wiven*; who inhabited a subterraneous cavern, formed in a wonderful manner, without human art, in the top of a lofty mountain. These were accustomed to surprise benighted travellers; shepherds watching their herds and flocks; and women newly delivered, with their children; and convey them into their caverns; from which, subterranean murmurs, the cries of children, the groans and lamentations of men, and sometimes imperfect words, were heard to proceed."*

* Schott's *Physica Curiosa*, page 362. Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. 122. These *white wiven* appear to have been the legitimate ancestors of the Scotch *water helves*; which, in the shire of Angus, (whose inhabitants "hold each strange tale devoutly true," of their existence and operations,) constitute one of the popular superstitions. In Scott's *Border*

Here, then, we find beings who have something in common with the *White Lady* of the "Monastery;" and if we dip a little deeper into Scottish superstition, we shall meet with fancies, which throw a light on the power attributed to her, of cleaving the earth, and introducing Halbert into subterraneous habitations; though we doubt whether the Scottish *elves* and *fairies* would quietly permit her to exercise such an *imperium in imperio*.

"The worthy Captain George Burton communicated to Richard Bovet, gent. author of the interesting work, entitled 'Pandæmonium, or the Devil's Cloister opened,' the following singular account of a lad, called the *airy boy* of Leith, who, it seems, acted as a

finstreisy is a poem, by Professor Jamieson, on the subject of the water-kelpie, humorously detailing all the powers with which they were supposed to be endowed. In a note to it, the accomplished editor remarks, "a very common tale is here alluded to by the poet. On the banks of a rapid stream, the water spirit was heard repeatedly to exclaim, in a dismal tone, 'the hour is come, but not the man;' when a person coming up, contrary to all remonstrances, endeavoured to ford the stream, and perished in the attempt."—*Border Minst.* vol. iii. 398.

drummer to the elves, who weekly held rendezvous in the Calton Hill, near Edinburgh.

“ About fifteen years since, having business that detained me some time at Leith, which is near Edinburgh, in the kingdom of Scotland, I often met some of my acquaintance at a certain house there, where we used to drink a glass of wine for our refection. The woman which kept the house was of honest reputation, which made me give the more attention to what she told me one day about a *faïry boy*, (as she called him,) who lived about that town. She had given me so strange an account of him, that I desired I might see him the first opportunity, which she promised ; and not long after passing that way, she told me, there was the fairy boy ; but, a little before I came by, and casting her eye into the street, said, ‘ Look you, sir, yonder he is at play with those other boys,’ and designing him to me, I went, and by smooth words, and a piece of money, got him to come into the house with me ; where, in the presence of several people, I demanded of him several astrological questions, which he answered with great subtilty;

and, through all his discourse, carried it with a cunning much above his years, which seemed not to exceed ten or twelve.

“ He seemed to make a motion, like drumming, upon the table with his fingers, upon which I asked him whether he could beat a drum? To which he replied, ‘ yes, sir, as well as any man in Scotland ; for every Thursday night I beat all points to a sort of people that used to meet under yonder hill (pointing to the great hill between Edinburgh and Leith).’ ‘ How, boy!’ quoth I, ‘ what company have you there?’ ‘ There are, sir,’ said he, ‘ a great company, both of men and women, and they are entertained with many sorts of music besides my drum: they have, besides, plenty of variety of meats and wine ; and many times we are carried into France, or Holland, in a night, and return again ; and whilst we are there, we enjoy all the pleasures the country doth afford.’ I demanded of him how they got *under that hill?* To which he replied, that there was a *great pair of gates that opened to them, though they were invisible to others ; and that within,*

there were brave large rooms, as well accommodated as most in Scotland. I then asked him, how I should know what he said to be true? Upon which he told me he would read my fortune, saying that I should have two wives, and that he saw the forms of them sitting on my shoulders; that both would be very handsome women. As he was thus speaking, a woman of the neighbourhood, coming into the room, demanded of him what her fortune should be? He told her that she had two bastards before she was married; which put her into such a rage, that she desired not to hear the rest.

“The woman of the house told me that all the people in Scotland could not keep him from the rendezvous on Thursday night; upon which, by promising him some more money, I got a promise from him to meet me at the same place, in the afternoon, the Thursday following; and so dismissed him at that time. The boy came again at the time and place appointed, and I had prevailed with some friends to continue with me, to prevent (if possible) his moving that night. He was

placed between us, and answered many questions, until, about eleven of the clock, he was got away unperceived by the company; but I suddenly missing him, hastened to the door and took hold of him, and so returned him into the same room: we all watched him, and, on a sudden, he was got again out of doors. I followed him close, and he made a noise in the street, as if he had been set upon; but, from that time, I could never see him.*

But, however heterogeneous the composition of the *White Lady* may be, it is certain, that a firm persuasion of the reality of *spectral appearances*, under other modifications, has, for ages, pervaded the southern districts of Scotland, and still maintains much of its original influence over the mind and character of their inhabitants. Amid the hills and dales of this interesting country, these visionary forms may yet be seen, by the eye "well purged with euphrasy;" indicating to those who are privileged to behold them, approaching good or evil: either warning them from avertible ill; or announcing inevitable misfortune; or

* Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*, v. ii. 166.

displaying to them their terrors, as a punishment for committed crime, or the wilful omission of duties. The reign of imagination is *there* still of a despotic cast ; and exercises its power, by fostering the popular belief in many a beautiful illusion, and awful fancy, which has been put to flight, in regions of more general intercourse, by the bright light of philosophy, or the stern frown of reason. Most of these superstitions are local ; confined to the bordering counties and their neighbourhood : but that part of the creed which recognizes *apparitions*, properly so called, or the appearance of the departed spirit in the form with which it was invested while an inhabitant of this world, is common to them with all the nations of the world ; because it has its foundation in the deeply-seated principles of human nature.*

* It is curious to remark how much the popular superstitions of every country are tinged with the prevailing complexion of its national character. In England, where the people are of a gloomy or sober cast, the stories of apparitions are, for the most part, of a grave and consistent description : not so, however, with our lively neighbours the French. Their mer-

It has been somewhere observed, by Dr. Johnson, that "the idea of the spirits of the deceased revisiting the scenes on earth, where in the flesh they had either suffered or rejoiced, seems to have been grafted in the human mind by the Creator;" and (we may add) for the obvious salutary purpose of keeping alive in it the belief of a *future state*; the conviction that we are connected with the *spiritual world*; the assurance that the great compound, Man, shall not "all die;" but that his better and essential part, that *soul* which distinguishes him from "the beasts

curial spirit penetrates the regions of the departed; clothes their re-appearing shades with the most fanciful shapes; and attributes to them the most extravagant actions. An head, a leg, or an arm, makes a very good ghost in French pneumatology; and the *manes*, when they meet together, or encounter any of their still living friends, continue to act as existing members of the *beau monde*, and perfect observers of Parisian etiquette. There is a whimsical French work on this subject, entitled "*Traité sur les Apparitions des Esprits, et sur le Vampires, ou le Revenans de Hongrie, de Moravie, &c. par le R. P. Dom Augustine Calmet, abbé de Sénones: nouvelle édition, &c. à Paris, 1751, 2 tom.*"

that perish," preserved from the ruin that shatters his material frame, still

" Shall flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

If, then, it be allowed, that such a notion, for such a reasonable final cause, make a part of man's original constitution, it seems to be a fair inference, that this conception would be nourished and supported, by occasional allowed appearances of the disembodied shade, or (which would be precisely the same for the argument) in permitted *impressions* upon the *imagination* of such appearances: and that this is the actual fact, we have all the evidence that the mind in *a proper state for conviction* can desire—that is, exercising its reasoning faculty, but sensible, at the same time, of the narrow limits by which that reason is bounded, and the imperfection in which it is enjoyed. We have the concurring accounts of all nations and ages of the world for the authentication of the fact; we have the solemn and dispassionate assertions of the wise and good to

corroborate it; we have the records of history, and the declarations of scripture to confirm it. It will be readily allowed that human weakness has strangely distorted the original tenet; that superstition has built upon it a motley superstructure of idle and absurd fancies; and that credulity, and the love of the marvellous, have wildly exaggerated what superstition has created: but, after every deduction that can be fairly made for the aberrations of the human mind, on a subject about which it is so prone to be imaginative, there will still remain such a *mass of proof*, in favour of the occasional re-appearance of those who have left this mortal scene, as must require, for its abolition, more convincing arguments than have hitherto been urged against it. We are aware that the tide of general opinion is, in modern times, strongly opposed to the admission of such a belief. *Reason* is thought to disprove it: *philosophy* regards it with the smile of contempt; and *experience* is adduced as contradicting it. But, it is possible, there may be *fallibility* in reason; *pride* in philosophy; and

false pretensions in experience: all, or any, of which, would be sufficient to lessen the authority of their sanctions, and vitiate their conclusions. *Reason*, unaided by the light of *revelation*, is in "clouds and darkness," with respect to the spiritual world: she may speculate, but she can determine nothing. The expansion of the intellect, the maturing of the understanding, the general improvement of the mind, and the attainment of well-being, by the adoption of a conduct suitable to her own pure and unsophisticated deductions, are all within her reach; but, here her privileges end. For any knowledge of a higher kind, she must be indebted to a higher principle: nor has she a right, or a power, to pronounce decisively on a topic, which is not included within the sphere of her vision. If *philosophy*, in the case before us, mean any thing more than the deductions of reason, we must equally protest against its dicta, and object to it a presumption which it is not authorised to entertain. What has it done beyond the world of *matter*? What have been its discoveries in the regions of *spirit*? Can it

demonstrate that there is no connection between the visible and invisible states? And if this be out of the grasp of its proof, what authority has it to assert positively, on a point of which it knows nothing, and to tell us that manifestations of that connection have never been vouchsafed to man? The argument from *experience*, also, against preternatural appearances is equally feeble. Buonaparte, without dispute, the most extraordinary man, and one of the most ingenious sceptics of modern times, put it in its best shape, in a conversation with Las Cases; but its force, if any be allowed to it, is merely of a negative kind.

“The conversation,” says the memorialist, turned on dreams, presentiments, and foresight, which the English call second-sight. We employed every common-place topic; and came at last to speak of sorcerers and *ghosts*. The emperor concluded with observing, ‘all these quackeries, and as many others, such as those of Cagliostro, Mesmer, Gall, and Lavater, &c. are destroyed by this sole and simple argument—*all this may exist, but it does not exist.*’

“ Man is fond of the marvellous ; it has for him irresistible fascinations ; he is ever ready to abandon that which is near at hand, to run after that which is fabricated for him. He voluntarily lends himself to his own delusions. The truth is, that every thing about us is a wonder. There is nothing which can properly be called a phenomenon. Every thing in nature is a phenomenon ; my existence is a phenomenon ; that candle there, which gives us light, is a phenomenon ; all the first causes, my understanding, my faculties, are phenomena ; for they all exist, and we cannot define them. I take my leave of you here,’ said he, ‘ and lo ! I am at Paris, entering my box at the Opera. I bow to the audience : I hear the acclamations : I see the performers : I listen to the music. But if I can bound over the distance from St. Helena, why should I not bound over the distance of centuries ? why should I not see the future as well as the past ? why should the one be more extraordinary, more wonderful, than the other ? The only reason is, that *it does not exist*. This is the *argument* which will always

annihilate, without the possibility of reply, all visionary wonders. All these quacks deal in very ingenious speculations : their reasoning may be just and seductive ; but their conclusions are false, because *they are unsupported by facts.*’ ”—Mem. de St. Héleene, iv. 204.

Now, what does all this ingenious declamation rest upon, but a mere *ipse dixit*? a palpable *begging of the question*? The emperor takes it for granted that such things *do not exist*, (we, of course, speak only of *spectral appearances*, without a reference to the impostures of cunning, or the fancies of credulous men,) and then reasons upon the assumption. But this by no means decides the point; for it still remains to be determined whether they *do* or *do not* exist. If it be allowed, in the first place, that such appearances are not *impossible*, and if it be shewn, in the next, that the *evidence* for such appearances is immemorial in antiquity, universal in extent, and unexceptionable in character, it seems to be equally absurd and *dangerous* (for the same instrument has been taken by another sceptic, and levelled against the

miracles of the gospel) to bring forward the argument of *experience* against the verity of a proposition, which, in fact, derives its chief force from that very quarter.

We have selected the following accounts from a number of similar ones, as carrying with them that impress of authenticity, which is generally deemed sufficient to establish the truth of any narration. Most of them are accompanied with the *names* of those who were principals in the respective stories. The remaining ones have not that sanction, which has been omitted from motives of delicacy. *Their* credibility, therefore, must stand upon the good faith of ourselves.

Lord Clarendon, in his history, gives us the following singular account of the appearance of Sir George Villars, (the father of the Duke of Buckingham, who was assassinated by Felton,) a few months previously to the commission of the murder.

“ There was an officer in the king’s wardrobe in Windsor Castle, of a good reputation for honesty and discretion, and then about the age of fifty years, or more,

“ This man had, in his youth, been bred in a school in the parish where Sir George Villars, the father of the duke, lived, and had been much cherished and obliged, in that season of his age, by the said Sir George ; whom afterwards he never saw.

“ About six months before the miserable end of the Duke of Buckingham, about midnight, this man being in his bed, at Windsor, where his office was, and in very good health, there appeared to him, on the side of his bed, a man of a very venerable aspect, who drew the curtains of his bed, and fixing his eyes upon him, asked him if he knew him.

“ The poor man, half dead with fear and apprehension, being asked the second time whether he remembered him, and having in that time called to his memory the presence of Sir George Villars, and the very clothes he used to wear, in which at that time he seemed to be habited, he answered him, that he thought him to be that person. He replied he was in the right, that he was the same ; and that he expected a service from him, which was, that he should go from him to his son, the Duke of Buck.

ingham, and tell him, if he did not somewhat to ingratiate himself to the people, or at least to abate the extreme malice which they had against him, he would be suffered to live but a short time.

“After this discourse he disappeared ; and the poor man (if he had been at all waking) slept very well till morning, when he believed all this to be a dream, and considered it no otherwise.

“The next night, or shortly after, the same person appeared to him again, in the same place, and about the same time of the night, with an aspect a little more severe than before, and asked him whether he had done as he required of him ; and perceiving he had not, gave him very severe reprehensions ; told him he expected more compliance from him ; and that if he did not perform his commands, he should enjoy no peace of mind, but should always be pursued by him ; upon which he promised him to obey. But the next morning, waking out of a good sleep, though he was exceedingly perplexed with the lively representation of all particulars to his memory,

he was willing still to persuade himself that he had only dreamed, and considered that he was a person at such a distance from the duke, that he knew not how to find out any admission to his presence, much less had any hope to be believed in what he should say ; so with great trouble and unquietness, he spent some time in thinking what he should do ; and, in the end, resolved to do nothing in the matter.

“ The same person appeared to him a third time, with a terrible countenance, and bitterly reproaching him for not performing what he had promised to do. The poor man had, by this time, recovered the courage to tell him, that, in truth, he had deferred the execution of his commands, upon considering how difficult a thing it would be for him to get any access to the duke, having acquaintance with no person about him ; and if he should obtain admission to him, he should never be able to persuade him that he was sent in such a manner ; that he should at least be thought to be mad, or to be set on and employed by his own, or the malice of other men, to abuse the duke ; and so he should be sure to be undone.

“The person replied, as he had done before, that he should never find rest till he should perform what he had required, and therefore he had better to dispatch it; that the access to his son was known to be very easy, and that few men waited long for him; and for the gaining him credit, he would tell him two or three particulars, which he charged him never to mention to any person living but the Duke himself; and he should no sooner hear them, but he should believe all the rest he should say; and so repeating his threats he left him.

“In the morning the poor man, more confirmed by the last appearance, made his journey to London, where the court then was. He was very well known to Sir Ralph Freeman, one of the masters of requests, who had married a lady that was nearly allied to the duke, and was himself well received by him. To him this man went, and, though he did not acquaint him with all the particulars, he said enough to let him know there was something extraordinary in it; and the knowledge he had of the sobriety and discretion of the man, made the more impression on him. He

desired that by his means, he might be brought to the duke in such a place, and in such a manner, as should be thought fit, affirming that he had much to say to him, and of such a nature as would require much privacy, and some time and patience in the hearing.

“Sir Ralph promised he would first speak to the duke of him, and then he should understand his pleasure ; and, accordingly, the first opportunity he did inform him of the reputation and honesty of the man, and then what he desired, and of all he knew of the matter.

“The duke, according to his usual openness and condescension, told him, that he was the next day early to hunt with the king ; that his horses should attend him at Lambeth bridge, where he should land by five o’clock in the morning ; and if the man attended him there at that hour, he would walk and speak with him as long as should be necessary.

“Sir Ralph carried the man with him the next morning, and presented him to the duke at his landing ; who received him courteously, and walked aside in conference near an hour ; none but his own servants being at that hour

in that place; and they and Sir Ralph at such a distance, that they could not hear a word, though the duke sometimes spoke loud, and with great commotion; which Sir Ralph the more easily observed and perceived, because he kept his eyes always fixed upon the duke, having procured the conference upon somewhat he knew there was of extraordinary.

“ The man told him on his return over the water, that when he mentioned those particulars which were to gain him credit, (the substance of which he said he durst not impart unto him,) the duke’s colour changed, and he *swore* he could come at that knowledge only by the *devil*, for that those particulars were only known to himself and one person more, who he was sure would never speak of it.

“ The duke pursued his purpose of hunting, but was observed to ride all the morning with great pensiveness, and in deep thoughts, without any delight in the exercise he was upon; and before the morning was spent, left the field, and alighted at his mother’s lodgings in Whitehall, with whom he was shut up for the space of two or three hours; the noise of their

discourse frequently reaching the ears of those who were attending in the next room; and when the duke left her, his countenance appeared full of trouble, with a mixture of anger; a countenance that was never before observed in him in any conversation with her, towards whom he had a profound reverence; and the countess herself (for though she was married to a private gentleman, Sir Thomas Compton, she had been created Countess of Buckingham, shortly after her son had first assumed that title) was, at the Duke's leaving her, found overwhelmed in tears, and in the highest agony imaginable.

“Whatever there was in all this, it is notorious truth, that when the news of the duke's murder (which happened within a few months after) was brought to his mother, she seemed not in the least degree surprised, but received it as if she had foreseen it; nor did afterwards express such a degree of sorrow as was expected from such a mother for the loss of such a son.”*

* Clar. Hist. v. i. p. 34. fol.

A writer who has quoted the above account from Clarendon, throws some light on the *mysterious communication* made by the officer of the duke, which engaged his grace to credit the truth of the statement.

“Fame, though with some privacy, says, that the secret token was an incestuous breach of modesty between the duke and a certain lady too nearly related to him; which it surprised the duke to hear of; as he thought he had good reason to be sure the lady would not tell it herself, so he thought none but the devil would tell it besides her; and this astonished him, so that he was very far from receiving the man slightly, or laughing at his message.”*

The following account, from “Beaumont’s World of Spirits” appears to be so well confirmed, as to merit insertion on the present subject. It is dated in the year 1662, and relates to an apparition seen by the daughter of Sir Charles Lee, immediately preceding her death. No reasonable doubt can attach

* Moreton’s *Secrets of the Invisible World*, p. 288, oct. 1729.

to the authenticity of the narrative, as it was drawn up from the recital of the young lady's father, by the then Bishop of Gloucester.

“ Sir Charles Lee, by his first lady, had only one daughter, of which she died in child-birth; and when she was dead, her sister, the Lady Everard, desired to have the education of the child, and she was by her very well educated till she was marriageable; and a match was concluded for her with Sir William Perkins, but was then prevented in an extraordinary manner. Upon a Thursday night, she, thinking she saw a light in her chamber, after she was in bed, knocked for her maid, who presently came to her; and she asked, ‘why she left a candle burning in her chamber?’ The maid said, she ‘left none, and there was none but what she had brought with her at that time:’ then she said it was the fire, but that her maid told her was quite out, and said, she believed it was only a dream: whereupon she said, it might be so; and composed herself again to sleep. But, about two of the clock, she was awakened again, and saw the apparition of a little woman, between her

curtain and her pillow, who told her she was her mother; that she was happy; and that by twelve of the clock that day she should be with her. Whereupon she knocked again for the maid; called for her clothes; and, when she was dressed, went into her closet, and came not out again till nine, and then brought out with her a letter, sealed, to her father; brought it to her aunt, Lady Everard, told her what had happened, and desired that, as soon as she was dead, it might be sent to him. The lady thought she was suddenly fallen mad; and, thereupon, sent presently away to Chelmsford for a physician and surgeon, who both came immediately; but the physician could discern no indication of what the lady imagined, or of any indisposition of body: notwithstanding, the lady would needs have her let blood, which was done accordingly. And when the young woman had patiently let them do what they would with her, she desired that the chaplain might be called to read prayers; and when prayers were ended, she took her guitar, and psalm book, and sat down upon a chair without arms, and played

and sung so melodiously and admirably, that her music-master, who was then there, admired at it. And near the stroke of twelve, she rose and sate herself down in a great chair with arms; and presently, fetching a strong breathing or two, immediately expired; and was so suddenly cold, as was much wondered at by the physician and surgeon. She died at Waltham in Essex, and the letter was sent to Sir Charles, at his house in Warwickshire; but he was so afflicted with her death, that he came not till she was buried. But when he came, he caused her to be taken up, and buried with her mother at Edmonton, as she desired in her letter.”*

Of the principals in the following account, one is still living, who fully corroborates it. “Sir John Sherbroke and General Wynyard, were, as young men, officers in the same regiment, which was employed on foreign service in Nova Scotia. They were connected by similarity of taste and studies; and spent

* Dr. Hibbert's *Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions*, &c. p. 169.

together, in literary occupation, much of that vacant time which their brother officers squandered in those excesses of the table, which, some forty years ago, were reckoned among the necessary accomplishments of the military character. They were one afternoon sitting in Wynyard's apartment; it was perfectly light; the hour was about four o'clock; they had dined, but neither of them had drank wine; and they had retired from the mess, to continue together the occupations of the morning. I ought to have said that the apartment in which they were had two doors in it, the one opening into a passage, and the other leading into Wynyard's bedroom; there were no means of entering the sitting-room, but from the passage; and no other egress from the bedroom, but through the sitting-room; so that any person passing into the bedroom must have remained there, unless he returned by the way he entered. This point is of consequence to the story. As these two young officers were pursuing their studies, Sherbrooke, whose eye happened accidentally to glance from the volume before him

towards the door that opened into the passage, observed a tall youth of about twenty years of age, whose appearance was that of extreme emaciation, standing beside it. Struck with the appearance of a perfect stranger, he immediately turned to his friend, who was sitting near him, and directed his attention to the guest who had thus strangely broken in upon their studies. As soon as Wynyard's eyes were turned towards the mysterious visiter, his countenance became suddenly agitated. "I have heard," says Sir John Sherbroke, "of a man's being as pale as death, but I never saw a living face assume the appearance of a corpse, except Wynyard's at that moment."

"As they looked silently at the form before them—for Wynyard, who seemed to apprehend the import of the appearance, was deprived of the faculty of speech; and Sherbroke, perceiving the agitation of his friend, felt no inclination to address it—as they looked silently upon the figure, it proceeded slowly into the adjoining apartment; and, in the act of passing them, cast its eyes, with a somewhat

melancholy expression, on young Wynyard. The oppression of this extraordinary presence was no sooner removed, than Wynyard, seizing his friend by the arm, and drawing a deep breath, as if recovering from the suffocation of intense astonishment and emotion, muttered, in a low and almost inaudible tone of voice, "great God! my brother!"—"Your brother!" repeated Sherbroke, 'what can you mean, Wynyard? There must be some deception; follow me:' and immediately taking his friend by the arm, he preceded him into the bedroom, which (as before stated) was connected with the sitting-room; and into which the strange visiter had evidently entered. It has already been said, that from this chamber there was no possibility of withdrawing, but by the way of the apartment through which the figure had certainly passed; and, as certainly, had never returned. Imagine, then, the astonishment of the young officers, when, on finding themselves in the centre of the chamber, they perceived that the room was perfectly untenanted. Wynyard's mind had received an impression, at the first

moment of his observing the figure, that it was the spirit of his brother. Sherbroke still persevered in strenuously believing that some delusion had been practised. They took note of the day and hour in which the event had happened; but they resolved not to mention the occurrence in the regiment; and they gradually persuaded each other, that they had been imposed upon by some artifice of their fellow officers, though they could neither account for the reason, nor suspect the author, nor conceive the means of the execution. They were content to imagine any thing possible, rather than admit the possibility of a supernatural appearance. But, though they had attempted these stratagems of self-delusion, Wynyard could not help expressing his solicitude with respect to his brother, whose apparition he had either seen, or imagined himself to have seen; and the anxiety which he exhibited for letters from England, and his frequent mention of his fears for his brother's health, at length awakened the curiosity of his comrades, and eventually betrayed him into a declaration of the circum-

stances which he had in vain determined to conceal. The story of the silent and unbidden visitor was no sooner bruited abroad, than the destiny of Wynyard's brother became an object of universal and painful interest to the officers of the regiment; there were few who did not enquire for Wynyard's letters before they made any demand for their own; and the packets that arrived from England were welcomed with a more than usual eagerness, for they brought not only remembrances from their friends at home, but promised to afford the clue to the mystery which had happened among themselves. By the first ships no intelligence relating to the story could have been received, for they had all departed from England previously to the appearance of the spirit. At length the long wished-for vessel arrived: all the officers had letters, except Wynyard: still the secret was unexplained. They examined several newspapers; they contained no mention of any death, or of any other circumstance connected with his family, that could account for this preternatural event. There was a solitary letter for Sherbroke still

unopened. The officers had received their letters in the mess-room, at the hour of supper. After Sherbroke had broken the seal of this last packet, and cast a glance on its contents, he beckoned his friend away from the company, and departed from the room. All were silent. Curiosity was now at its climax : the impatience for the return of Sherbroke was inexpressible ; they doubted not but that letter had contained the long-expected intelligence. At the interval of an hour Sherbroke joined them. No one dared be guilty of so great a rudeness as to inquire the nature of his correspondence ; but they waited in mute attention, expecting that he would himself touch upon the subject.

“ His mind was manifestly full of thoughts that pained, bewildered, and oppressed him ; he drew near the fire-place, and leaning his head on the mantel-piece, after a pause of some moments, said, in a low voice, to the person who was nearest him, ‘ Wynyard’s brother is no more !’ The first line of Sherbroke’s letter was, ‘ Dear John, break to your friend Wynyard the death of his favourite

brother :’ he had died on the day, and at the very hour, on which the two friends had seen his spirit pass so mysteriously through the apartment.

“ It might be imagined that these events would have been sufficient to have impressed the mind of Sherbroke with the conviction of their truth; but so strong was his prepossession against the existence, or even the possibility, of any preternatural intercourse with the souls of the dead, that he still entertained a doubt of the report of his senses, supported as their testimony was by the coincidence of the vision and event. Some years after, however, on his return to England, he was walking with two gentlemen in Piccadilly, when, on the opposite side of the way, he saw a person bearing the most striking resemblance to the figure which had been disclosed to Wynyard and himself. His companions were acquainted with the story; and he instantly directed their attention to the gentleman opposite, as the very individual who had contrived to enter and depart from Wynyard’s apartment, without their being conscious of the means.

“ Full of this impression, he immediately went over, and at once addressed the gentleman, whom he fully expected would elucidate the mystery. He apologised for the interruption, but excused it by relating the occurrence which had induced him to the commission of this solecism in manners. The gentleman received him as a friend : he had never been out of the country, but was the *twin brother* of the youth whose spirit had been seen.”

The late Lady Betty Cobb, who a few years since resided at Bath, was accustomed to assert the verity of the circumstances related in the narration that follows.*

* An admirable modern writer, (the Rev. GEORGE CRABBE,) whom the late Lord Byron characterizes as

“ Nature’s *sternest* poet, but her best,”

has made the above recital the foundation of one of his “ Tales of the Hall ;” (book xvii. v. ii. p. 140 ;) and heightened its interest, by throwing its prominent particulars into his own easy, artless, and flowing versification ; scattering over them “ catching lights” of natural passion, and genuine feeling ; and impregnating them with sound sense, and moral instruction. High as the eulogy may be, which Lord Byron has, in the above line, bestowed upon this truly original poet,

“ Lord Tyrone and Miss —— were born in Ireland, and were left orphans in their

we are inclined to think, that it by no means reaches his merit, or designates his particular excellences. If Mr. Crabbe's representations have much of the *natural manner* of the Flemish school, in strong outline, homely grouping, and minute particularity, they often exhibit, also, the *taste* of the Italian one, in their graceful forms, glowing tints, and magical combination of colours; or, in other words, and dropping the metaphor, we meet, in his works, with frequent passages of deep pathos, highly-wrought feeling, and unlaboured harmony. It is no mean part of his merit, moreover, that he is a *thoroughly English poet*. In fact, we know of no writer, since the time of Goldsmith, who is more truly *idiomatic*; no one, who is more *homebred* (if we may use the term) in the simple and natural structure of his versification; no one, who has manifested more clearly the capacity of our unsophisticated vernacular tongue for all the uses, purposes, and ends of poetry. This praise, indeed, may be shared with him by another modern proficient in a different department of the art, the tender, the touching, and the melodious BOWLES; who, though thoroughly imbued with the spirit, replete with the language and imagery, and accomplished in the mysteries, of poetical composition; has still preferred the natural to the artificial; the simple to the glittering, the obvious to the recondite; and the plain to the involved; in the thought, expression,

infancy, to the care of the same person ; by whom they were both educated in the principles of *deism*.

“ Their guardian dying when they were each of them about fourteen years of age, they fell into very different hands. The persons on whom the care of them now devolved, used every means to eradicate the erroneous principles they had imbibed, and to persuade them to embrace revealed religion ; but in vain. Their arguments were insufficient to convince, though they were strong enough to stagger their former faith. Though separated from each other, their friendship was unalterable, and they continued to regard one another with a sincere and fraternal affection. After some years were elapsed, and both were grown up, they made a solemn promise to each other, that, which ever should die first, would, if permitted, appear to the other, to declare what religion was most

and structure of his verse. It is to the exercise of this good taste, and good sense, in both writers, that we are indebted for works, which need not be *read* twice in order to be *understood*.

approved by the Supreme Being. Miss — was shortly after addressed by Sir ~~Martin~~ Beresford; to whom she was after a few years married: but a change of condition had no power to alter the friendship of Lord T. and herself; the families visited each other, and often spent some weeks together. A short time after one of these visits, Sir ~~Martin~~ remarked, that when his lady came down to breakfast, her countenance was disturbed; and inquiring of her health, she assured him she was quite well. He then asked her if she had hurt her wrist. ‘Have you sprained it,’ said he, observing a black ribbon round it. She answered in the negative; and added, ‘Let me conjure you, Sir ~~Martin~~, never to enquire the cause of my wearing this ribbon; you will never see me without it. If it concerned you as a husband to know, I would not for a moment conceal it. I never in my life denied you a request; but of this I entreat, you to forgive me the refusal, and never to urge me farther on the subject.’ ‘Very well,’ said he, smiling, ‘since you beg me so earnestly, I will enquire no more.’ The

conversation here ended ; but breakfast was scarce over, when Lady Beresford eagerly inquired if the post was come in ; she was told it was not. In a few minutes she rang again, and repeated the enquiry : she was again answered as at first. ‘ Do you expect letters?’ said Sir Martin, ‘ that you are so anxious for the arrival of the post.’ ‘ I do,’ she said ; ‘ I expect to hear that Lord Tyrone is dead : he died last Tuesday, at four o’clock.’ ‘ I never in my life,’ said Sir Martin, ‘ believed you to be superstitious ; some idle dream has surely thus alarmed you.’ At that instant the servant entered, and delivered to them a letter sealed with black. ‘ It is as I expected,’ exclaimed Lady Beresford, ‘ Lord Tyrone is dead.’ Sir Martin opened the letter ; it came from Lord Tyrone’s steward, and contained the melancholy intelligence of his master’s death, and on the very day and hour Lady Beresford had before specified. Sir Martin begged Lady Beresford to compose herself ; and she assured him she felt much easier than she had for a long time ; and added, ‘ I can communicate intelligence to you, which I know

your mother and myself have had many disputes concerning your age, and I have at last discovered that I was right. 'I happened to go last week into the parish where you were born. I was resolved to put an end to the dispute: I searched the register, and find that you are but forty-seven this day.' 'You have signed my death-warrant,' she exclaimed, 'I have then but a few hours to live. I must therefore entreat you to leave me immediately, as I have something of importance to settle before I die.' When the clergyman had left her, Lady Beresford sent to forbid the company coming, and at the same time to request ~~Lady Betty Cobb~~, and her son, (of whom Sir ~~Martin~~ was the father, ~~and was then about~~ ~~twenty-two years of age,~~) to come to her apartment immediately. Upon their arrival, having ordered the attendants to quit the room, 'I have something,' she said, 'of the greatest importance to communicate to you both before I die, a period which is not far distant. You, Lady Betty, are no stranger to the friendship which subsisted between Lord Tyrone and myself: we were educated

under the same roof, and in the same principles of deism. When the friends into whose hands we afterwards fell, endeavoured to persuade us to embrace revealed religion, their arguments, though insufficient to convince, were powerful enough to stagger our former feelings, and to leave us wavering between the two opinions. In this perplexing state of doubt and uncertainty we made a solemn promise to each other, that which ever died first should (if permitted) appear to the other, and declare what religion was most acceptable to God. Accordingly one night, while Sir ~~Martin~~ and myself were in bed, I suddenly awoke, and discovered Lord Tyrone sitting by my bed-side. I screamed out, and endeavoured to awake Sir ~~Martin~~; ‘for heaven’s sake,’ I exclaimed, ‘Lord Tyrone, by what means, or for what reason, came you hither at this time of the night?’ ‘Have you, then, forgotten our promise?’ said he. ‘I died last Tuesday, at four o’clock; and have been permitted, by the Supreme Being, to appear to you, to assure you that the revealed religion is the only one by which we can be saved. I

am further suffered to inform you, that you will soon produce a son, which it is decreed will marry my daughter. Not many years after his birth Sir ^{Byram} Martin will die ; and you will marry again, and to a man by whose ill-treatment you will be rendered miserable. You will have two daughters, and afterwards a son, in childbirth of whom you will die, in the forty-seventh year of your age.' 'Just heavens !' I exclaimed, 'and cannot I prevent this ?' 'Undoubtedly you may,' returned the spectre ; 'you are a free agent, and may prevent it all by resisting every temptation to a second marriage ; but your passions are strong, you know not their power ; hitherto you have had no trials. More I am not permitted to reveal ; but if after this warning you persist in your infidelity, your lot in another world will be miserable indeed.' 'May I not ask,' said I, 'if you are happy ?' 'Had I been otherwise,' he replied, 'I should not have been permitted to appear to you.' 'I may then infer that you are happy ?' He smiled. 'But how,' said I, 'when morning comes, shall I know that your appearance to me has been

real, and not the mere representation of my own imagination ?' ' Will not the news of my death be sufficient to convince you ?' ' No,' I returned ; ' I might have had such a dream, and that dream accidentally come to pass. I will have some stronger proofs of its reality.' ' You shall,' said he ; and, waving his hand, the bed-curtains, which were crimson velvet, were instantly drawn through a large iron hoop, by which the tester of the bed was suspended. ' In that,' said he, ' you cannot be mistaken : no mortal arm could have performed this.' ' True,' said I ; ' but while sleeping we are often possessed of far more strength than when awake ; though waking I could not have done it, asleep I might, and I shall still doubt.' ' Here is a pocket-book ; in this,' said he, ' I will write my name : you know my hand-writing ?' I replied, ' Yes.' He wrote with a pencil on one side of the leaves. ' Still,' said I, ' in the morning I may doubt : though waking I could not imitate your hand, asleep I might.' ' You are hard of belief,' said he. ' It would injure you irreparably to touch you ; it is not for spirits

to touch mortal flesh.' 'I do not' (said I) 'regard a slight blemish.' 'You are a woman of courage,' (replied he,) 'hold out your hand.' I did: he struck my wrist—his hand was cold as marble—in a moment the sinews shrank up—every nerve withered. 'Now' (said he) 'while you live, let no mortal eye behold that wrist: to see it is sacrilege.' He stopped. I turned to him again: he was gone. During the time I had conversed with him, my thoughts were perfectly calm and collected; but the moment he was gone, I felt chilled with horror: the very bed moved under me. I endeavoured, but in vain, to awake Sir ^{Tristram} Martin: all my attempts were ineffectual; and in this state of agitation and terror, I lay for some time, when a shower of tears came to my relief, and I dropped asleep. In the morning, Sir ^{Tristram} Martin arose and dressed himself as usual, without perceiving the state the curtains remained in. When I awoke, I found Sir ^{Tristram} Martin gone down. I arose, and having put on my clothes, went to the gallery adjoining the apartment, and took from thence a long broom, (such as cornices

swept with,) by the help of which, I took down, with some difficulty, the curtains, as I imagined their extraordinary position might excite suspicion in the family. I then went to the bureau, took out my pocket-book, and bound a piece of black ribbon round my wrist. When I came down, the agitation of my mind had left an impression upon my countenance, too visible to pass unobserved by my husband. He instantly remarked it, and asked the cause; I informed him Lord Tyrone was no more; that he died at the hour of four on the preceding Tuesday^{*}; and desired him never to question me more respecting the black ribbon; which he kindly desisted from after. You, my son, as had been foretold, I afterwards brought into the world; and, in little more than ~~four~~^{seven} years after your birth, your lamented father expired in my arms. After this melancholy event, I determined, as the only probable chance to avoid the sequel of the prediction, for ever to abandon all society; to give up every pleasure resulting from it; and to pass the rest of my days in solitude and retirement. But few can long endure to

exist in a state of perfect sequestration. I began an intimacy with a family, and one alone; nor could I then foresee the fatal consequences which afterwards resulted from it. Little did I think their son, their only son, then a mere youth, would form the person destined by fate to prove my destruction. In a few years, I ceased to regard him with indifference. I endeavoured, by every possible way, to conquer a passion, the fatal effects of which I too well knew. I had fondly imagined that I had overcome its influence, when the evening of one fatal day terminated my fortitude, and plunged me, in a moment, down that abyss which I had so long been meditating how to shun. He had often solicited his parents for leave to go into the army, and at last obtained their permission; and came to bid me adieu before his departure. The instant he entered the room, he fell upon his knees at my feet; told me he was miserable, and that I alone was the cause. At that moment my fortitude forsook me; I gave myself up for lost; and regarding my fate as inevitable, without farther hesitation consented to an union, the immediate

result of which I knew to be misery, and its end death. The conduct of my husband, after a few years, justified a separation; and I hoped, by this means, to avoid the fatal sequel of the prophecy. But, won over by his reiterated entreaties, I was prevailed upon to pardon, and once more reside with him; though not till after I had, as I thought, passed my forty-seventh year.

“But, alas! I have heard, from indisputable authority, that I have hitherto lain under a mistake with regard to my age; and that I am but forty-seven to-day. Of the near approach of death, then, I entertain not the slightest doubt; but I do not dread its arrival: armed with the sacred precepts of christianity, I can meet the king of terrors without dismay; and, without fear, bid adieu to mortality for ever.

“When I am dead, as the necessity of concealment closes with my life, I could wish that you, ~~Lady Betty~~, would unbind my wrist; take from thence the black ribbon; and let my son, with yourself, behold it.’ Lady Beresford here paused for some time, but

resuming the conversation, she entreated that her son would behave himself so as to merit the high honour he would in future receive from an union with the daughter of Lord Tyrone.*

"Lady B. then expressed a wish to lay down on the bed, and endeavour to compose herself to sleep. ^{The Lady's friend} Lady Betty Cobb, and her son, immediately called her domestics, and quitted the room; having first desired them to watch their mistress attentively, and if they observed the smallest change in her, to call instantly.

"An hour passed, and all was quiet in the room. They listened at the door, and every thing remained still. But, in half an hour more, a bell rang violently. They flew immediately to her apartment; but, before they reached the door, they heard the servants exclaim, 'Oh she is dead!'^{* Her friend} Lady Betty then bade the servants for a few minutes to quit the room; and herself with Lady Beresford's son, approached the bed of his mother. They knelt down by the side of it. ^{The} Lady Betty then lifted up her hand, and untied the ribbon: the wrist was found exactly as Lady

* See vol. 25 Nov. 1725, aged 47.

Beresford had described it, every sinew shrunk, every nerve withered.

“Lady Beresford’s son, as had been predicted, is since married to Lord Tyrone’s daughter. The black ribbon and pocket-book were formerly in the possession of Lady Betty Cobb,[Ⓢ] Marlborough-buildings, Bath; who, during her long life, was ever ready to attest the truth of this narration, as are, to the present hour, the whole of the Tyrone and Beresford families.”*

The parties concerned in the recital which we shall now offer to the reader, are all, at this moment, living witnesses of its authenticity. They reside in the West of England; are extensively known, and as highly esteemed.

One morning, a few years since, before Mr. ——— and his lady had risen from bed, their child, who usually slept in a crib beside them, suddenly exclaimed, “Papa, there’s grand-papa at the foot of the bed!” Mr. and Mrs. ——— immediately looked towards the spot, and saw, distinctly, the appearance of Mr ———’s father, whose

* *Jarvis’s Accredited Ghost Stories*; London, 1823.

Ⓢ Her husband Thomas Cobb, died in 1812. Lady Betty was his granddaughter.

figure was the more remarkable, from his being accustomed to dress in the costume of the last age. The phantom was visible only for a short time, and then disappeared. Naturally surprised and alarmed at such an occurrence, the gentleman expressed his apprehensions to his wife that his father was no more; and that they had seen his spirit: an apparition in which they could not be deceived, as the child, liable to no delusion of the imagination, had also seen, and had first called their attention to, the spectre. Rising from bed and hastily dressing himself, he dispatched a messenger to his father's house, to enquire the state of his health and learn whether any thing unusual had happened there; but, before the man returned, an express reached Mr. ———, which realised all his fears, by informing him that the old gentleman had suddenly expired, on that very morning, and about the time when his shade had appeared to his son, his wife, and their child.

The concluding fact, though not so “passing strange” as those already related, as it may, possibly, be accounted for, by some of the known

phenomena of mind, is still of a very curious and interesting description. A lady, now resident in Devonshire, whose husband, a captain in the army, had been for some time in New South-Wales, was awakened, one morning, by the noise of the curtain being undrawn at the side of her bed. Turning her eye to the aperture, she beheld her husband; not as he had parted from her, in health and vigour, but with an emaciated frame and pallid countenance. He gazed at her for a few seconds with pensiveness and in silence, and again closing the curtain, was withdrawn from her sight. Deeply moved by the affecting and unaccountable appearance, the lady hurried on her clothes, and repaired instantly to a female connection and friend, to whom she communicated the distressing vision. They took a note of the day and time at which it had been seen, and in less than six months, letters were brought to the lady that the captain had fallen a victim to a disease, at a period which exactly tallied with the time specified in the note of the appearance.

Whether or not credit be given to the circumstances of the above relations, it is obvious that they involve us in this very difficult dilemma—either to receive them as real occurrences, or to disbelieve the solemn and deliberate assertions of those whose *memory* is unstained with the slightest suspicion of artful falsehood, or whose *living worth* is a sufficient guarantee for the truth of all their serious declarations—of those, who, from rank, intellect, profession, and character, were, and are, as little likely to be imposed upon by the delusions of fancy, as capable of endeavouring to impose upon the fancy of others.

Another inference, also, we think, may be drawn from these respectably-authenticated accounts; or rather, a *moral lesson* to those who, being sceptical on this point themselves, are unwilling to allow common sense, and hardly common honesty, to such as differ from them in opinion. Assuredly, a question which presents such evidence for its *affirmative*, is not to be dismissed with a contemptuous laugh; nor those who hold that affirmative to be taxed with imbecility or superstition on

account of their conviction; more especially as the *negative* is not capable of being demonstrated, and every argument in support of that negative is a mere *argumentum ab ignorantia*.

The honest though humiliating fact is, that human knowledge is very bounded; and, laying aside the discoveries afforded to it by the word of God, has (as is before hinted) no *certain* views beyond the regions of *matter*. All its reasonings and theories, therefore, on the *unseen state*, must partake of its own deficiency. It cannot arrive at any *indubitable conclusions*, on a subject in which it is at an utter loss for *premises*; and, consequently, instead of *dogmatizing* on such unsearchable topics, it is bound at least to be *charitable*, if it will not be *silent*.*

* Cowper seems to have held the happy medium between *absolute infidelity*, on the subject of spectral appearances, and a *credulous belief* of the popular stories respecting them. In a letter to the Rev. William Unwin, 24th November, 1781, he says, "News is always acceptable, especially from another world. I cannot tell you what has been done in the Chesapeake, but I can tell you what has passed in

EUPHUISM.

The character of Sir Piercie Shafton, though contributing nothing to the little merit which the novel of "The Monastery" can claim,

West-Wycombe, in this county. Do you feel yourself disposed to give credit to the story of an apparition? No, say you. I am of your mind. I do not believe more than one in a hundred of those tales with which old women frighten children, and teach children to frighten each other. But you are not such a philosopher, I suppose, as to have persuaded yourself that an apparition is an *impossible thing*. You can attend to a story of this sort, if well authenticated? Yes. Then I can tell you one.

"You have heard, no doubt, of the romantic friendship that subsisted once between Paul Whitehead and Lord le Despencer, the late Sir Thomas Dashwood. When Paul died, he left his Lordship a legacy. It was his *heart*; which was taken out of his body, and sent as directed. His friend having built a church, and at that time just finished it, used it as a mausoleum upon this occasion; and having (as I think the newspapers told us at the time) erected an elegant pillar in the centre of it, on the summit of this pillar, enclosed in a golden urn, he placed the heart in question; but not as a lady places a china figure on her mantel-piece, or on the top of her cabinet, but with much respectful ceremony, and all the forms of funeral solemnity. He hired the best

carries, notwithstanding, a certain interest with it, in the portrait which it presents to the reader of the finished coxcomb of Eliza-

singers and the best performers; he composed an anthem for the purpose; he invited all the nobility and gentry in the country to assist at the celebration of these obsequies; and having formed them all into an august procession, marched to the place appointed, at their head; and consigned the posthumous treasure, with his own hands, to its state of honourable elevation. Having thus, as he thought, and as he might well think, appeased the manes of the deceased, he rested satisfied with what he had done; and supposed his friend would rest. But not so: about a week since, I received a letter from a person, who cannot have been misinformed, telling me that Paul has appeared frequently of late; and that there are few, if any, of his Lordship's numerous household, who have not seen him, sometimes in the park, sometimes in the garden, as well as in the house, by day and by night, indifferently. I make no reflections on this incident, having many things to write about, and but little room."—*Private Correspondence of William Cowper, esq; edited by J. Johnson, LL.D. 1824.* It is but candid, however, to direct the reader's attention to Dr. Ferriar's "Theory of Apparitions," and Dr. Hibbert's "Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions," Edinburgh, 1824; who attempt to prove that spectral appearances are mere illusions, on metaphysical, psychological, pathological, and physiological principles.

beth's court; that *dandy scene*, as Ben Jonson slyly hints, of "Spanish shrugs, French faces, smirks, irps, and all affected humours."* Its particular object, however, is described to be, an exhibition of that *peculiar phraseology* in conversation, adopted by the most fashionable spirits of the age, who, by modelling their colloquial intercourse after the style of a scarce book, called Euphues,† and according to the lessons of John Lily, its author, (the then popular teacher of the *art of conversing*,) had attained to the acme of taste in this branch of elegant accomplishments, and were said *parler Euphuisme*.‡

* Cynthia's Revels, Palinode, 234, edit. 1640.

† Euphues, the Anatomie of Wit; very pleasant for all gentlemen to read, and most necessarie to remember, &c. By John Lylie, Master of Arts: corrected and augmented: London, 1631: black letter. Euphues and his England; containing his Voyages and Adventures, &c. London, 1630: black letter.

‡ Berkenhout, in his *Biographia Literaria*, remarks, "So greatly was the style of Euphues admired in the court of Elizabeth, and, indeed, throughout the kingdom, that it became a proof of refined manners to

This species of affectation among the higher classes of society, at that period, had grown out of another which had preceded it, and had maintained its influence for half a century.

The revival of learning in Europe was accompanied by some slight temporary absurdities, amidst a train of mighty and permanent blessings. The progress of *taste* was slow in comparison with the march of erudition ; and

adopt its phraseology. Edward Blount, who republished six of Lily's plays, in 1632, under the title of *Six Court Comedies*, declares, that "our nation are in his debt for a new language which he taught them." "*Euphues* and his *England*," he adds, "began first that language. All our ladies were then his scholars ; and that beauty in court who could not parley euphuesme, was as little regarded as she which now there speaks not French." A representation certainly not exaggerated ; for Ben Jonson, describing a fashionable lady, makes her address her gallant in the following terms : "Oh ! Master Brisk, as it is in *Euphues*, hard is the choice when one is compelled either by silence to die with grief, or by speaking to live with shame." Upon which Mr. Whalley observes, that "the court ladies in Elizabeth's time had all the phrases of *Euphues* by heart."—Shakespeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake, quoted by Miss Aikin, in her "Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth," vol. ii. page 93.

men acquired the instrument of knowledge, some time before they had learned to use it with skill or delicacy. In consequence of this circumstance, the languages of those countries of the continent, which had first imbibed the lore of classical days, were soon loaded with a large importation of exotic words and ancient idioms, which, until use had assimilated them with the vernacular tongue, both corrupted and confused it. The style of composition, also, became, for some time, deteriorated. An ambition to copy the models of antiquity, however laudable in itself, and to a certain degree not unattainable, when taste has associated herself with scholastic acquisitions, and obtained the direction of the pen, only led these early aspirants after literary fame into inflation and affectation. The verbose and sonorous style of Cicero, in particular, attracted their attention as a fit example for imitation. They easily caught his wordiness, but missed his polish, smoothness, and majesty; and instead of being grand, were only bombastic. To correct this false taste, Erasmus (himself a chaste as well as profound scholar)

wrote, in the year 1528, his *Ciceronianus*; a sensible and sprightly composition, in which he agreeably rallies this perverse pedantry; and criticises, with equal good-humour and acuteness, some of the writers whose works were more particularly characterised by it. The publication, as will readily be believed, brought a cloud of learned hornets upon him, who lavishly loaded him with abuse. But it had its effect in gradually improving the taste of the foreign literati; for, as Jortin observes, the philologers of the following times, aiming at the most extensive erudition, found that they had not leisure to play the fool in anxiously forming their style on that of Cicero.*

Something similar to this process attended the adoption and growth of classical literature in our own country. The bullion was imported; but taste was yet wanting to form it into a current coin of equal beauty and utility. Neoteric terms crowded into the language; and they who were in possession of the newly-acquired treasure, felt inclined to display it in sonorous derivatives, and in a phraseology

* Jortin's *Life of Erasmus*, vol. i. page 401.

that declined "far as the centre to the utmost pole" from the popular diction.* It was this description of affectation in composition and colloquy, which John Lilly, we conceive, proposed to correct by his quaint and curious publications; and we have little doubt that Shakespeare meant to ridicule it, as far as regarded *grandiloquism*, in his ancient Pistol, whose speeches afford examples (a little exaggerated, perhaps) of the actual conversational language of those fashionables, who aimed at the character of learned superiority. Replying to the Hostess, Pistol says,

"These be good humours, indeed. Shall pack-horses,
And hollow-pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a-day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan-Greeks? Nay, rather damn them
With King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar:
Shall we fall foul for toys?"†

* Of the literary composition of this period, Hurd remarks, "the writers of that time had so *Latinized* the English language, that the pure *English idiom*, which Shakespeare generally follows, has all the air of *novelty*, which other writers are used to affect by *foreign phraseology*."—Eng. Comment. on Hor. Art of Poetry.

† Henry IVth, part 2, act 2d, scene 10th.

And quarrelling with Nim, he addresses him with the following fustian :

“ *Coup à gorge!* that is the word. I defy thee again.
O hound of Crete! think'st thou my spouse to get!
No: to the Spital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet, she by name, and her espouse.
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For th' only she; and, *pauca*, there's enough; go to.
O braggart vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doating death is near,
Therefore exhale.”*

The endeavour, however, of Lily to correct the folly alluded to, was not couched under the form of satirical animadversion, but in that of grave and didactic composition. In his epistle dedicatory to “The Anatomie of Wit,” he tells us, that “it is a world to see how Englishmen desire to hear *finer speech than their language will allow;*” and it is the evident intention of his work to attempt the reform of the existing affectation, both in oral language and written composition, by presenting to his countrymen what he conceives to be a specimen of genuine English diction. Throughout his tracts, there-

* Henry Vth, act 1, scene 4.

fore, he adheres rigidly to the use of such words and phrases as his own language afforded, abstaining from the introduction of all newly-imported ones, classical derivatives, and foreign idioms; and though he deals much in reference to classical story, and in comparisons and similes drawn from the poetry and mythology of the ancients, yet all this is effected through the medium of his *own vernacular tongue*. His style is full of quaintness, antitheses, axioms, and proverbs, the wit of the day, and consequently very tiresome to the modern reader; but its curiosity will, perhaps, warrant the insertion of two or three extracts, as specimens of a mode of writing which was held in high esteem by the *bas-bleu* and would-be-thought learned courtiers of the latter part of the sixteenth century.

The following composition is a declaration of love.*

* This epistle the lover is supposed to send to his mistress, curiously introduced into the *heart of a pomegranate*, and receives from her in reply a civil negative, stitched into a *copy of Petrarch's poems*. Such were the whimsical fopperies of Queen Elizabeth's court!

“ To the fairest Camilla,

“ Hard is the choice, fair lady, when one is compelled either by silence to die with grief, or by writing to live with shame; but so sweet is the desire of life, and so sharp are the passions of love, that I am enforced an unseemly suit before an untimely death. Loth have I been to speak, and in despair to speed; the one proceeding of mine own cowardice, the other of thy cruelty. If thou require my name, I am the same Philautus, which, for thy sake, of late came disguised in a mask, pleading eustom for a privilege, and courtesy for a pardon. The same Philautus, which then in secret terms coloured my love, and now with bitter fears bewray it. If thou nothing esteem the brinish water that falleth from mine eyes, I would thou couldest see the warm blood that droppeth from mine heart. Oftentimes I have been in thy company, where easily thou mightest have perceived my wan cheeks, my hollow eyes, my scalding sighs, my trembling tongue to foreshew that then, which I confess now. Then consider with thyself,

Camilla, the plight I am in by desire, and the peril I am like to fall into by denial.

“To recount the sorrows I sustain, or the service I have vowed, would rather breed in thee an admiration, than a belief: only this I add, for the time,” (*i. e.* for the nonce, or upon the occasion,) “which the end shall try for a truth, that if thy answer be sharp, my life shall be short. So far hath love wrought in my pining and almost consumed body, that thou only mayest breathe into me a new life, or bereave me of the old. Thou art to weigh, not how *long* I have loved thee, but how faithfully: neither to examine the worthiness of my person, but the extremities of my passions: so preferring my deserts before the length of time, and my disease before the greatness of my birth, thou wilt either yield with equity, or deny with reason; of both of which, although the greatest be on my side, yet the least shall not dislike me; for that, I have always found in thee a mind neither repugnant to the right, nor void of reason.

“If thou wouldest but permit me to talk with thee, or, by writing, suffer me at large

to discourse with thee, I doubt not, but that both the cause of my love would be believed, and the extremity rewarded, both proceeding of thy beauty and virtue; the one able to allure, the other ready to pity. Thou must not think that Heaven hath bestowed those rare gifts upon thee to kill those that are caught, but to cure them. Those that are stung of the scorpion, are healed of the scorpion: the fire that burneth, taketh away the heat of the burn. The spider Phalangium, that poisoneth, doth, with her skin, make a plaster for her poison: and shall thy beauty, which is of force to win all with love, be of the cruelty to wound any to death? No, Camilla, I no less delight in thy fair face, than pleasure in thy good conditions; assuring myself, those, for affection without lust will not render malice without cause.

“ I omit my care to thy consideration, expecting thy letter either as a cullise” (lenient application) “ to preserve, or a sword to destroy; either as an antidote, or an aconite. If thou delude me, thou shalt not long triumph

over me living; and small will thy glory be when I am dead: and I end, thine ever, though he be never thine, PHILAUTUS."

Lily's sagacity readily convinced him, that nothing could be effected in the court of Elizabeth, unless he first propitiated the *chief masquerader*, by a due offering of flattery upon the altar of her vanity. His praises of the queen are, consequently, equally elaborate and fulsome: as may be seen from the following passages:

"Infinite were the examples that might be alleged, and almost incredible, whereby she hath shewed herself a *lamb in meekness*; requiting injuries with benefits; revenging grudges with gifts; in highest majesty bearing the *lowest mind*; forgiving all that sued for mercy; and forgetting all that deserved justice. O divine nature! O heavenly nobility! What thing can be more required in a prince, than in greatest power to shew greatest patience; in chiefest glory to bring forth chiefest grace; in abundance of all earthly felicity, to manifest abundance of heavenly piety? O fortunate England, that hath such a queen!

ungrateful, if you pray not for her; wicked, if you do not love her; miserable, if you lose her.—

“Being placed in the seat royal, she first of all stablished religion; banished Popery; advanced the word that was before so much defaced; and, having in her hand the sword to revenge, used rather bountifully to reward, being as far from rigour when she might have killed, as her enemies were from honesty when they could not; giving a general pardon, when she had cause to use particular punishment; preferring the name of pity before the remembrance of perils; thinking no revenge more princely than to spare when she might spill; to stay, when she might strike; to proffer to save with mercy, when she might have destroyed with justice.”

Equally profuse in his civility was the sly John Lily, to the “high-bred dames,” and “throngs of knights and barons bold,” that glittered around this immaculate queen. The tribute of eulogy to the ladies is too long for insertion: that offered to the male courtiers is short and pithy.

“The lords and gentlemen in that court are also an example for all others to follow; true types of nobility; the only story and staff of honour; brave courtiers; stout soldiers; apt to revel in peace, and ride in war. In fight fierce, not dreading death; in friendship firm, not breaking promise; courteous to all that deserve well; cruel to none that deserve ill. Their adversaries they trust not, *that* sheweth their wisdom; their enemies they fear not, *that* argueth their courage. They are not apt to proffer injuries, nor fit to take any; loth to pick quarrels, but longing to revenge them.”

Whether Lily's work, without the accompaniment of that odoriferous unction with which he so abundantly larded the queen, her lords, and her ladies, would have obtained such a fashionable popularity as it speedily did, is somewhat problematical; since a general adoption of new forms of speech, and modes of composition, is usually a gradual process, and rarely effected by the efforts of a solitary writer. But the irresistible charm of gross flattery, thus liberally offered to an exquisitely

vain elderly lady, and her equally coxcomical circle, was a sufficient passport to the hints of Euphues. The book was received with unqualified approbation by the great and the gay; read, studied, and adopted as an authority for speech, and a model of style; and the personal instructions of such a master in eloquence, as its author was esteemed to be, were eagerly engaged. A reference to the lighter compositions of the day, more especially those of an epistolary and amatory character, will evince how much this was the case.

But Lily, with all his pretensions to the simplification of diction, had some novelties, which substracted much from the justice of his claim. Among others, was that of personifying abstract ideas, and concrete terms, and applying them as the appellatives of particular persons: a peculiarity, of which the author of "the Monastery" has largely availed himself in the conversation of Sir Percie Shafton. To address a favourite lady as the "innocence," or "honour," of her admiring gallant, and to offer himself to her notice as her "ambition or "protection," evinced now the *pink of polite-*

ness, because it was sanctioned by the example of Euphues, and the teaching of Lily; and the amorous epistles, and poetical poesies, which at this period were constantly circulating through higher life, appear to have been profusely garnished with these pedantic fopperies. They did not, indeed, escape the notice or animadversion of the contemporary writers of a better spirit: but vain is the warfare of satire against fashion, till, nauseated with her own folly, she voluntarily quits the field. Ben Jonson has, in a lively way, touched upon this reigning absurdity in composition and colloquy; and, by the expression "in the presence," clearly pointed out its popularity in the court circle.

In Cynthia's Revels, Hedon, a fashionable gallant, speaking of his favourite lady, says, "You know I call Madam Philantia my *honour*; and she calls me her *ambition*. Now (when I meet her *in the presence anon*) I will come to her, and say, Sweet Honour, I have hitherto contented my sense with the lilies of your hand, but now I will taste the roses of your lip; and (withall) kiss her: to which she cannot but blushing answer, Nay,

now you are too *ambitious*. And then do I reply, I cannot be too ambitious of *honour*, sweet lady. Wil't not be good? Ha! Ha!"*

And, in another scene, this dialogue passes between the same beau and the object of his devoirs :

"*Hedon*. Save you, sweet and clear beauties: by the spirit that moves in me, you are all most pleasingly bestowed, ladies. Only I can take it for no good omen, to find mine *honour* so dejected.

"*Philautia*. You need not fear, Sir, I did of purpose humble myself against your coming, to decline the pride of my *ambition*.

"*Hedon*. Fair *honour*, *ambition* dares not stoop; but if it be your sweet pleasure, I shall lose that title, I will (as I am *Hedon*) apply myself to your bounties.

"*Philautia*. That were the next way to distil myself of *honour*. O no! rather be still *ambitious*, I pray you.

"*Hedon*. I will be any thing that you please, whilst it pleaseth you to be yourself, lady."†

* Act ii. scene 2.

† Act iv. scene 2.

But the effects of Lily's publications were only confined and temporary: their sphere merely included the fashionable classes, and their popularity did not outlive the time of Elizabeth. The stores of their own language were insufficient for the writers of that and the succeeding age: foreign compounds, classical derivations, and exotic terms, still continued to be imported into the vernacular vocabulary; and Lily's hope of introducing an idiom, strictly English, among the literati of his country, was disappointed. In the reign of Elizabeth's successor, this affectation in writing, and, of course, in colloquial language, reached its acme. James the First, himself a pedant of no common stature, led the way in the march of fustian; an example which some of his admirers and followers carried to the extreme of inflation, bombast, and absurdity. Long, indeed, was the interval before English composition displayed good taste: nor did it acquire any thing like purity and perfection, till it had imbibed mellowness and harmony from Dryden; grace and

case from Addison; and severe simplicity from Swift.

We shall conclude this article with two extracts; one from the celebrated work of King James First, entitled “*Dæmonologie*,” and the other from a publication of Sir Thomas Urquhart’s, in the middle of the seventeenth century: the former, as a specimen, not only of the *royal style*, but of the size of James’s intellect, and the depth of his logic: the latter, as an example of the quintessence of coxcomical composition.

“The fearful abounding at this time,” (says the royal sage,) in this country, of these detestable slaves of the devil, (the witches or enchanters,) hath moved me, beloved reader, to dispatch, in post, this following treatise of mine; not in any wise (as I protest) to serve as a shew of my learning and ingene, but only moved of conscience, to press thereby, so far as I can, to resolve the doubting hearts of many: both, that such assaults of Satan are certainly practised, and that the instrument thereof merits most severely to be punished, against the damnable opinions of two prin-

cipally in our age, whereof the one, called *Scot*, an Englishman, is not ashamed, in public print, to deny that there can be such a thing as witchcraft ; and so maintains the errors of the Sadducees, in denying of spirits : the other, called *Wierus*, a German physician, sets out a public apology for all these crafts-folks ; whereby, procuring for their impunity, he plainly bewrays himself to be one of that profession. And, for to make this treatise the more pleasant and facile, I have put it in form of a dialogue, which I have divided into three books ; the first speaking of magic, in general, and necromancy in special ; the second of sorcery and witchcraft ; and the third contains a discourse of all these kinds of spirits and spectres that appear and trouble persons : together with a conclusion of the whole work." So much for the diction in which James enunciated his *creed* on this point ; and for the mode by which he purposed to prove its *verity*. It seems, however, not to have suggested very *mild* proceedings, for he declares " that witches ought to be put to death, according to the law of God, the civil

and imperial law, and the municipal law of all *christian nations*. Yea, to spare the life, and not to strike, when God bids strike, and so severely punish in so odious a fault, and treason against God, it is not only unlawful, but, doubtless, no less sin in the magistrate, nor it was in Saul's sparing Agag." This strong conviction of its being the duty of a christian king to punish, capitally, the heinous offence of witchcraft, renders him somewhat blind to the forms and sanctions of constitutional law in his proceedings against them, for he lays it down, as his solemn opinion, that "bairnes, or wives, or never so defamed persons, may serve for sufficient witnesses against them;" and that the evidence of these, otherwise incompetent, persons, may be quite satisfactory to the judges, he points out two methods by which it shall be fully corroborated, and the guilt of the accused be ascertained beyond the possibility of mistake. "There be two good helps" (says he) "that may be used for their trial: the one is the *finding of their mark*, and the trying the insensibleness thereof; the other is their *fleeting* (floating),

on the water ; for as in a secret murder, if the dead carcase be at any time thereafter handled by the murderer, it will gush out of blood, as if the blood were crying to the heaven for revenge of the murderer ; God having appointed that secret supernatural sign, for trial of secret unnatural crime : so that it appears that God hath appointed (for a supernatural sign of the monstrous impiety of witches) that the water shall refuse to receive them in her bosom ; that they have shaken off them the sacred water of baptism, and wilfully refuse the benefit thereof : no, not so much as their eyes are able to shed tears (threaten and torture them, as you please) while first they repent," (until they repent,) God not permitting them to dissemble their obstinacy in so horrible a crime. Albeit, the women-kind, especially, be able otherwise to shed tears on tears at every light occasion, when they will ; yea, although it were dissembling like the crocodiles."* Alas! poor ladies! But James was no great friend to the sex.

* Works, p. 91—134 et infra.

The concluding exquisite *morceau* is taken from a work of Sir Thomas Urquhart's, "entitled "*Ekskubalauron*, or the Discovery of a most exquisite Jewel, more precious than diamonds enchased in gold; the like whereof was never seen in any age: found in the kennel of Worcester streets, the day after the fight, and six before the autumnal equinox, 1651." The work recounts the actions and characters of several illustrious Scotchmen; and, among the rest, those of "the admirable Crichton." The author describes his hero as performing several feats; and personating a variety of characters before the Court of Mantua. He thus proceeds:

"Those fifteen several personages he did represent with such excellency of garb, and such exquisiteness of language, that condignely to perpend the subtlety of the invention, the method of the disposition, the neatness of the elocution, the gracefulness of the action, and wonderful variety in the so dextrous performance of all, you would have taken it for a comedy of five acts, consisting of three scenes, each composed by the best poet in the

world, and acted by fifteen of the best players that ever lived ; as was most evidently made apparent to all the spectators, in the fifth and last hour of his action, (which, according to our western account, was about six o'clock at night, and by the calculation of that country, half an hour past three and twenty at that time of the year,) for, purposing to leave off with the setting of the sun, with an endeavour nevertheless to make his conclusion the master-piece of the work, he, to that effect summoning all his spirits together, which never failed to be ready at the call of so worthy a commander, did, by ~~their~~ assistance, so conglomerate, shuffle, mix, and interlace, the gestures, inclinations, actions, and very tones of the speech of those fifteen several sorts of men, whose carriages he did personate, into an inestimable *olla podrida* of immaterial morsels of divers kinds, suitable to the very *ambrosial* relish of the *Heliconian* nymphs, that in the *peripetia* of his dramatical exertation, by the enchanted transportation of the eyes and ears of its spectabundal auditory, one would have sworn that they had all looked

with multiplying glasses, and that (like that angel in the scripture, whose voice was said to be like the voice of a multitude) they heard in him alone the promiscuous speech of fifteen several actors; by the various ravishments of the excellencies whereof, in the frolickness of a jocund strain beyond expectation, the logofascinated spirits of the beholding hearers and auricularie spectators were, on a sudden, siezed upon in their risible faculties of the soul, and all their vital motions so universally affected, in this extremity of agitation, that, to avoid the inevitable charms of his intoxicating ejaculations, and the accumulative influence of so powerful a transportation, one of my lady duchess chief maids of honour, by the vehemencies of the shock of those incomprehensible raptures, burst forth into a laughter, to the rupture of a vein in her body; and another young lady, by the irresistible violence of the pleasure unawares infused, not able longer to support the well-beloved burthen of so excessive delight, and entrancing joys of such mercurial exhilarations, through the ineffable extacy of an overmastered

apprehension, fell back in a swoon, without the appearance of any life in her, than what by the most refined wits of theological speculators is conceived to be exercised by the purest parts of the separated *entelechies* of blessed saints, in their sublimest conversations with the celestial hierarchies."*

THE SCOTCH BORDERERS.

The wild and adventurous manners of the inhabitants of the bordering counties of England and Scotland, and of what was anciently called the *debateable ground*, (from its being the constant scene of dispute between the two nations,) furnished our author with a rich store of romantic incident to adapt to the stories of his Scotch novels. It was not necessary for him to add circumstances of wonder from his own fancy: the existing state of society in this part of the British empire,

* Vindication of the Honour of Scotland, &c. 110—112. Pennant's Scotland, vol. ii. Appendix, No. 3. Hawkins's Life of Johnson, 294.

before the union of the two crowns, bore him out in every extraordinary exhibition of rapine, or hardihood, or rude and barbarous virtue, which he has so vividly represented. Almost incessantly occupied, either in aggression or defence, the lives of the petty chieftains of this region were a tissue of desperate conflicts, daring schemes, and wily stratagems; and when a short space was snatched for domestic indulgence, inordinate wassail and savage hospitality claimed this moment of repose. An anecdote or two of one of the most celebrated of these "lords of misrule" will give a faithful view of the bold spirit of adventure, prompt and decisive action, and ingenious devices for avoiding danger, which characterised this extraordinary class of men.

"In the reign of Charles the First, when the moss-trooping practices were not entirely discontinued, the tower of Gilnockie, in the parish of Cannoby, was occupied by William Armstrong, called, for distinction sake, Christie's Will, a lineal descendant of the famous John Armstrong, of Gilnockie, executed by James V. The hereditary love of

plunder had descended to this person with the family mansion ; and, upon some marauding party, he was seized, and imprisoned in the tolbooth of Jedburgh. The Earl of Traquair, lord high treasurer, happening to visit Jedburgh, and knowing Christie's Will, enquired the cause of his confinement. Will replied he was imprisoned for stealing two tethers (halters) ; but upon being more closely interrogated, acknowledged that there were two delicate colts at the end of them. The joke, such as it was, amused the earl ; who exerted his interest, and succeeded in releasing Christie's Will from bondage. Some time afterwards, a lawsuit, of importance to Lord Traquair, was to be decided in the Court of Session ; and there was every reason to believe that the judgment would turn upon the voice of the presiding judge, who has a casting vote in case of an equal division among his brethren. The opinion of the president was unfavourable to Lord Traquair ; and the point was, therefore, to keep the judge out of the way, when the question should be tried. In this dilemma the earl had recourse to Christie's

Will; who at once offered his service to kidnap the president. Upon due scrutiny, he found it was the judge's practice frequently to take air on horseback, on the sands of Leith, without an attendant. In one of these excursions, Christie's Will, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accost the president, and engaged him in conversation. His address and language were so amusing, that he decoyed the president into an unfrequented and furzy common, called the Frigate Whins; where, riding suddenly up to him, he pulled him from his horse, muffled him in a large cloak, which he had provided, and rode off, with the luckless judge trussed up behind him. Will crossed the country with great expedition, by paths only known to persons of his description, and deposited his weary and terrified burden in an old castle in Annandale, called the Tower of Graham. The judge's horse being found, it was concluded he had thrown his rider into the sea; his friends went into mourning, and a successor was appointed to his office. Meanwhile the poor president spent a heavy time in the vault of the castle. He was imprisoned

and solitary; receiving his food through an aperture in the wall, and never hearing the sound of a human voice, save when a shepherd called his dog by the name of Battie, and when a female domestic called upon Maudge the cat: these he concluded were invocations of spirits; for he held himself to be in the dungeon of a sorcerer. At length, after three months had elapsed, the lawsuit was decided in favour of Lord Traquair; and Will was directed to set the president at liberty. Accordingly he entered the vault at dead of night, seized the president, muffled him once more in the cloak, without speaking a single word, and using the same mode of transportation, conveyed him to Leith sands, and set down the astonished judge on the very spot where he had taken him up. The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprise of his successor, may be easily conceived, when he appeared in court to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own persuasion that he had been spirited away by witchcraft; nor could he himself be convinced of the contrary, until many years afterwards, happening

to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted once more with the sounds of Maudge and Battie—the only notes which had solaced his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but in these disorderly times it was only laughed at as a fair *ruse de guerre*.”

Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact. The judge, upon whose person this extraordinary stratagem was practised, was Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, collector of the reports, well known in Scottish law under the title of Durie’s Decisions. He was advanced to the station of an ordinary lord of session, 10th July, 1621, and died at his own house of Dourie, July, 1646. Betwixt these periods this whimsical adventure must have happened; a date which corresponds with that of the tradition.

Tradition ascribes to Christie’s Will another memorable feat, which seems worthy of being recorded. It is well known that during the troubles of Charles the First, the Earl of Traquair continued unalterably fixed in his

attachment to his unfortunate master, in whose service he hazarded his person, and impoverished his estate. It was of consequence, it is said, to the king's service, that a certain packet, containing papers of importance, should be transmitted to him from Scotland. But the task was a difficult one, as the Parliamentary leaders used their utmost endeavours to prevent any communication betwixt the king and his Scottish friends. Traquair, in this strait, again had recourse to the services of Christie's Will ; who undertook the commission, conveyed the papers safely to his Majesty, and received an answer to be delivered to Lord Traquair. But in the meantime his embassy had taken air, and Cromwell had dispatched orders to intercept him at Carlisle. Christie's Will, unconscious of his danger, halted in the town to refresh his horse, and then pursued his journey. But as soon as he began to pass the long, high, and narrow bridge, which crosses the Eden at Carlisle, either end of the pass was occupied by a party of Parliamentary soldiers, who were lying in wait for him. The borderer dis-

to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted once more with the sounds of Maudge and Battie—the only notes which had solaced his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but in these disorderly times it was only laughed at as a fair *ruse de guerre*."

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through and drink with him. After this taunt he proceeded on his journey, and faithfully accomplished his mission. Such were the exploits of the very last border freebooter of any note.”*

The whole tract of the borders was, indeed, till the reign of James I. in a pastoral state; and the dwellers in it, as Mr. Brodie observes, a species of freebooters, of depraved habits, ever ready to make incursions into the sister kingdom, and not unfrequently disposed to plunder their own countrymen, by whom they were beheld with dismay. Their habits calculated them for promptitude in resisting an enemy; and as their flocks and herds could be easily removed to a distance, invasion failed to spread the terror, or to inflict the calamities, which it occasions to a well cultivated district. The people of the respective countries had been much harassed by the licentiousness of the borderers, and the harmony between the two kingdoms often interrupted—as, therefore, the pretexts for their military habits were, on the Union, removed, the king

* Border Minst. iii. 149.

used his power to curb their lawless lives ; and in a short time the fields began to be cultivated, and the manners to change.*

National prejudices, however, and deeply-rooted popular habits, require a long period for their eradication. Though the contiguous counties of Scotland and England were reduced to something like social order by the regulations of James the First, yet the feelings of animosity between their respective inhabitants subsisted, in all their original warmth, for a considerable time after the two kingdoms had coalesced into one ; and it may be doubted whether a shadow of them do not continue to the present time. We recollect traversing these delightful and interesting regions several years ago, and even now have the most pleasing recollection of their physical and moral beauties ; but we also remember, that even at so recent a period the old leaven occasionally manifested itself in a certain disinclination among the inhabitants of both sides of the boundary line to familiar intercourse with each other. The following observations on

* Brodie's *Hist. Brit. Empire*, Introduc. 439.

this particular circumstance, and on the general character of the southern Scotch, occurred to us at the time of our tour, under the impressions produced by actual contact with this portion of our excellent neighbours; and we confess, that the experience of after life has tended only to confirm these impressions in our mind.

Tainted, perhaps, with those prejudices, which too many of our countrymen entertain against their character, we were greatly but agreeably surprised, to find nothing but what was amiable and exemplary in all classes of Scottish society. Hospitality, kindness, and a minute attention to the comfort and ease of their guests adorn the manners of the Scotch gentleman; while the labouring orders are equally remarkable for similar good qualities, in a ruder form; and for the more valuable attributes of correct morality, sincere piety, and an exemplary decency in language and behaviour. Struggling with poverty, and incessant in labour, the Scotch peasant is still contented, cheerful, and subordinate; thoughtful, without moroseness; quick, without im-

pertinence; sagacious, without conceit. Such, at least, we found to be the appearance of the population of the bordering counties; where, perhaps, we may expect to discover a greater *nationality* in manners and ideas, than in other parts of the country, from the cause of ancient feuds having prevented a free intercourse between them and their English neighbours. The natural consequence of these perpetual hostilities was a reciprocal hatred, handed down from father to son, and carefully transmitted through successive generations, by legendary tales and popular ballads, whose constant theme and burthen were the injuries which each party had received from the other, and the vengeance which these injuries deserved. Among the Scots of distant parts, the national disgust to the English, though excited by frequent cruel wars, had, in a great degree, faded away as soon those wars had terminated. But with the borderers the case had been otherwise: their relative situation with the English prevented the ireful feelings from being quenched. The cause was always operating: new occasions of rancour were

for ever occurring in the mutual violences of the two neighbours ; and their dislike, instead of being softened by time, was every day more and more aggravated. Hence it happens that considerable coolness still subsists between the inhabitants of the respective neighbouring counties ; which not only impedes a free communication of one with the other, but at the same time renders the Scotch greatly more tenacious of those manners, customs, and opinions, which distinguish them from their ancient enemies.

We were concerned to find that these local prejudices still lurked, in some measure, both among the higher and lower classes of the bordering population of both countries—scarcely any familiar intercourse taking place between them. Frequent attempts had been made, by men of liberal minds, to overcome this unsocial spirit ; but without effect. About seventy years ago, a *club* had been established, for the express purpose of bringing these neighbours, separated only by a river, into friendly acquaintanceship, to be held one week in Scotland, and the succeeding one

in England. The parties accordingly met, dined in peace, and spent part of the day in cheerfulness and friendship ; when, unfortunately, the descendant of an English bordering family reminded a Scotch gentleman, who sat near him, of some successful depredations which had been committed by his own ancestors on the domains and castle of this other laird's great grandsire. In a moment the mouldering ashes were rekindled ; the *deadly feud* was revived ; and the spirit of insulted nationality spread itself from the Scotsman to all his fraternity. The feast and battle of the *Lapithæ* and *Centaurs* might now be seen again ; all was riot and confusion ; and few of the party returned home without proofs imprinted on their heads and faces, that the old grudge between the Scotch and English borderers had been only dormant, and not extinguished. We did not hear that the experiment of bringing together such antagonist spirits in such a way had ever been repeated.



THE ABBOT.

THE Abbot, though by no means on a par with what are usually called the author's Scotch novels, is still a redeeming work; and, in some degree, makes the *amende honorable* to the public for the large price and little worth of its immediate precursor. The old axiom, *Herbūm filii noxæ*, is here reversed; for the faults lie with the parent, and not with the offspring; though the slight connexion between the two stories will scarcely warrant the claim of immediate lineal descent in "The Abbot" from "The Monastery." The plan of the former, however, is more regular than that of the latter; its characters more vigorously developed, and forcibly contrasted; its

situations more awakening, and its winding-up more gradual and satisfactory. The unfortunate and evil-intreated Mary Stuart stands most prominently from the canvass ; sketched, we doubt not, with much truth, but certainly with less power and freedom of pencil than some of the subordinate personages. The truth, indeed, seems to be, that our author's strength does not lie in the delineation of those forms which require a peculiar *delicacy of touch*, and an almost *invisibility of line*. It must be something strong, and broad, and bold in character, that catches his fancy, and kindles his genius. Thoroughly awake to all the evidences of *real nature*, however she may display herself in tragedy, comedy, or farce ; either in the tempest of passion, or in the more silent expression of deeply-seated agony ; in the eccentricities of the quaint, or the peculiarities of the humorous ; he appears to lose his vigilance or his vigour, when the subject before him is of a less marked or picturesque description ; when the *artificial* is predominant over the *natural* ; and what was originally individual and characteristic has

been smoothed off by polish, education, or fashion. This remark, we think, is quite justified by the manifest superiority in the drawing of Catherine Seyton over the portraiture of Mary Stuart. The little devoted attendant of the queen is, throughout, characteristic. Every word and gesture; every feeling and action; every

“ Quip, and crank, and wanton wile,

“ And nod, and beck, and wreathed smile;”

denotes unsophisticated originality, and points her out as a *distinct variety* of that species, of which Mary is only the *general* representative. Nothing can be more beautifully true to nature, than the scene in which Catherine Seyton makes her first appearance; in which her naiveté, and archness, and turn for the ludicrous, are so admirably contrasted with the awkwardness and embarrassment of Roland Græme; nor does she lose a particle of her originality under all the lights and shades of her subsequent situations. Whether these be of a sportive, or grave, or terrifying cast; whether she be acting with native simplicity, or practising the little arts of female address,

or under the influence of devoted affection, and high-toned feeling ; she is, from first to last, a personification of nature ; a consistent and uniform exposition of human passions, energies, and actions.

It must be acknowledged, however, that this superiority with which the character of Catherine Seyton is "got up" and supported, is rather an unfortunate circumstance for the hero of the novel, Roland Græme ; who stands by her side in helpless imbecility, little adapted to excite that interest in his fortunes, which the prime agent in the drama should inspire ; and useful only as a foil to set off, more conspicuously, the excellencies of his companion's acting. Dull, and weak, and vacillating, we meet in Roland's conduct little to interest, and less to esteem ; nor are we sure that his character can quite clear itself from the charge of an *immoral tendency*, since it would require considerable casuistry to acquit him of prevarication, of breach of confidence, and of deviation from honourable action, on more than one occasion ; and to *reward* the personage thus deficient in some

of the most important moral qualities, is not not a mere neglect of the rule of *poetical justice*, but a weakening of those sanctions, the general observance of which is absolutely essential to the security and welfare of human society. A periodical writer has favoured the public with a few very just remarks on this subject, which well merit attention.

“The hero, Roland Græme,” says he, “was to betray his trust, to desert the religion, of which he began to feel the truth, and to engage in schemes, the success of which endangered the safety of his country, and was certain to effect the ruin of the protectors of his infancy. Strong temptations were necessary, and strong temptations are applied: we feel that an older and more thinking mind than Roland’s would not have resisted them. We admit the probability and the interest of the narrative, and yet we wish it could have been altered. The picture of stern duty opposed to violent temptation is only safe either where, as in the case of Jeannie Deans, duty prevails; or where its failure, as in that of Lucy Ashton, is followed by misfortunes,

which are to be the subjects of our sympathy. The rule of poetical justice has obtained such currency, that whatever the author *rewards* he is supposed to *approve*. Our author appears to have felt this objection, and to endeavour to obviate it by expedients, which strike us as aggravations. He makes Roland rejoice that Morton's interruption enabled him to part from the Regent, without plighting his truth to fulfil his orders; and to feel himself at liberty, without any breach, to contribute to the queen's escape, as soon as he has intimated to Dryfesdale that he refuses trust. But when he proceeded on his office, after a full explanation from the person who entrusted him with it, of the duties to which it was attached, it is mere jesuitism to say that he was not bound by its conditions, because he had given to them only a tacit consent; or that he could be released from them, after having acquired, by a long apparent acquiescence, the means of defeating them, by any declaration, even to his principal, much less to a subordinate agent. We do not deny that his situation was one of extreme difficulty;

that to have refused Murray's trust would have been immediate ruin ; and that every motive which can soften, and subdue, and shake the firmest principle, and the clearest perception, was accumulated to induce him to betray it. In *real* life all would forgive, some would even admire, his conduct ; but a writer of *fiction* has no right to dress what is fundamentally wrong in a covering that can attract sympathy or admiration. *He* is not exposed to the same difficulties as his heroes ; and has no right to make their reward *depend* on that part of their conduct which does not deserve unmixed approbation. Still less has he a right to sanction a parley between duty and passion, and to countenance the sophistry which attacks the understanding through the heart."*

Whilst thus engaged in the unpleasant office of censuring a most delightful writer, (for our rule must be

" Still pleased to praise, but not afraid to blame,")

we cannot but advert to another defect in the

* Quarterly Review, li. 141.

novels of "The Monastery" and "The Abbot," which impugns either the sagacity or recollection of the author ; excites the smile of the critic ; and hurts the feelings of the serious reader. His use, or rather abuse, of Holy Writ, by perpetual quotations from the consecrated volume, we have already reprobated ; and with no more severity than (as we think) such an impious liberty with the Bible well deserves : it is not, therefore, to this unjustifiable practice which we at present refer, but to the strange *inconsistency* with which he must stand charged, in seasoning the conversation of his *Roman Catholic* characters with a superabundance of such scriptural passages and phrases. Surely he must have been aware that to the papistical laity the scriptures were "a sealed book," which they were not privileged to open ; a "tree of life," fenced round by prohibitions and anathemas, to prevent them from gathering its salutary fruit ; and, consequently, that they could not, by any possibility, obtain such a knowledge of its contents as would enable them to quote the bible in common colloquy, with the same familiarity

and ease as one of their monks would have cited his breviary or missal. From the lips of the Reformer, the Covenanter, and the Puritan, such quotations (however misplaced in' a novel) are at least natural and consistent. "The book" (by which term they emphatically designated the bible) was the volume that they principally, though not exclusively, studied. It lay near their hearts; it identified itself with all their associations; it was the fountain of their faith; the spring of their comfort, hope, and courage; the rule of their lives; and the sanction (though in some cases the mistaken or misinterpreted one) of their peculiar habits and conduct; and its language, thus familiarized and endeared to them, would be, of course, interwoven with their conversation, and become the natural and proper vehicle of the expression of feeling among serious and religious men. It is true that our author, through all his works, has contrived to render this mode of colloquy, *as far as it relates to the Covenanters and Puritans*, ridiculous, by caricaturing the personages who employ it, and throwing a spice of absurdity into the

manner in which, or upon the occasions when, it was exercised; but this is unfair and ignoble misrepresentation. However enthusiastic or misguided certain of these people might have been, they were, as a class of men, infinitely above contempt. Respectable for their sincerity, and admirable for their fortitude and firmness, their hearts were deeply imbued with the unction of holiness; they spoke as they felt—*scripturally*; and used a language, at that time neither affected nor grotesque, because it was drawn from a source which was then considered as the purest standard of the English tongue, the phraseology of which was as much respected by *taste*, as venerated by piety. To the author's *Roman Catholic* quoters of scripture, however, none of this reasoning can be applied, as his justification in representing them so familiar with the sacred writings. It is a gross breach of costume—a violation of an obvious and well-known fact. But this practice would seem to be thus inconsistently attributed to them in the spirit of *compliment*; to which the self-same appropriate use of scripture among the Puritans, in

the succeeding age, was to serve as a *foil* and *contrast* ; for while the biblical passages which issue from the lips of the former are usually combined with situations or circumstances of solemnity or decorum, and have, consequently, the effect of *elevating* the characters of the speakers, the sly admixture of the burlesque and absurd, with the occasions on which the Covenanters use a similar phraseology, have a like tendency to render *them* the objects of ridicule, if not of contempt.

Biographical Illustrations.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Few public characters have had less p
humous justice awarded to them than t
unfortunate potentate. The historians of
own and subsequent times have (with
few exceptions) united to accumulate up
her name a more than ordinary load
odium and infamy; and by falsehoods,
most bold and iniquitous, laboured to rob
memory of the last tribute which can be p
to the *manes* of defamed and persecuted virt
—the esteem and compassion of the wise
good. The causes of this base prostitution
the pen of the historian, to the unmeri
calumniation of the departed, are not diffi

to be explained—the *contemporary* writer was influenced by his *fears*, or his *interest*: the more *modern* one, by *prejudice*, or the spirit of *party*.

To say nothing of the religious *faith* of Mary, which, however sincere in itself, and mild in its manifestation, would operate powerfully in her disfavour, and well account for the bitterness of Knox* and his party—and not to advert to the corrupt Buchanan, (whose services were purchased by Murray and his coadjutors,) it may be sufficient to observe, that the influence of the Scotch confederated enemies of the Queen, and the hopes of

* Of this extraordinary man, Dr. Robertson remarks: "Rigid and uncomplying himself, he shewed no indulgence to the infirmities of others. Regardless of the distinctions of rank and character, he uttered his admonitions with an acrimony and vehemence, more apt to irritate, than to reclaim. This often betrayed him into indecent and undutiful expressions with respect to the Queen's person."—"The Earl of Morton, who was present at his funeral, pronounced his eulogium in a few words, the more honourable to Knox, as they came from one who had often censured him with peculiar severity—'There lies he who never feared the face of man.'"—Hist. Scot. v. ii. p. 41.

Elizabeth's approbation, or the terror of her displeasure, operated, on the one hand, to quicken the venal and servile writer in his attacks on her fame; and, on the other, to deter those who were conscious of her innocence, from giving their sentiments to the world:* so that we do not find, among the many of her countrymen, who were at that time capable of communicating to the public an historical detail of the events which had

* Elizabeth not only awed her neighbours, the Scotch, into silence, with respect to the *vindication* of Mary, but actually exerted her influence in France, (where the imprisoned Queen had many friends,) for the *suppression* of all works on that subject. "There remains a letter of Mary on this topic to the French ambassador, Fenelon, of the 22d Nov. 1571, complaining that a *scandalous book*, in *Latin*, detracting from her character, lately printed, had been put into her hands by Mr. Bateman, an officer of the castle in which she was confined; who, she was sure, would not have done it, had he not been directed so to do. She earnestly entreats the ambassador to lay the subject before his master; and to request him to write to Elizabeth to suppress such infamous publications against her; as the French King had suppressed, in France, at the request of Queen Elizabeth, all publications written by her subjects in her favour." —Chalmers's Life of Mary Queen of Scots, v. i. p. 350.

already occurred, or were then developing themselves, a single author (unless it were Lesley bishop of Ross) who had the fortitude to stand forth as the assertor of her good fame, or the advocate of her cause. Lesley, indeed, formed the honourable exception to the many *silent* deplores of Mary's unmerited oppressions; and, from his own observation, and the hints of Lords Herries and Boyd, wrote her defence: but what was the consequence of this christian-like endeavour to serve the interests of suffering virtue? The moment that Elizabeth became apprised that such a work was in process, she took measures against its publication;* and finding that, in defiance of all her precaution, it had been printed and circulated, she revenged herself on its author, (under

* Lesley's "Defence" was *stopped at the printer's*, in May 1569, before eight leaves of it were printed, as we know from Cecil himself. It was now sent abroad to be printed. On the 13th of April 1571, Charles Baillie was taken at Dover, with certain books, in English, for the *defence* of the Queen of Scots' honour and title: he was *imprisoned and racked*, to make him tell all he knew.—Chalmers, v. i. p. 351, note.

the plea of his being implicated in the business of the Duke of Norfolk,) who was first imprisoned, and afterwards banished.

“No vindication of Mary,” says the vehement, but honest, Whitaker, “was suffered to appear. Many were published on the Continent, yet none of them durst venture upon English ground : and, at the same time, ‘The Detection of Mary’s Doings,’ by Buchanan, that daring effort of fabricated calumny, received every recommendation that could be lent to it by authority. It was presented in form to Elizabeth herself. It was circulated with industry by her ministers. In that period of our government, such artifices of tyranny would carry a peculiar efficacy with them. They could not fail of success. The reputation of Mary was assaulted on every side, in vigorous and artful appeals to the public. She was debarred from all counter appeals in her own defence. From the malicious partiality of mankind to slander, the energy of a vindication is by no means equal to the force of an accusation. What, then, must be the force of the one, when the other

is not permitted to accompany it : when *this* is suppressed, and *that* is supported by all the exertions of authority in the government, and by all the habits of obedience in the people? The consequence was very natural. The *sonnets, contracts, and letters*, were received as authentic testimonies of Mary's guilt. The opinion of the public became fixed upon the point : and a slander that has once gotten possession of the general faith, is the most difficult of all prejudices to be removed."

Thus firmly established, and almost universally received, the imputed guilt of the Queen of Scots became an historical fact : and to doubt of her general profligacy of character ; of her participation in the murder of her husband, Darnley ;* of her having, *voluntarily*, accepted

* The most serious charge against Mary was her contriving of, or consenting to, the *murder of her husband* ; and to substantiate, after they had manufactured, this charge, Elizabeth, the Scotch lords, and the English ministry, exerted all their efforts. But here they were disappointed ; for the hearing and examination terminated in her exculpation from the horrible crime, though the active pains of the English queen, and her councillors, prevented this exculpa-

the hand which had executed that murder; and, finally, of her having written the sonnets, &c. above mentioned, would have been considered as a senseless or perverse denial of incontrovertible truths. About seventy years ago, however, an unexpected light flashed upon the blackened character and distorted story of the deeply-injured Mary, which dispersed

tion from becoming the *popular opinion*. "The nobles of England" (says the Bishop of Ross, shortly after the inquiry) "have not only found the said Queen innocent and guiltless of the death of her husband, but do withal fully understand *that her accusers were the very contrivers, devisers, practitioners, and workers of the said murder* ; and have further, also, so much increased, and in such wise renewed, the good estimation, and great hope, they always had of her, now *perfectly knowing her innocence*, and thereto moved through other princely qualities, resplendent in her, with many whereof she is much adorned and singularly endowed, that they have in most earnestwise solicited and intreated that she might be restored again to her honour and crown. They have moved the said Queen of Scotland, also, that it may please her to accept and like of the most noblest man of all England, between whom and her there might be a marriage concluded, to the quieting and comfort of both the realms of England and Scotland."—*Defence*, p. 80.

cloud that had so long hung over the one, shewed the other in its just proportions. Mr. Goodall," (to avail myself of Whitaker's able exposition,) "keeper of the advocate's array at Edinburgh, stepped forward, with courage that seemed to border upon rashness, in order to prove them (the *letters, sonnets, marriage contracts*) *forgeries*; and to abuse the deceived public. He was a man conversant with records. He was, therefore, in the habit of referring assertions to authorities. He was, also, actuated, perhaps, by the spirit of party, as a party had been then raised in the nation concerning the point. Nothing more vigorous than the abstractedness of truth is generally requisite to every serious undertaking. But, whatever were his motives, his enterprise was honourable, and his execution powerful. He entered into an examination of the papers with considerable spirit. He went through it with considerable success. He even proved the letters, &c. to be forgeries, in so clear a manner, that one is astonished it had never been done before. It shews, indeed, the little attention that

had been paid to the subject, in care to substantiate, or in zeal to destroy, the fundamental credit of the whole : and *that* forms one of those grand discoveries, which must necessarily be very rare in the history of any nation, and therefore reflect a peculiar honour to the individual who makes them.

“ Yet such was the factious credulity then prevailing generally in the island, that this work, one of the most original and convincing that ever were published, made its way very slowly among us. Even some of our first-rate writers presumed to set themselves against it. *Dr. Robertson*, a disciple of the old school of slander, wrote a formal dissertation against it. Even *Mr. Hume*, who in *history* had learned to think more liberally than the Doctor, in some incidental notes to his *History of England*, still professed and defended his adherence to the ancient error; and the nation stood suspended between the authority of great names, and the prejudices of ‘the million,’ on the one side; and a new name, new arguments, and demonstration on the other. Then *Mr. Tytler* rose. He

generally took the same ground which Mr. Goodall had taken before him. He generally made use of his weapons. He brightened up some. He strengthened others. With both, and with his own, he drove the enemy out of the field. *Dr. Robertson* quitted it directly. *Mr. Hume* rallied, after an interval of eleven or twelve years. He rallied with a seeming ferocity of spirit, and with a real imbecility of exertion. He who never replied to an adversary before, now replied to *Mr. Tytler*, in a note to a new edition of his history. He laid himself out there in reproaches against *Mr. Tytler*, and in vindications of himself. But he touched upon the cause of Mary in a single point only; and his efforts of proving in all were slight in their aim, and feeble in their execution. *Mr. Tytler*, however, very properly advanced upon him again, in a postscript to a new edition of his own work; and *Mr. Hume* retired finally with *Dr. Robertson*. *Mr. Tytler* deservedly gained great honour by the contest. His work is candid, argumentative, acute, and ingenious: only his success seems to

have injured his master's reputation. The glory was, in no small measure, *Mr. Goodall's* own. Yet such is the capriciousness of fame conferred by man, that the laurels are still shading the brow of *Mr. Tytler*, while the original proprietor is almost forgotten. It is due to the memory of illustrious masters not to let their names be lost in the succeeding splendour of their scholars, when a large share of that splendour is derived from the masters themselves."*

To *Mr. Tytler* succeeded *Dr. Stuart*, as the champion of the defamed Mary, in a regular history of her reign, drawn from the only true source of certain information, *genuine original records*, and published about forty-five years ago. Not content with the negative advantage of completely vindicating the innocence of the queen, he gallantly called upon the historian, who had given currency to the belief of her guilt, to come forward from his retreat, and either to justify or retract his slanders. "But *Dr. Robertson*," observes

* Whitaker's Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots, vol. i. Preface.

Whitaker, "was *too prudent* to accept the challenge. He had gained his first honours in historical composition from that very history, (the History of Scotland). These, indeed, had withered on his head; but he might lose them entirely, in attempting to freshen them. The nation was no longer in that high state of faction, in which it stood when he published first; and to *retract* what he had said, could not be expected from that measure of generosity which ordinarily falls to the state of man."

Amid this deep silence of "the accusing spirit," another writer called the attention of the public, with a sonorous voice, to the neglected subject of that unmerited obloquy, with which the memory of Mary had been loaded; and in the year 1788, appeared a work, entitled, "Mary Queen of Scots vindicated, by John Whitaker, B. D." It is a performance full of bursts of eloquence and critical acumen; not adding to the mass of original papers already before the public, but sifting, analyzing, and comparing these documents, for the purpose of demonstrating, that

the LETTERS, SONNETS, and MARRIAGE CONTRACTS, (which, either in their *subscription* or in their *composition*, or in both, have been attributed to the pen of Mary, and on which, principally, had been founded the grievous charges against her honour and virtue,) were ALL VILLANOUS FORGERIES; fabricated, to work her ruin and infamy, by the *Scotch lords confederated against her*; and that *they were known to be such by the ruthless Elizabeth and her abandoned ministers, at the very time when they proceeded upon them as grounds of her first accusation, and auxiliary reasons for her final punishment.**

* Whitaker, who was of too stern an integrity to regard such deliberate violations of justice and humanity without deep indignation, and who would "call a spade a spade," has not been sparing in his castigation of the principal actors in this sort of proto-model of "the Holy Alliance." Murray, and Morton, and Lethington, &c. and the great Elizabeth, and Burleigh, and Cecil, and Walsingham, and Throgmorton, &c. all come in for a large share of the most caustic rebuke; nor, after the scenes of iniquity and meanness which he has developed, can we deny the justice with which he has exercised his cat-o'-nine tails on the *puppets*, or doubt the truth of

But the evidence to manifest the innocence of Mary, compleat as it might appear to be, was to receive another powerful addition. In the year 1818, Mr. Chalmers published his "Life of Mary Queen of Scots, drawn from the State Papers:" a work which has rendered every future mode or means of ex-

the proportions in which he has drawn the *mistress* of the whole political fantoccini. "The *maiden* queen had many *gallants*; and her politics were one vast system of chicane and wrong to all the nations about her. Her life was a life of *mischief* and of *misery*: of mischief to others, in the plots which she was always forming against them; and of misery to herself, in the fears and apprehensions which she was always entertaining of them. She was continually forging schemes of malignity against them, from some visionary fears of her own concerning them. She then changed her visionary into real fears, from the jealousies which she conceived of their retaliating upon her; and she was finally obliged to fabricate new schemes of mischief against them, because she was sensible that they had every *right* to form them."—Whitaker, vol. i. 27. In short, she was utterly destitute of the only source of confidence and peace:

"What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just:
And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

culpating this illustrious victim of oppression utterly superfluous.

Admirably qualified as this gentleman is for such an investigation, by his intimate acquaintance with English antiquity, and his familiar knowledge of our precious treasure of national records; by his critical sagacity, cool judgment, dispassionate love of truth, and generous sympathy; every honourable mind will be gratified that such an interesting subject should have fallen into such competent hands, while every feeling one will rejoice in the consummate ability with which he has discussed it, and in the compleat triumph which his publication has obtained over long-established falsehood, inveterate malignity, and widely-spread error. But let this noble volunteer in the cause of Mary (in himself a host) speak for himself.

“I should never have thought of publishing the singular life of the Scottish Queen, if I had not convinced myself by my own labours and reflections, that she was a calumniated woman, and an injured princess; who was innocent of the crimes, which were committed by others, and imputed to her by the evil

doers themselves; who found it no hard matter, during the delusive circumstances of corrupt times, to cast their own guilt upon her conduct. Calumniation became the great object of her ruin, while religion was debased by fanaticism; while domestic faction was actuated by criminal ambition; and while both religion and faction were inflamed by foreign policy, which was itself urged by hatred, and prompted by malignity. Under such circumstances of Mary's government, having for her servants the ambitious, the wicked, and the perfidious, it might have been truly said of her, in Shakespeare's speech,

‘ Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny.’

“ The *state papers*, both published and unpublished, have been ransacked for new documents, in order to establish additional facts; nor has the labour of years, I trust, been bestowed altogether in vain. Many old falsehoods will be detected, and many new truths will be established. Robertson could not, from the contradictions of the contemporary writers, determine what was

the real disease of Darnley, when he was taken ill at Glasgow. It was given out and believed to be *poison*. *I have found letters in the Paper-office, which demonstrate that he was infected with the small-pox, which then prevailed in that town.* This fact will free the queen from many pages of calumny. The declaration of French Paris, who was executed as one of the king's murderers, was supposed, by some, to be satisfactory proof of the queen's privity to her husband's death. But *I have discovered, in the Paper-office, the original declaration, which exhibits G. Buchanan and J. Wood, two busy enemies of the Scottish Queen, in the very act of forging that declaration.* This will relieve the calumniated Mary from a whole volume of the grossest slander. It is only from the state papers that a proper answer can be given to the question—who murdered Darnley? *There are documents in the Paper-office which clearly prove that a conspiracy of nobles murdered Darnley, but with those nobles the queen had no privity, and could have no participation in their guilt. Con-*

necting that conspiracy of nobles with the acts of Parliament, attainting the three plotters, the enquiry is finally closed, as to the death of Darnley, by establishing *their guilt*, and evincing the *queen's innocence*. In this manner, then, may we perceive the truth of Shakespeare's remark :

' Many worthy and chaste dames, thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.'

“From the certainty arising out of this wide range over the state papers and statute book, another truth results, which is of equal importance. The *whole documents*, which were created by the murderers, to connect the queen with their *cat's-paw* (Bothwell), while he was connected, as a conspirator, with her enemies, are, by the same state papers and statute book, equally proved to be *forgeries*. Here, then, is another point of great interest established in favour of the *queen's innocence*. They who were guilty of the *murder*, may be easily supposed to be capable of the forgery ; and they who were detected in one forgery were, very probably, guilty of similar impostures.

“ We now begin to see what has been called *the Marian Controversy* drawing to a close; for the *queen's innocence being demonstrated*, it becomes equally certain that she was innocent of writing such immoral documents as the *letters, sonnets, and marriage contracts*, which were attributed to her by the forgers, who had a strong interest in casting the guilt from themselves upon her. Now *both these points of charge being decided in favour of the injured queen, by the concurring authority of the statute-book and the state papers, the Marian Controversy here must close*; so efficacious are such powerful documents, when properly perused, and clearly understood. When the Parliament decided on the guilt or innocence of whatever party, who is to contend that the highest judicature was probably mistaken.”*

If, to what Mr. Chalmers has thus said, we add the irrefragable proofs, afforded by his own work, of the *forcible seizure, abduction, and actual violation of Mary's person by Bothwell, with the privity, consent, and*

* Chalmers, Pref. vol. i. page 11.

co-operation of the confederated lords ; of her compulsory marriage with the ruffian who had robbed her of her honour ; together with the demonstration of the forgery of the sonnets, letters, and marriage contracts, established by Mr. Whitaker, we must not only become proselytes to her cause ourselves, but feel compelled to believe, that nothing but a confusion of the understanding, or a strange obliquity of sentiment, can prevent a similar conviction in the minds of others. In fact, before the tribunal of truth and common sense, Mary stands not merely acquitted of crime, but acquitted with honour ; and though the plot against her life and fame was fatally successful with respect to its first object, and availed in its detestable purpose, for two centuries, as it regarded the second end, yet there can be little doubt, that from henceforth, with all the equitable, candid, and well-informed, the Queen of Scots will be as highly esteemed for her intellectual endowments, rare accomplishments, noble qualities, and personal virtues,*

* The elegant Mary Stuart set a bright example to her subjects. Not contented with light and graceful

as she will be deeply commiserated for her unmerited sufferings and untimely fate.*

accomplishments, with which the court of Catherine de Medicis could supply her, she studied the dead languages; and, at a very early age, astonished the king and court, by pronouncing an oration, composed by herself, in classical Latin. Her skill in poetry was great; and her elegiac compositions truly affecting. — Andrews' Contin. Henry's Hist. Eng. v. xiv. p. 95.

* A most pathetic and interesting account of the circumstances which attended the decapitation of Mary, is given in Mr. Chalmers's admirable Life of that Queen, v. i. p. 451, et infra. It concludes with this little affecting anecdote:—"When they were about to remove the body of this unfortunate queen, her little dog, which had followed her to the scaffold unobserved, amidst more striking objects, was found under her clothes, which could not be gotten forth but by force, and afterwards would not depart from the dead corpse, but went and laid down between her head and shoulders, a thing diligently noticed.—(Beal's Narrative.)" The following particulars, from the same author, evince with what rancour and malevolence Elizabeth pursued that victim to the latest hour of her existence, which she had eyed with so much envy and malignity through life. "The health of the Scottish Queen now began to fail, owing to confinement, want of air, and want of exercise, which were aggravated by daily vexation.

"In the midst of such debility, the two Houses of Parliament, owing to the intrigues of Burleigh,

It is much to be regretted that a writer so sensible and elegant, and a man so celebrated and amiable, as the late Dr. Robertson, should, in his History of Scotland, have given currency

passed an Act of attainder against the captive queen. But what was this to the Act of Parliament, which owing to the same intrigues, was made to entrap that imprisoned princess? On this Act she was tried for her life, owing to the machinations of Elizabeth's ministers; and, after defending herself against so many statesmen and lawyers, with self-possession, knowledge, and vigour, was she condemned to die. It was the vice and villany of Elizabeth which dictated the guilty letter of Walsingham and Davidson; and Paulet and Drury intimating Elizabeth's wish that some way might be found by them to *shorten the life of this queen*. Beyond this, the wickedness of Elizabeth could not easily go: but Elizabeth, and her ministers, did go one step further. At the beginning of February 1586-7, they spread reports that the Papists had fired London, and that the Queen of Scots had escaped. They even carried their artifices so far, as to send out *precepts of hue and cry for retaking the Scottish Queen*. Of this singular fact there can be no doubt. But, it may well be asked, on what foundation were these falsehoods raised? The only answer can be, that as the incitement of Paulet and Drury to *shorten the life of the Queen of Scots* had failed, there was another attempt, by the same ministers, to raise universal indignation against the unfortunate

to the heinous charges against Mary, by identifying the fictitious circumstances on which they were founded with the real events of her life. It was a disgraceful accommodation to popular prejudice; a base sacrifice of truth and humanity to party spirit. The "damning proofs" of the calumnies fabricated against her reputation were within his reach: he had leisure and industry to search; sagacity to appreciate; and judgment to determine on the weight of their authority, and the force of their evidence. But the *public voice* was against her; and the historian preferred popularity to honour. *Such* treatment, however, of *posthumous character* is not without great culpability. The fair fame of those who are no more, is a sacred thing; and to criminate them without full proof of their guilt, is both *mean* and

queen, that, in the midst thereof a popular tumult might arise, which, by one outrageous stroke, might close her life for ever. But they were again disappointed in obtaining the assassination of the Queen of Scots. When she fell under the axe of Elizabeth, the surrounding multitude "sighed and sorrowed," saith Camden: the Earl of Kent, on that occasion, alone shewed his fanaticism and fury."—*Ib.* p. 484.

inequitable—mean, because the accused are disabled from replying to the charge—*inequitable*, inasmuch as the first rule of justice demands that there should be no *condemnation* without an opportunity of *defence*. However objectionable the axiom may be, “*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*,” substitute *verum* for the last word, and its authority is not to be contravened.

That *Hume* should have taken the same side of the question, with respect to the criminal conduct of Mary, was to be expected from his literary character and opinions; but the influence of his authority is limited, compared with the extent of the sanction of Robertson's name. Hume's historical unfaithfulness, and insufficiency for the task he had undertaken, are now notorious; his aversion to the necessary investigation of original documents; his neglect of the means and opportunities of accurate information; and his contempt of that important part of the historian's duty, the weighing of evidence, and the comparison of authorities. But his *History* was intended to be the vehicle of his opinions, political and

(in some measure) speculative ; these were in unison with the temper of the public ; and his object was attained in the immediate favourable reception of his work. Mr. Hume's fame and authority, however, are now on the decline. The more austere taste of the present times requires *truth*, rather than *ingenuity*, in historical composition. *Here* the candidate for celebrity must now be *exact* in his information, as well as sagacious or original in his remarks: nor will the pure and polished style be accepted any longer as an equivalent for careless error, or wilful misrepresentation. For instances of Mr. Hume's negligent inaccuracies, (who, as Mr. D'Israeli informs us, wrote his work *lolling on a sofa*,) and perverse violations of truth, see Brodie's Hist. of the British empire, v. i. passim, 1822; Henry's Hist. Eng. v. xii. p. 403.

BUCHANAN.

The baseness, ingratitude, and malignity of this man, one of the most elegant scholars, and the finest Latin writer of the age, deserve

particular consideration. He, who had been the tutor and friend of Mary; who had shared her confidence, and tasted largely of her bounty; who had eulogized her in print, at the head of his book of psalms, and had actually been indebted to her for his life, if we may believe Brantome (*Eloge de Marie Stuart*)—this man, we repeat, bought by the offers and gifts of the confederate lords, and the allurements of Elizabeth, became the pander of Mary's accusers, and the execrable tool of the English Queen in the infamous plot, which was first to rob his own sovereign of her fame, and, ultimately, of her life. To her defamation he prostituted his History, by broadly accusing Mary of a criminal intercourse with Rizzio, which no other contemporary writer dared to advance; (Scot. Hist. p. 340—344;) and against her he published his scurrilous work called *Eclaircissement*; of which Varillas says, “Buchanan's History of Scotland is not the worst of his works against Mary; there is another, to which he durst not set his name, more satirical, beyond all comparison, than the other. It is written in French, and printed at

Rochel, in 1572. For filth and foul language, no book I ever saw comes near it; and the single passage of the pretended lewdness of Queen Mary Stuart, countenanced and imitated by her maid of honour, *Mademoiselle de Reres*, falls little short of those of the ancient and modern authors who have taken the greatest liberty in defiling their readers' imagination.—*Histoire de l'Heresie*, tom. v. *pref.* But these venomous productions of Buchanan's pen did not satisfy the malignity of his employers, nor bound his own turpitude. He completed his share of the villany in which he had become an agent, by actually going into England, and deposing against his former friend and protectress, in the scandalous investigation which was there instituted against her.—*Ibid.* Profligate, however, as Buchanan was in principle, and debauched in practice, (for his propensity to wine and women is mentioned by more than one writer,) he seems not to have escaped, at the close of life, those pangs of remorse which usually follow the drama of accomplished guilt; for Camden tells us, "that he often blamed himself in the

presence of the King, (James VI.) whose preceptor he was, that he had drawn so virulent a pen against so deserving a queen, and wished, when he was dying, that he might have a little time left, to take off the stains which his slanders had thrown upon her, by *witnessing the truth even with his own blood*: but that (as he said) would be to no purpose, because his age would make people think that he doated."—Ann. Eliz. 1567, initio. See, also, ib. 1584, p. 410. To manifest the infamy of Elizabeth, in her treatment of the Queen of Scots, and the disgusting meannesses to which she descended, for the mortification of a woman who had excited her inveterate hatred, merely because she possessed those graces of mind and body to which the English queen had no pretensions, it may be mentioned, she not only directed that Buchanan's libels should be conveyed to Mary in the place of her confinement, but made her minister write to Walsingham, the English ambassador at Paris, to introduce the same defamatory works to the French king and his counsellors, in order to lessen their esteem

for Mary's person, and the interest which they felt in her cause. "To many arguments which Walsingham was to use to the King of France, to dissuade him from taking part with the imprisoned Queen of Scots, it was thus added: and here it were not amiss to have divers of *Buchanan's little Latin books*, to present, if need be, to the king, *as from yourself*, and likewise to *some of the other noblemen of his council*; for *they will serve to good effect to disgrace her, which must be done before other purposes can be attained.*"—Chalmers's *Life of Mary*, v. i. p. 350, note. Can there be any thing more conclusive in proof of the ineffable turpitude of Elizabeth than such a proceeding as this, authenticated by an *existing original document*? or any thing that could more clearly evidence the criminal servility of her counsellors, who have been generally considered and panegyrised as some of the greatest and most able ministers that ever existed? So much for *political morality!*

PROFANE POPISH SUPERSTITIONS.

A curious and animated description is given in the novel of the Abbot, of a pantomimic farce performed in the great church of the monastery of Kennaquhair, by a party of the villagers of that place and neighbourhood.* The account is introduced by these observations.

“ Few readers can be ignorant that at an early period, and during the plenitude of her power, the church of Rome not only connived at, but even encouraged, such saturnalian licenses, as the inhabitants of Kennaquhair and the neighbourhood had now in hand; and, that the vulgar, on such occasions, were not only permitted, but encouraged, by a number of gambols, sometimes puerile and ludicrous,

* Stubbes, in his “Anatomic of Abuses,” is deservedly severe upon these abominations, whose scene of action was the church. “Then have they their hobby horses, their dragons, and other antiques, together with their bawdy pipers, and their thundering drummers, to strike up the devil’s dance withal—their pipers piping, their bells jingling, their handkerchiefs fluttering about their heads like madmen, their hobby-horses and other monsters skirmishing among the throng.”—P. 57.

sometimes immoral and profane, to indemnify themselves for the *privations* and *penalties* imposed upon them on other occasions. But of all other topics for burlesque and ridicule, the rites of the church were most frequent; and, strange to say, with the *approbation* of the clergy themselves."

A reference to the early historical records of *corrupted christianity* will, we apprehend, furnish an origin for these licentious practices, somewhat different to that which is above adverted to by the accomplished author. The fact, indeed, appears to be, that, as soon as the christian faith became the religion of the state, the clergy, anxiously desirous of multiplying proselytes, and acquiring a permanent influence over the minds of those they should convert, adopted the base policy of accommodating the christian ordinances to the ancient pagan ceremonies; and of encouraging the continuance of certain heathen practices, (utterly inconsistent with the reasonableness and purity of the gospel,) to which the new converts had been attached by inveterate use. Aware of the powerful effect produced upon

the imagination of the gross and vulgar by a pompous, shewy, and busy ritual, they readily opened the door of the christian church for admission of the processions, and tapers, and choral services; the glittering ornaments, and splendid paraphernalia, of the heathen temple. The structures raised for polytheistic worship, were converted into christian *basilicæ*; and the days dedicated to the gods of classical mythology were consecrated to christian saints and martyrs, who had obtained the posthumous honours of popish canonization. To these accommodations to the passions and prejudices of the gentile converts, the Roman Catholic clergy added an adoption of some of the heathen festal anniversaries; and as that of the *Saturnalia* would be most popular with the lower orders, because it reversed, for a short period, the conditions of master and slave, and gave a temporary right to those who were in thralldom and poverty, to lord it over their tyrants and oppressors, the politic priesthood carefully cherished this ancient usage, *not as an indemnification for the privations and penalties imposed upon the canaille at other*

seasons, but because they perceived that to rob them of a privilege which they had enjoyed from the remotest antiquity, and which was invaluable to them from its peculiar character, would prove an effectual bar to the progress of proselytism, and the final establishment of their own spreading popularity, and increasing aggrandisement.* Nay, what is more, they

* The *Roman Saturnalia* were, latterly, prolonged to a week's debauchery and folly. It was towards the close of December, that all the town was in unusual motion, and the children every where invoking *Saturn*. Nothing was now to be seen but tables spread out for feasting; and nothing to be heard but shouts of merriment. All business was dismissed, and none at work but cooks and confectioners: no account of expenses was to be kept; and, it appears, that one tenth part of a man's income was to be appropriated to this jollity. All exertion of mind and body was forbidden, except for the purposes of recreation; nothing to be read or recited, which did not provoke mirth, adapted to the season and the place. The slaves were allowed the utmost freedom of raillery and truth with their masters, (Horace, lib. xi. sat. 7.) sitting with them at table, dressed in their clothes; playing all sorts of tricks; telling them of their faults to their faces, which they smutted. The slaves were imaginary kings, as, indeed, a lottery determined their rank, and as their masters attended them: when-

offered their own sacred fabrics as the theatres

ever it happened that these performed their offices clumsily, doubtless with some recollection of their own misdemeanours, the slaves made their masters leap into the water head foremost. No one was allowed to be angry ; and he who was played on, if he loved his own comfort, would be the first to laugh. Glasses of all sizes were to be ready ; and all were to drink where and what they chose : none but the most skilful musicians and tumblers were to perform ; for these people are worth nothing at all, unless they are exquisite, as the Saturnalian laws decreed. Dancing, and singing, and shouting, and carrying a female musician thrice round on their shoulders, accompanied by every grotesque humour which they imagined, were indulged in that short week, which was to repay the many in which their masters had revenge for the reign of this pretended equality. Another custom prevailed at this season : the priests performed their sacrifices to Saturn bare-headed, which Pitiscus explains, in the spirit of this extraordinary institution, as designed to shew that time discovers, or, as in the present case of the bare-headed priests, uncovers all things.—D'Iraqli's *Cur. Lit.* first series, v. iii. p. 254, edit. 1817. Some remnants of this feast are still to be found in Roman Catholic countries, particularly in Portugal, although the time of exercising such licence is changed from Christmas to Shrove-Tuesday. On this day the liberties taken by the lower orders towards their superiors are much in the spirit of the ancient Saturnalia.

on which these Saturnalian sports should be performed ; and, during the Christmas-tide, (the period when the ancient heathen feast was held,) admitted into the *cathedrals* and *churches* a rabble rout of vulgar masqueraders and wassailers ; who, personating beasts, monsters, and other characters of various descriptions, indulged in every violation of order and decency ; committed the most abominable excesses ; travestied the most solemn services of religion ; and profaned in all possible ways the consecrated piles.

The twofold charge against the Romish clergy, of thus assimilating the forms and services of the Christian faith to the classical ritual, and of encouraging the popular ridicule of sacred ordinances and religious edifices by *their own example*, is, it must be allowed, an accusation of a very heinous nature : but, unhappily, it is too satisfactorily authenticated, to admit of a doubt of its being justly directed against them. With respect to the first feature of this double reproach, its proofs are notoriously afforded by the Romish calendar itself, where many of their saints'

anniversaries will be found to occur on the very days which were anciently commemorative of deities and demigods and heroes; and most of its periodical feasts, with their peculiar ceremonies, will appear (from the same authority) to be fixed on the periods for the celebration of certain ancient pagan festivals; the formalities of which were also imitated, by the introduction of heathen practices into the Christian services appointed for those occasions.

In the *Gemma Animæ* it is confessed, says Mr. Turner, that the processions with lighted tapers, on the Purification of the Virgin Mary, was adopted from the custom of the pagans; who, in the same month, always went about their cities with lights.

The feast of St. Peter ad Vincula was instituted to supersede a splendid pagan festival, celebrated every year on that day, to commemorate the victory of Augustus over Anthony at Actium.

The feast of St. Peter Epularum was another competition: a day in February, on which the pagans brought banquets to the tombs of

their parents, which, they believed, their demons or manes consumed during the night: and, when Gregory the Great sent missionaries into England, to convert its inhabitants to christianity, he directed them to *humour the converts*, by giving some of their superstitions a christian application. In his letter to Miletus, he advises him to let their idolatrous temples remain, but purified by holy water; and as they were accustomed to sacrifice oxen to their idols, he recommends the missionaries, that huts of boughs of trees should be made round these temples, turned into churches, and their joyous festivals should be celebrated there, but on the birth-day of the saint whose relics were in the church; so that they should kill animals not to the devil, but *ad laudem Dei* (to the praise of God).*

* Hist. Eng. ii. 368. Du Cange Gloss. ii. 401. Bede, l. 1. c. 30, p. 71. Mosheim Ecc. Hist. v. 9. And particularly Dr. Middleton's "Letter from Rome, shewing the exact conformity between Popery and Paganism; or the religion of the present Romans to be derived entirely from that of their heathen ancestors," quarto, 1729; where this curious subject is fully, learnedly, and unanswerably discussed. Dr.

But the criminal conduct of the Romish clergy, as far as it regarded these unjustifiable endeavours at proselytism, popularity, and influence, did not terminate with a mere assimilation of Christianity to Paganism; they carried their turpitude to the almost incredible extreme of inviting the multitude, by *their own example*, to “think scorn” of all things sacred, and to ridicule the most solemn rites of the christian religion. For this abominable purpose several *feasts* were established, very early in the Papal church; such as the

Middleton concludes his letter with this remark: “But ’tis now high time for me to conclude, being persuaded, if I do not flatter myself too much, that I have sufficiently made good what I first undertook to prove—an *exact conformity*, or *uniformity* rather, of worship between *Popery* and *Paganism*; for whilst, as I have shewn above, we see the present people of Rome worshipping at this day, in the same temples, at the same altars, sometimes the same images, and always with the same ceremonies, as the old Romans, *they* must have more charity, as well as skill in distinguishing, than *I* pretend to, who can absolve them from the same crime of superstition and idolatry with their pagan ancestors.”—Page 70. See also Blunt’s *Vestiges of Ancient Manners in Italy and Sicily*, 1823.

feast of the *innocents*, the feast of *fools*, the feast of the *ass*, &c. ; the two latter of which, as being most remarkable, deserve to be particularly described.

The feast of *fools* was observed with the following mock solemnities.*

A bishop or archbishop having been consecrated, with numberless buffooneries, in the cathedral of the monastery where the feast was held, he publicly, but in the most ridiculous way, bestowed his benediction upon the people and monks who were assembled to receive it. The clergy then proceeded to the performance of the sacred rites, having first disguised themselves in pantomimic dresses, and covered their faces either with hideous masks or various sorts of paint. The prayers were parodied ; the hymns travestied ; the altar was made a gaming-table ; and the genuflexions, prostrations, &c. were performed in a way to excite convulsive peals of laughter. Mass being finished, the whole troop, clergy

* *Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Fête des Fous, qui se faisoit autres fois dans plusieurs Eglises; par M. du Tilliot; à Lausanne, et à Genève, 4to. 1741.*

and congregation, sallied out into the street ; where they ran, leaped, danced, tumbled, stripped themselves nearly naked, or assumed the dress of women, or the forms of monsters; personated madmen or buffoons; and practised every extravagance that an unbridled and vicious fancy could suggest. Sometimes they shaved their heads, in honour of the bishop of fools; the vicars of the church gambolling before him in the procession, playing on drums, fifes, tongs, pokers, and fire-shovels, and carrying large paper lanterns, on which were painted images the most ridiculous and obscene. At other times, the mock bishop or archbishop, having put on his full pontificals, marched solemnly towards the episcopal throne, followed by his almoner with a cope over his shoulders, and a pillow upon his head instead of a bonnet; took his seat; received the honours usually paid to the mitre; and assisted at the profaned services of the church. These being completed, the almoner called aloud for silence, *silete, silete, silentium habete*; to which the choir replied, *Deo gratias*. The *adjutorium* was then pro-

nounced by the prelate of fools, and followed by his benediction ; when his almoner proceeded to distribute the burlesque indulgences which had been prepared for the occasion, couched in the following terms : “ In behalf of the Lord Bishop : May heaven give you the liver disease, with a basket full of pardons, scurf on your skin, and an itching beard. His lordship further bestows on you the toothe-ache in all plenty ; and to his other bounties adds the gift of a red tail.” The ceremonies of the day included, also, distinct dances by the priests, deacons, clerks, and sub-deacons, as well as a chaunted service, called the *prose of fools*. In the year 1444, (and strange that the discovery was not made before,) this feast was perceived to be both abominable in itself, and injurious to religion and morality, and as such was denounced before the assembly of the Sorbonne. But it found its earnest defenders, and that, too, amongst the clergy ; who did not blush to urge these arguments in its support—that their ancestors, who were grave and reverend men, had always kept that feast, and could they

have better examples? Besides, said they, the folly which is natural to us, and seems to be born with us, is dissipated by this exhilarating annual recreation. Wine-barrels would burst, if we did not relieve them with vent-holes; and man is but an ill-hooped barrel, which the potent wine of wisdom would certainly crack, if it were to ferment in uninterrupted devotion; we must, therefore, occasionally give it air, that it may not be spilt, lost, and profitless.

The *feast* of the *ass* (or asses) exceeded, if possible, the anniversary of fools in absurdity; included impieties of a still more startling description; and, as if intended to be a complete burlesque on christianity, was celebrated on the birth-day of our Blessed Lord. Du Cange gives us a list of all the lessons and hymns which were read and chaunted in mock devotion on this occasion; and Mr. Millin has obliged the public with an account of it, from a missal composed by an Archbishop of Sens, who died in 1222. We may abridge the services and ceremonies as follows.

On the eve of the day appointed for the celebration of the feast, before the commencement of vespers, the clergy went in procession to the door of the cathedral, where two choristers were stationed, singing in a minor key, or rather with a squeaking voice, these monkish lines :

*Lux hodiè, lux letitiæ, me judice, tristis
Quisquis erit, removendus erit, solemnibus istis.
Sicut hodiè, procul invidiæ, procul omnia moesta.
Læta volunt, quicunque celebret asinaria festa.*

Light to-day! the light of joy—
I banish every sorrow;
Wherever found, be it expell'd
From our solemnities to-morrow.
Away be strife and care
From every anxious breast;
And all be joy and glee
In those who keep the asses' feast.

After this anthem, two canons were dispatched to fetch the ass, and to conduct him to the table, at which the great chaunter was seated, whose duty it was to read the order of the ceremonies, and the names of those appointed to take any part in them. The animal, clad in precious priestly ornaments,

was solemnly conducted into the middle of the choir ; during which procession, an hymn was sung in a major key, of which the first and last stanzas follow.

Orientis partibus
Adventabit asinus
Pulcher et fortissimus,
Sarcinis aptissimus.
Hez ! Sire Ane ! Hez, &c.*

Amen dicas, Asine !
Jam satias de gramine ;
Amen, Amen ; itera,
Aspernare vetera.
Hez ! Sire Ane ! Hez, &c.

From the country of the East
Came this strong and handsome beast ;
This able ass, beyond compare,
Heavy loads and packs to bear.
Huzza ! Seignior Ass ! Huzza !

* This chorus was a much more animated and sonorous roar than a common huzza, or " three times three ;" being an united endeavour, in clergy and laity, to imitate, as loudly as possible, the *braying of the ass* !

Amen bray, most honour'd Ass !
 Sated now with grain and grass ;
 Amen repeat, Amen reply,
 And disregard antiquity.
 Huzza ! Seignior Ass ! Huzza !

After this had been sung, the office began by the singing of an anthem in the most discordant manner possible. The office itself lasted the whole night, and part of the next day ; a rhapsody of whatever was sung in the course of the year at the appropriated festivals, forming together the strangest and most ridiculous medley that can be conceived. As it was natural to suppose that the choristers and congregation should feel athirst in so long a performance, wine was distributed in no sparing manner. The signal for *that* part of the ceremony was an anthem, commencing *conductus ad poculum*, &c. "brought to the goblet," &c.

The first evening after vespers, the grand chaunter of Sens headed the jolly band in the street, preceded by an enormous lantern. A vast theatre was prepared for their reception, before the church, where they performed not

the most decent interludes. The singing and dancing were concluded by throwing a pail of water on the head of the great chaunter. They then returned to the church to begin the morning office ; and, on that occasion, several received on their naked bodies a number of pails of water. At the respective divisions of the service, great care was taken to supply the ass with drink and provender. In the middle of it, a signal was given by the anthem, *conductus ad ludos*, &c., "brought to the sport," and the ass was conducted into the nave of the church, where the people, mixed with the clergy, danced round him, and strove to imitate his braying. When the dancing was over, the ass was brought back again into the choir, where the clergy terminated the festival.

The vespers of the second day concluded with an invitation to dinner, in the form of an anthem, like the rest, *conductus ad prandium*, &c., "brought to the dinner ;" and the festival concluded with the repetition of similar theatricals to those which had taken place the day before.*

* Turner's Hist. Eng. v. ii. p. 368 (note).

The mind is quite appalled, when it contemplates scenes of such horrid impiety, loathsome turpitude, and inconceivable absurdity, as those we have described : and equally astonished must it be to learn, that they disgraced the christian church till the sixteenth century. Nor will its disgust or wonder be lessened, when it reflects that the *ministers* of the christian religion (and those of the highest dignity in the church, popes and cardinals, archbishops and bishops, abbots and priors) were the persons who invented and patronised these profanations. They had not the plea of *ignorance* to offer as an excuse for the adoption and practice of such awful abominations ; for almost all the learning of the times was in their hands ; and their consciences must have been convinced, that these rites of Belial were in total opposition to the pure and rational law of Christ ; that the doctrines, promises, and sanctions of the uncorrupted gospel were sufficient, of themselves, if presented to mankind in their native simplicity, beauty, and truth, both to convert the unenlightened to the christian faith, and

to keep them steady in the practice of its precepts. But such proselytism as this was not the object of the Romish hierarchy: it aimed at an unresisted domination over the minds and consciences of mankind; which could only (or at least more speedily) be effected by sacrificing to their prejudices; flattering their passions; indulging their evil propensities; and lowering the proffered faith to the gross and vicious standard of vulgar feeling.* It was this carnal principle; this lusting after an influence, which blasts and degrades wherever it prevails; that gave rise to all the horrid

* Even children were permitted to deride the offices and dignities of the church. Here (in England) we had (says Mr. D'Israeli) our *boy bishop*, a legitimate descendant of this family of foolery. On St. Nicholas's day, a saint who was the patron of children, the boy bishop with his *mitra parva* and a long crozier, attended by his schoolmates, as his diminutive prebendaries, assumed the title and state of bishop. The child-bishop preached a sermon, and afterwards, accompanied by his attendants, went about singing, and collecting his pence. To such theatrical processions, in collegiate bodies, Mr. T. Warton attributes the custom, still existing at Eton, of going *ad montem*.—Cur. of Lit. v. iii. p. 261, edit. 1817. See, also, Warton's Hist. Eng. Poetry, for much curious information on this subject.

deformities, in former times, which we have just presented to the reader ; and which has produced, in later days, the trampling on the Cross by the Jesuits in Japan ; and their accommodating, in China, the services of the christian worship to the rites of Confucius. Nor, when we look calmly and philosophically at what is now passing in the countries around us, can we flatter ourselves that this principle has discontinued its activity, or ceased to operate upon the minds of mankind. The heaven is still at work, though more silently and cautiously than heretofore : and constituted as the Popish Church is, must continue to swell and heave as long as such an ecclesiastical fabric exists. With a head which boasts itself, and is declared by its adherents to be, infallible ; with a priesthood dead to the perception of social sympathies and domestic charities, by a chilling vow of celibacy, and consequently more intensely devoted to that church, to which they have sacrificed some of the best feelings of the heart, and some of the dearest relations of life : armed with excommunications and indulgences ; anathemas and

absolutions; damnatory powers, and exculpatory masses, the Roman Catholic religion is, even in these enlightened times, the most active and tremendous moral agent in the world. Happy are those regions which have liberated themselves from its thralldom; broken "its bonds; cast away its cords;" and regained that "liberty, wherewith Christ hath made them free:" and wise will they be, as they are happy, if they carefully preserve those barriers, which curb its growth, check its influence, and prevent it from exercising its former terrible potency under their own favoured skies. With every feeling in unison with a wide and liberal *toleration*, the reflecting *British Protestant*—(devoted, and rationally devoted to the reformed faith which he professes; to the mild modification of kingly government under which he lives; to the equal and well-administered laws which guard his person and his property; and to the Constitution which protects him in the rational enjoyment of the rights of both)—will still be inclined to consider *Catholic emancipation* (as far as it concern his own country) in the light

of an exception to the general rule : and when he reverts to the history of the popish church in England ; to its atrocities and frauds ; its open persecutions, and secret intrigues ; its degrading superstitions, and exclusive pretensions ; and observes that the same spirit still animates its operations, wherever it is dominant, or struggling for dominion ; he will hesitate to remove “ the partition wall ” which protects his own sacred inclosure from the ravages of the spoiler, lest, haply, should he be guilty of such rashness, he might have to deplore it when too late, with the regrets of the foolish Corydon :

“ Eheu ! quid volui misero mihi ? floribus austrum
 “ Perditus, et liquidis immisi fontibus apros ! ” *

• It is gratifying to find that the above remark, on a subject of much difficulty and delicacy, coincides with the convictions of so liberal, learned, and enlightened a divine, as the Rev. Thos. Falconer, M. D. of Bath ; who, in the conclusion of his “ probationary discourse ” to his Bampton lectures, (preached 5th Nov. 1808,) has the following happy observation : “ We do not, with decorous affectation, condemn a persecuting spirit, whilst we teach that there are cases where it is a duty, and persons who are the appropriate objects

of it; but we teach that it is so far from resembling a duty, that it is a violation of all others, and most contrary to the nature of every thing which pretends to be religion. If, however, upon the most exact scrutiny, it should appear that *opposite tenets are still maintained by our adversaries*, the conclusion would certainly be this,—that no Protestant *could wish to see, again, such persons, or such opinions, among “the many noble,” and the “many mighty” of “Cæsar’s household.”*—*Falconer’s Bampton Lectures*, p. 309. Oxford, 1911.



KENILWORTH.

IF the "Scotch Novels" afford decided evidence of their author's intimate acquaintance with the moral and physical aspect of his own native land ; of its history, antiquities, legends, and superstitions ; and of the habits, customs, and opinions of its inhabitants ; the novel which we are now to illustrate, offers an equally convincing proof of his thorough knowledge of the domestic story, quaint manners, and characteristic peculiarities, of the people of England, in one of the most picturesque and interesting epochs of our annals, the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Though not the highest praise of our author, it certainly forms one of the great charms and best uses of his writings,

that he has seasoned them largely, and thoroughly, with accurate *antiquarian knowledge*, and woven into the texture of every one of them, those features and fashions of the times, which characterised the period of each individual story. This is remarkably the case with Kenilworth. None of the peculiarities in popular manners or opinions, in modes of life or forms of expression, have escaped his universal research. The ephemeral fashions, the personal costume, the favourite amusements, the popular pursuits, and the common phraseology of the day, are all awakened from their slumber of two centuries and an half; detected; appropriated; and marshalled before the reader, in forms so fresh and natural, as effectually produce the impression intended to be operated on the fancy, of real appearances, and actual occurrences. Rarely, very rarely, has he missed the attainment of this end, by committing any solecism, with respect to the manners of the age with which he is engaged, or by having been betrayed into any incongruity in the allusions or illustrations of which he has made use: nor

can we call to mind more than one instance, in the work under consideration, in which inadvertence has led him into such a violation of, what would be called in a *sister art*, this *harmony of colouring*. The instance, indeed, is a remarkable one, because it involves an historical fact of a somewhat curious nature : we allude to the conversation between the Earl of Leicester and Janet, when he wishes to present her with some token of his approbation of her faithful and attentive services to Amy. His offer of the jewels having been declined, he produces some gold for her acceptance, accompanying the gift with these words : “ But here is what neither Papist nor Puritan, *Latitudinarian* nor Precisian, ever boggles or makes mouths at.” Now the error here is, that Leicester is made to use a *term*, and anticipate its general circulation, nearly a century before it was coined. It was not till Burnet’s time, that the word *latitudinarian* found its way into the English language ; when the following circumstance occasioned its adoption : Hobbs, by the publication of his *Leviathan*, certainly produced one good effect, that of exciting

men to enquiry on some of the most important subjects that can occupy the human mind, and awakening among the writers of his times a freer spirit of reasoning, and a bolder tone of philosophising, than had before existed in the country. "All these (writers)," says Burnet, "and those that were formed under them, studied to examine farther into the nature of things than had been done formerly. They declared against superstition on the one hand, and enthusiasm on the other. They loved the constitution of the church, and the liturgy, and could well live under them; but they did not think it unlawful to live under another form. They wished that things might have been carried with more moderation: and they continued to keep a good correspondence with those who differed from them in opinion, and allowed a great freedom both in philosophy and divinity, from whence they were called men of *latitude*; and upon this, men of narrower thoughts, and fiercer tempers, fastened upon them the name of *latitudinarians*."* This was in the year 1661.

* Burnet's Hist. own Times, v. i. p. 388, fol. edit.

We must allow, also, that certain *anachronisms* occur in the novel of *Kenilworth*, which had been better avoided; because, as they regard a period of our history, the consecutive events of which are well known, they necessarily detract much from that air of *probability*, which forms the principal interest of such compositions. Few modern readers are ignorant, for instance, that Amy Robsart's marriage with Dudley took place when both parties were very young; long before those prospects had opened upon him, which were the great incitement to his future atrocities: and that, as soon as the chance of his allying himself either to Elizabeth or Mary appeared, he freed himself from the conjugal fetters by the destruction of his wedded wife. Nor is it less notorious, that Elizabeth's visit to *Kenilworth* took place many years after Amy's death; and that, long subsequently to this visit, Leicester formed that matrimonial connexion with the widow of Essex; the Queen's discovery of which occasioned the sudden paroxysm of rage, and transient resolves of vengeance upon Leicester, which are so

admirably described, but so egregiously misplaced in the volumes before us. But all these, and other minor defects, are mere spots in the sun, lost in the blaze of splendour which bursts out from every page of this extraordinary work. The genius of the times of which the novelist wrote, seems to have identified itself with his own fancy; and as he mingled with manners and imagery peculiarly congenial to his taste, he has transfused into their description a degree of vigour and brilliancy quite unmatched, not only in the works of any other novelist, but not to be paralleled even in his own, with, perhaps, the solitary exception of *Ivanhoe*. The genius of chivalry, indeed, had, long before the reign of Elizabeth, been scared from England, by the tedious and cruel contest between the houses of York and Lancaster; which had quenched, in selfish, unsocial, and ferocious feelings, the romantic courtesy and high-minded generosity of the age of knighthood. But the peculiar taste and egregious vanity of the English queen had recalled to her court the shadow of the departed institution; and substituted in

the room of the reality, a semblance of it, approximating, as nearly as possible, in form and fashion, to the gorgeous original. The quaint gallantry and formal devotion to the softer sex were revived; the splendid chivalric shews of past ages were imitated; the exhibitions of the *tilt-yard* supplied the place of the ancient tournament; and certain offices, connected with knighthood, were once more conferred, which had, in the "olden time," given real dignity and political importance to those who held them.

In consequence of this restored taste for the striking peculiarities of chivalry, the court of Elizabeth exhibited a whimsical scene of clumsy magnificence, real brilliancy, and affected gallantry, admirably adapted to impress the imagination of a writer, so sensitive and spirited as the author of *Kenilworth*; and, it cannot be denied, that he has displayed its characteristic *phases*, with marvellous vividness and truth. Elizabeth herself was the chief performer on this fantastic theatre. She is, therefore, very properly, made to occupy the place of the *prima donna*, in the author's

drama: nor do we think, that any one of his high-bred females, in any one of his novels, is represented with so much nature and power as this extraordinary woman. But her character was exactly suited to his conceptions; full of strong, bold, and anti-feminine points; and diluted with nothing soft or delicate; a "*lion-hearted queen*," as Hollinshed denominates her; and a violent, capricious, and malignant *woman*, as her personal history demonstrates her to have been; whose life was a careless exhibition of paroxysms of passion, or contemptible weaknesses, except when controlled by policy, or concealed by a crafty attention to her interests. The situations in which the author has presented this moral anomaly to the reader, are skilfully selected from the records of history, to display, with the best possible effect, all her violent and varied feelings; and whether she scolds or flatters, rages or relents, her anger and her love, her pride and her vanity, her jealousy and duplicity, are so forcibly depicted, that an irresistible conviction rushes upon the mind, of the copy being a very *fac simile* of the

royal original. This opinion we conceive to be justified by all the scenes in which Elizabeth is introduced as the principal performer ; and its truth demonstrated by those of her interview with Amy in the garden, and of her discovery of Leicester's actual marriage.

The real personal and moral qualities, also, of Leicester are admirably exhibited ; and the circumstances of his peculiar situation, and the working of his evil mind under those circumstances, are very skilfully and impressively managed ; while a gleam of occasional cheerfulness is thrown over the general darkness of the tale, by the well-sketched and highly-contrasted characters of the sanguine and impetuous, but elegant and courteous, Raleigh, and the honest, homely, brave, and simple-hearted Blount. Flibbertigibbet, also, is one of the most amusing and clever of the author's *grotesques*, and has the further merit of being essential to the plot of the story ; nor is "the cunning smith" Wayland without his use and interest.* In the usual spirit

* A tradition of Wayland Smith, the invisible smith, is still preserved in the vale of *White Horse*

of his writings, the author could not withstand the temptation of representing the *Puritans*

in Berkshire. The figure which gives this name, says Mr. Gough, is cut on the side of a steep hill, facing the north-west, and covers nearly an acre of ground. It is supposed to be a memorial of Alfred's victory over the Danes at Ashdown, in that neighbourhood. The burial-place of Bacseg, the Danish chief, who was slain in this fight, is distinguished by a parcel of stones, less than a mile from the hill, set on edge, inclosing a piece of ground somewhat raised: on the east side of the southern extremity, stand three squarish flat stones, of about four or five feet over each way, supporting a fourth larger one, lying flat on them, like a cromlech; and now called, by the vulgar, *Wayland Smith*, from an idle tradition about an invisible smith replacing horse-shoes.—Gough's edit. of Camden's *Britannia*, v. i. p. 221. This "idle tradition," Mr. Gough should have known, originated in deep antiquity, and was connected with the Scandinavian mythology. We find, from more authorities than one, that Waylan was the *Vulcan* of the Goths; and that, like his Grecian connection, he carried on the business of his *smithy* in the interior of a mountain, or in subterraneous caverns.—Mallet's *North. Antiq.* Percy's translation. It is worth notice that English antiquaries appear to have been much mistaken, in attributing these figures of horses, carved on our chalky downs, to the Danes, instead of the Saxons. The former, a sea-faring people, had little use, and, consequently, little estimation, for this valuable animal:

in an unfavourable point of view. Even the affectionate and faithful Janet is tinged too much with the *ridiculous* to be respectable ; and her hateful father associates the most atrocious and contemptible vices, with a rigid appearance of attention to the external forms and inward feelings of the recently established sect. The mode in which he is made to terminate his existence is well imagined ; and gratifies the mind, naturally, if not properly, by a temporal retribution directly appropriate to the criminality of the career of such a worthless wretch.* The circumstances of

the latter both used and valued it. The ensign of the former was a *raven* ; of the latter, an *horse* ; and one of their most celebrated leaders in England was named after it—*Horsa*.

* The real circumstances of Anthony Foster's death were very striking, though not such as described in the novel. "This man," (says a contemporary,) "being afterwards taken for a felony, in the marshes of Wales, and offering to publish the *manner of the said murder*," (probably declaring that he would accuse Leicester of the murder of Amy Robsart, unless the favourite interfered to procure his pardon,) "was made away with privily in the prison, (poisoned by the command either of Leicester, or

his fate, however, are so exactly similar to those which we remember to have heard related, many years ago, of a miser at Paris, that we entertain some doubt whether Anthony Varney.)—*Leicester's Commonwealth, &c.* London, 1641. The history of this book is curious: it was published in 1584, and supposed to have been written by *Parsons* the Jesuit. "The drift of it was to shew that the English Constitution was subverted, and a new form imperceptibly introduced, to which no name could so properly be given as that of '*Leicester's Commonwealth*.'—The queen did not fail to countenance and protect her favourite against this attack; and, to remove, as much as possible, the impression which this bitter performance was sure to make upon the vulgar, she caused letters to be issued from the privy council, in which all the facts contained therein were declared to be absolutely false, not only to the knowledge of those who signed them, but also of the queen herself. Nevertheless, this book was universally read, and the contents of it generally received for truth; and the great secrecy with which it was written, printed, and published, induced a suspicion that some very able heads were concerned, either in drawing it up, or, at least, in furnishing the materials.—*Strype's Memoirs*, v. iii. p. 359. It is not well known what the original title of it was, but supposed to be "*A Dialogue between a Scholar, a Gentleman, and a Lawyer*," though it was afterwards called "*Leicester's Commonwealth*." It has been several times reprinted, particularly in 1600, oct.; in

Foster's exit was an original conception of the author of *Kenilworth*, or not. The anecdote to which we allude was as follows.

Monsieur Le ——— was one of the richest farmers of the revenue in the time of Louis the Fifteenth. All Paris knew and talked of his great wealth and excessive parsimony; for though he resided in one of the largest houses of the city, yet his establishment was so small, and his visible expenditure so limited, that every one wondered how he could dispose of the vast income of which he was known to be in the receipt. He made no shew; he bought no estates; he placed no money upon public securities. The only great expense which he was known to have incurred

1631, oct.; the running title being, "A Letter of State to a Scholar of Cambridge:" in 1641, quarto and oct., with the addition of "Leicester's Ghost," and again in 1706, under the title of "Secret Memoirs of Robert Dudley earl of Leicester," with a preface by Dr. Drake, who pretended it to be printed from an old MS. The design of reprinting it, in 1641, was to give an ill impression of the government of Charles I.; and the like was supposed to be the design of Dr. Drake, in his publication. The editions which we have used are those of 1641 and 1706.

was that of altering and fitting up his vast mansion; for which purpose he had brought workmen from a far province, who, when they had compleated their contract, were paid, dismissed, and sent back to their distant home. He was a silent, reserved man, little seen in public, except in places, and on matters, of business; precise in his habits; and, having neither wife nor child, spending almost all his hours in gloomy solitude at home. An air of mystery hung about himself and his manner of life; and when the gay parties of Paris had exhausted their other topics of conversation, speculations on the character and conduct of Monsieur Le — would frequently re-animate the circle, and afford an unfailing subject for the exercise of their ingenuity, curiosity, and vivacity. Whilst the rich farmer of the revenue thus supplied ample scope for the envy, or the wonder, or the merriment of his neighbourhood, he suddenly disappeared. The servant carried up his scanty supper at the accustomed hour, into his library, where he usually sat; but, to his surprise, the great chair of his

naster was without its tenant. After a long interval, he again ascended to the apartment ; it was still silent and empty. A search was now made in every room in the house for Monsieur Le ——— ; the absentee, however, was no where to be seen. The family became at length seriously alarmed ; the neighbourhood was apprised of the circumstance ; and messengers were dispatched in every direction, to gain tidings of the lost farmer-general. They returned unsuccessful ; and the servants concluded that their master had gone out in the evening, been waylaid, robbed, murdered, and his body cast into the Seine. Full of this loomy impression, they once more visited the library. Here, as before, no living being met their eye ; but they all heard indistinct sounds, well calculated to excite their superstitious fears. The sounds were sometimes those of distress, at others, those of rage ; knockings were now imperfectly distinguished ; and now they were terrified with the moanings of pain, or the groans of despair. The conclusion was inevitable — ~~the farmer-general had~~ been taken off by violence, and his indignant

shade had returned to his house to excite his domestics to the investigation of his fate. For several days the awful sounds continued to be heard ; till at length the servants, fully persuaded that the library was *haunted*, shut the windows, locked the door, and delivered the key to the representative of M. Le ———, with a detail of the dreadful circumstances connected with the mysterious apartment. This account, at that time, was sufficient to render this portion of the house a prohibited spot ; and years rolled away without any of its inhabitants venturing to unlock the library door. In the course of time, however, reparations were required in the upper part of the mansion. As the workmen traversed the extensive roof, one of them discovered a small sky-light, near the centre of the building. He looked through it ; and, to his horror and astonishment, beheld what he conceived to be a human skeleton, at a vast depth below. He gave instant notice to his comrades : a ladder was procured, and two or three of the most hardy of the band descended into the apartment. It was square and small, lighted only

from above ; and apparently entered by a door, scarcely to be detected as such, in a pannel of the wainscoat. But the most singular object in the room was the skeleton of a man, bending over a table, covered with an enormous quantity of gold, who had evidently been starved to death, and had expired in a last act of worship to his god Mammon. It will readily be anticipated, that this wretched figure was no other than M. Le ———, who had fallen a victim to the suspicious caution of a miserly spirit. Afraid to trust his gold in any hands but his own, he had directed his provincial workmen to construct a secret room for its depository, in the centre of his house, to be connected with his library by a passage guarded with several doors. One of these doors, that which led from the library into the passage, was so nicely contrived in the wainscoat, as to be invisible to those who were unacquainted with the secret of its construction. They all opened *from without*, with a concealed spring ; but required the assistance of a *master-key* to afford regress to any one who was within the mysterious chamber. On

the fatal evening of his disappearance, Mons. Le —— had gone, as usual, to visit and adore his treasure, but by some unaccountable oversight had omitted to take with him the *master-key*. The consequences of this inadvertence may be readily imagined. The doors, which had been carefully closed after him, could not be opened again *from within*, and his strength was utterly unequal to force them. He had endeavoured to rouse the attention of the family to his melancholy situation by cries and noises of every description; but the distance of the concealed apartment, and the several doors by which it was separated from the library, had not only prevented these intimations of his distress from being distinctly heard, but had persuaded the superstitious domestics that the almost inaudible sounds were unearthly, and proceeded from the ghost of their murdered master. Nature struggled with the agonies of excessive hunger and thirst for several days, during which the domestics continuing to hear the supernatural noises, shut up, under the influence of their terror, the room in which the

troubled spirit was now supposed to dwell. All possibility of escape being thus precluded, at last M. Le Croix seems to have met his fate in gloomy acquiescence; and, with

“ the ruling passion strong in death,”

to have breathed out his spirit over that accumulated treasure, which, during life, had been the exclusive object of his devotion and solicitude.

Highly, however, as we think and have spoken of the novel of Kenilworth, we do not consider it as a faultless production. It betrays want of judgment, and offends against taste in more instances than one. A character of such pure and unrelieved villany as Varney's never existed; and had such a moral monster ever appeared on the surface of society, he would not have been a proper subject either for description or representation. Man cannot, with all his efforts, entirely shake off the feelings of his nature. The “ image of God,” originally impressed upon his being, though dreadfully marred by his fall from obedience, was not utterly obliterated; nor can systematic

wickedness be so complete as to exclude altogether from the soul the "compunctious visitings of nature;" to bar it against the access of some reluctant feelings, *before* the execution of a "fell purpose;" or of the prickings of conscience, after it has been perpetrated. Passion may overwhelm, for a time, all the good attributes of our compounded being, or perverted views of self-interest may deaden and almost destroy their energy; but nature will still vindicate her rights, and select some moments in the life of every wicked man, either to melt him with pity, or shake him with alarm, or rack him with remorse. To none of these throes of feeling, however, is the heart of Varney accessible: the tenor of his life is an unbroken course of cool, calculating, systematic atrocity; and the close of it is made almost *respectable*, by the author's representing him as encountering death with an indifference, or rather heroism, that would have cast a lustre upon the last moments of a martyr. This representation is not only another offence against the rule of *poetical justice*, which proportions, as much

as may be, the nature of the retribution to the degree of crime ; it is, also, a most unwise perversion of historical truth. The termination of Varney's existence, instead of being preceded by calmness, or associated with fortitude, exhibited, in fact, all the horror and despair which must ever accompany unrepented iniquity. "Sir Richard himself," says a cotemporary writer, "dying about the same time in London, cried piteously, and blasphemed God ; and said to a gentleman of worship of my acquaintance, not long before his death, that all the devils in hell did tear him in pieces."* What a fine opportunity would an attention to this historical fact have afforded to the author, of conveying an important moral lesson to his readers ; of blending the *utile* with the *dulce* ; and improving the heart, while he interested the imagination.

Nor is the catastrophe assigned to the gentle, artless, and unfortunate *Amy* less objectionable. The emotions it excites are all of the painful kind. The mode of her destruction, and the imagery of her *white dress*

* Leicester's Commonwealth, p. 36.

and *moving arm*, freeze the reader with horror, rather than melt him with pity ; and instead of that tenderness which would steal over his soul, and improve it by a sweet but melancholy sympathy, had her unmerited trials closed in a less dreadful way, he is repelled from a contemplation of her end, either by affright or disgust. This is the more reprehensible in the author, as the real story of Amy Robsart left him at liberty to choose the *manner* of her death, which was, at the time, involved in mystery, and has never since been actually ascertained. Some asserted that "she had the chance to fall from a pair of stairs, and so break her neck, but yet without hurting of her hood that stood upon her head ;" while others believed, that Leicester "prescribed unto Sir Richard Varney, that he should first attempt to kill her by poison, and if that took not place, then by any other way to dispatch her howsoever."

Pure taste, however, associated with powerful genius is a rare combination, bestowed only on the privileged of the earth. It was given to the Greek tragedians, and to our own

immortal Shakespeare, who never mistake the passions, nor shock, when they mean to affect, the mind. When the Bard of Avon paints the ambitious villain Macbeth, who plunges into the horrid and complicated guilt of murdering, in the same person, his king and his guest, some *relief* is given to the atrocious character, and some tender and natural feelings mixed up with the barbarous deed, which throw the mind into a state of pensive melancholy, instead of overwhelming horror. Macbeth has *reluctances* before the act, induced by the most natural and touching circumstances : he cannot kill Duncan at first, because the king looks so much like "his own father ;" because he has "honour'd him of late; and because "he has borne his faculties so meekly." And *after* the "terrible feat" is committed, the *remorse* of the criminal is a cordial and refreshing drop to the sinking heart of the reader : the murderer is "afraid to think what he has done;" he acknowledges that he has "put rancours in the vessel of his peace;" and that "his way of life

" Is fall'n into the year, the yellow leaf;
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 He must not look to have."

In like manner, when Shakespeare finishes Lear's complicated sufferings by death, the little touching circumstances of pure nature, which he connects with the close of the unfortunate monarch's life, soothe rather than agitate the feelings; and leave us to the enjoyment of a sweet and improving sorrow;

"Thou'lt come no more,
 Never, never, never, never, never—
Pray you undo this button—thank you, Sir."

Was ever the image of a *heart bursting with grief* thrown before "the mind's eye" with an adjunct of such pure simplicity and genuine pathos?

Historical Illustrations.

THE story of this novel has little connection with the public politics or general history of the country. It violates throughout, indeed, the chronology of Elizabeth's reign, by representing certain transactions as occurring in immediate succession, which were separated from each other by an interval of many years. But this dislocation of events is of the less importance, as they relate only to domestic or personal memoirs. The narrative hinges upon the sad fortunes of Amy Robsart, which form a painful tissue of unvaried disappointments, distresses, and privations, closed by an unmerited and horrible death—and the circumstances which occurred

during Elizabeth's visit to Leicester, at his sumptuous residence, Kenilworth Castle, in 1575.* These form the ground-work, and almost the whole superstructure, of the story; and as such, to them shall we confine our present remarks.

We have already observed that the first wife of Leicester was Amy, the daughter of Sir John Robsart, of Sheen, in Surrey; a match effected (like most of the marriages between the offspring of the great in that age) when the parties were very young, and resulting from plans and adjustment of their parents, rather than from their own predilection for each other. The connection was sanctioned by the young king, Edward VI., who honoured the ceremony with his presence, and speedily advanced the bridegroom to considerable offices at court. For a few years, Leicester and his wife appear to have lived together on what are called decent, if not on affectionate, terms; and though the rays of royal favour, which daily shone upon

* She had been twice before at Kenilworth; in 1566 and 1568.—Nichol's Progress.

him with increasing warmth, gradually produced and embittered his regret at having matched himself with so humble a partner for life as Amy Robsart ; yet he does not seem to have conceived any notion of ridding himself of this domestic burthen by violent means, till the prospect of sharing either the Scotch or the English throne glittered before his imagination. To both of these speculations, Amy was an insurmountable bar ; and he resolved to remove it by her immediate destruction. How this was effected is a matter of some doubt. All that we know of it is contained in the following narrations. “ Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, a very goodly personage, being a great favourite to Queen Elizabeth, it was thought, and commonly reported, that, had he been a bachelor or widower, the queen would have made him her husband. To this end, to free himself from all obstacles, he, with fair flattering intreaties, desires his wife to repose herself at Cumnor, in Berkshire, at his servant Anthony Foster’s house, who then lived in the manor-house of this place ; and also prescribed to Sir Richard Varney, a pro-

motor of this design, at his coming hither, that he should first attempt to poison her, and if that did not take effect, then by any way whatsoever to dispatch her." The poisoning scheme, Aubrey says, not succeeding, the foul instruments of Leicester's villany effected their purpose in the following manner. "Sir Richard Varney, who, by the earl's order, remained with her alone on the day of her death, and Foster, who had that day forcibly sent away all her servants from her to Abingdon fair, about three miles distance from this place; these two persons first stifling her, or else strangling her, afterwards flung her down a pair of stairs, and broke her neck, using much violence upon her; yet caused it to be reported that she fell down of herself, believing the world would have thought it a mischance, and not have suspected the villany. As soon as she was murdered, they made haste to bury her, before the coroner had given in his inquest; which the earl himself condemned, as not done advisedly; and her father, Sir John Robsart, hearing, came with all speed hither, caused her corpse to be

taken up, the coroner to sit upon her, and further inquiry to be made concerning this business to the full. But it was generally thought that the earl stopped his mouth; who, to shew the great love he bore to her while alive, and what a grief the loss of so virtuous a lady was to his tender heart, caused her body to be buried in St. Mary's church, Oxford, with great pomp and solemnity. It is also remarkable, that Dr. Babington, the earl's chaplain, preaching the funeral sermon, tripped once or twice in his speech, recommending to their memories that virtuous lady so pitifully *murdered*, instead of saying so pitifully *slain*."*

It is evident that the above particulars are given by Aubrey from the celebrated book, written by Parsons the Jesuit, entitled "Leicester's Commonwealth;" but he has omitted several curious circumstances respecting the attempt to poison the unhappy lady, which throw some light on the practices of the time, and the diabolical character of the earl. The book consists of a dialogue between a scholar,

* Ashmole's Antiq. of Berkshire, vol. i. page 140.

a gentleman, and a lawyer. "*Lawyer.* Here the lawyer began to laugh apace, both at the device and at the minister; and said, Now truly, if my lord's contracts hold no better, but hath so many infirmities with subtleties, and by-places besides, I would be loth that he were married to my daughter, mean as she is. But yet (quoth the gentleman) I had rather of the two be his wife, for the time, than his guest, especially if the Italian chyrurgeon or physician be at hand. True it is, (saith the lawyer,) for he doth not poison his wives, whereof I somewhat marvel at his first wife: I muse why he chose rather to make her away by open violence, than by some *Italian confortive*. Hereof (said the gentleman) may be divers reasons alleged. First: that he was not at that time so skilful in those Italian wares, nor had about him so fit physicians and chyrurgeons for the purpose: nor yet do I think that his mind was so settled then in mischief, as it hath been since; for you know that men are not desperate the first day, but do enter into mischief by degrees, and with some doubt, or staggering of con-

science at the beginning; and so he at that time might be desirous to have his wife made away with, for that she letted him in his designments, but yet not so stoney-hearted as to appoint out the particular manner of her death, but rather to leave that to the discretion of the murderer. Secondly: it is not, also, unlike that he prescribed to Sir Richard Varney, at his going thither, that he should first attempt to kill her by poison, and if that took not place, then by any other way to dispatch her howsoever. This I prove by the report of old Dr. Bayly, who then lived in Oxford, (another manner of man than he who now liveth about my lord of the same name,) and was professor of the physic lecture in the same university. This learned grave man reported for most certain, that there was a practice in Cumnor, among the conspirators, to have poisoned the poor lady a little before she was killed, which was attempted in this order: they, seeing the good lady sad and heavy, (as one that well knew, by her other handling, that her death was not far off,) began to persuade her that her disease was abundance of melan-

choly and other humours, and therefore would needs counsel her to take some potion; which she absolutely refusing to do, as suspecting still the worst; they sent one day (unawares to her) for Doctor Bayly, and desired him to persuade her to take some little potion at his hands, and they would send to fetch the same at Oxford, upon his prescription, meaning to have added, also, somewhat of their own for her comfort, as the Doctor upon just cause suspected. Seeing their great importunity, and the small need which the good lady had of physic, therefore he flatly denied their request; misdoubting (as he after reported) lest, if they had poisoned her under the name of his potion, he might have been hanged for a colour of their sin. Marry, the said doctor remained well assured that this way taking no place, she should not long escape violence, as after ensued.”*

The other event on which the novel of Kenilworth is founded is Elizabeth's last visit to that castle in 1575. Of this we have a full description handed down to us in Lane-

* P. 32, edit. 1641.

ham's letter (who was a sort of *arbiter elegantiarum* on the occasion); and in Gascoyne's Princely Pleasures at the Court of Kenilworth.* These accounts are too tedious and elaborate to be inserted here; but it may not be amiss to give an outline of the sights and exhibitions with which her Majesty was amused, collected from writers less particular in their details than "the Keeper of the Council Chamber-door," and the Poet.

"Her Majesty came to Kenilworth on Saturday the 9th of July. She was met, near the castle, by a fictitious sibyl, who promised peace and prosperity to the country during her reign. Over the first gate of the castle there stood six gigantic figures with trumpets, real trumpeters being stationed behind them, who sounded as the queen approached: upon her entering the gateway, the porter, in the character of Hercules, made an oration, and presented to her the keys. Being come into the base-court, a lady came all over the pool, being so conveyed that it

* Both published in "Kenilworth illustrated." Chiswick, 4to. 1821.

seemed she had gone upon the water : she was attended by two water-nymphs; and calling herself "the Lady of the Lake," she addressed her Majesty with a speech prepared for the purpose. The queen then proceeded to the inner court, and passed the bridge, which was railed on both sides; and the tops of the posts were adorned with sundry presents and gifts, as of wine, corn, fruits, fishes, fowls, instruments of music, and weapons of war. The meaning of these emblematical decorations was explained in a Latin speech delivered by the author of it. Then an excellent band of music began to play as her Majesty entered the inner court, where she alighted from her horse, and went up stairs to the apartments prepared for her.

"On Sunday evening she was entertained with a grand display of fireworks, as well in the air as upon the water.

"On Monday, after a great hunting, she was met on her return by Gascoigne the poet, so disguised as to represent a savageman, who paid her many high-flown compliments in a kind of dialogue between himself and an echo.

“ On Tuesday she was diverted with music, dancing, and an interlude upon the water.

“ On Wednesday was another grand hunting.

“ On Thursday she was amused with a grand bear-baiting ; to which were added tumbling and fire-works.

“ On Friday, the weather being unfavourable, there were no open shews.

“ On Saturday there was dancing within the castle, and a country bride-all ; with running at the quintin in the castle-yard, and a pantomimical shew, called the old Coventry play of *Hock-Thursday*, performed by persons who came from Coventry for that purpose. In the evening a regular play was added, succeeded by a banquet and a masque.

“ On the Sunday there was no public spectacle.

“ On the Monday there was a hunting in the afternoon ; and on the queen’s return, she was entertained with another shew upon the water, in which appeared a person in the character of Arion, riding upon a dolphin twenty-four feet in length ; and he sung an admirable song, accompanied with music, performed by

six musicians concealed in the belly of the fish. Her Majesty, it appears, was much pleased with this exhibition.*

"On Tuesday the Coventry play was repeated, because the queen had not seen the whole of it on Saturday.

"On Wednesday the 20th of the same month, she departed from Kenilworth. Various other pastimes were prepared on this occasion,

* The author of the novel of Kenilworth has attributed one circumstance to the sports of the castle, which Lancham's description does not sanction; and made it characteristic of the violent, hardened, and licentious Michael Lambourne. He appears to have adopted it from the following note in Lancham's Letter, in "Kenilworth Illustrated." In a collection of "Merry Passages and Jests," Harl. MS. 6395, is the following anecdote: "There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth, upon the water; and among others, Harry Goldingham was to represent Arion upon a dolphin's back, but finding his voice to be very hoarse and unpleasant when he was to perform it, he tears off his disguise, and swears he was none of Arion but even honest Harry Goldingham; which blunt discovery pleased the queen better than if he had gone through in the right way—yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceedingly well."

but for want of time and opportunity, they could not be performed.”*

Sir William Dugdale has mentioned some other little circumstances that took place during the celebration of this magnificent baronial entertainment, which is said to have cost the noble host no less than £30,000; a prodigious sum, if calculated by the rate of money in the present day.

“Here,” (says he,) “in July, an. 1575, (17th Eliz.) having completed all things for her reception, did he (Leicester) entertain the queen for the space of seventeen days, with excessive cost, and variety of delightful shews, as may be seen in a special discourse then printed, and entitled *The Princely Pleasures of Kemilworth Castle*; having at her first entrance a floating island upon the pool, bright blazing with torches, upon which were clad in silks the Lady of the Lake, and two nymphs waiting on her, who made a speech to the queen in meter, of the antiquity and owners of that castle, which was

* Strutt's *Glig Gamena Angel-theod*. Introduction, p. 30.

closed with cornets and other loud music. Within the base-court was there a very goodly bridge set up of twenty foot wide and seventy foot long, over which the queen did pass; on each side whereof were posts erected with presents upon them unto her, by the gods, viz. a cage of wild-fowl, by Sylvanus; sundry sorts of rare fruits, by Pomona; of corn, by Ceres; of wine, by Bacchus; of sea-fish, by Neptune; of all habiliments of war, by Mars; and of musical instruments, by Phœbus. And, for the several days of her stay, various and rare shews and sports were there exercised, viz. in the chase, a savage man with satyrs, *bear-baitings*, fire-works, Italian tumblers, a *country bride-all*, with running at the *quintin*, and morris dancing; and that there might be nothing wanting that these parts could afford, hither came the Coventry men, and acted the ancient play, long since used in that city, called *Hocks-Tuesday*, setting forth the destruction of the Danes in King Ethelred's time; with which the queen was so pleased, that she gave them a brace of bucks, and five marks in money, to bear the charges of a feast.

“ Besides all this, he had upon the pool a Triton, riding on a mermaid eighteen feet long; as, also, Arion on a dolphin, with rare music. And, to honour this entertainment the more, there were then knighted here, Sir Thomas Cecill, son and heir to the lord treasurer, Sir Henry Cobham, Sir Francis Stanhope, and Sir Thomas Tresham. The cost and expense whereof may be guessed at by the quantity of beer then drunk, which amounted to three hundred and twenty hogsheads of the ordinary sort, as I have credibly heard.”*

* Hist. of Warwickshire, Dugdale, Thomas's edit. p. 236. One of the last specimens of old English hospitality, upon this princely scale, was exhibited at that magnificent mansion, Longleat, in the late Marquis of Bath's time. When Lord Chancellor Thurlow (the Marquis's particular friend) paid him a visit, the choice party was so large, that one hundred persons sat down daily to dinner in the servants' hall; and the contents of an enormous cask of strong-beer containing several hundred hogsheads, *were sunk every day one inch.*

Biographical Illustrations.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

It is a matter of regret, though not of surprise, that the admiration, respect, and regard of the generality of mankind should be engaged by the exhibition of splendid qualities and specious virtues, rather than by the manifestation of those amiable, gentle, and useful graces which constitute the real excellence of the human character. The former recommend themselves to our passions and imagination; they are glaring, noisy, and overwhelming; they take, as it were, the mind by storm : while the latter, retiring and un-

pretending, appeal silently and modestly to our reason and affections alone. The former pursue their course like the torrent, and catch the fancy by their roar and glitter, though their course be chiefly marked by the destruction which it produces; the latter, like the humble rill, are almost hidden as they steal along, and can be traced only in the fertility and beauty which they spread around. The truth of these remarks is confirmed by the personal character and actions of the larger proportion of those personages whom the page of history has most eulogised; and when heroes, politicians, and famous princes, are tried and appreciated by the principles of religion, reason, and stern morality, they will be found to be "far below the good," and to have ill merited that admiration and celebrity which consecrate their memory.* We cannot but think that our own Elizabeth furnishes an example of this undeserved enjoyment of

* "If the virtues of patriots and heroes," says Granger, "were abstracted from vanity and ambition, they would shrink into a very narrow compass; unmixed virtues are almost as rare as unmixed substances."—*Biog. Hist.* vol. iii. page 6.

praise and esteem ; and that the popularity which she boasted when living, and the respect which has since rested upon her name, have arisen entirely from an undue estimation of certain bold and broad features of her personal character, calculated to surprise and impose upon the imagination, rather than from any virtue of a private or public nature which she actually possessed. That she had great talents and numerous acquirements, cannot be denied. A sound judgment, also, and clear discrimination, when not weakened by partiality, or obscured by passion ; a singular promptness of decision, and a rare firmness of resolve, when her affections were not interested in the result ; an unequalled boldness of spirit, a cool confidence in the hour of danger, an unshaken endurance under adverse events, and a praiseworthy moderation amid prosperous circumstances, will readily be conceded to her : but here her panegyric must close. Foibles and vices make up the remainder of her character ; and the private and personal history of Elizabeth, after she assumed the sceptre, is filled with so many acts of

weakness and oppression, baseness and malignity, as oblige us to doubt either the honesty or moral discrimination of her numerous contemporary and posthumous eulogists. The period of this extraordinary woman's life most favourable to her character (with one fatal exception) was, unquestionably, that which intervened between the death of her father and her elevation to the throne. It was the period of her exercising, in the best and most striking way, that courage, energy, and fortitude, with which she was so highly gifted, and which enabled her to meet, with coolness and dignity, the slights, and insults, and personal dangers, to which she was then exposed. It was the period, also, in which, amid difficulties and alarms, her intellectual powers were most sedulously cultivated, and all her scholastic acquirements obtained; in which we find her, at one time, prosecuting her deep and earnest studies under her tutor, Roger Ascham, and, at another, exercising the duties of the reformed faith in opposition to a Popish court, or reasoning with the subtle Gardiner on her sister's injustice towards her, and resolutely

refusing to make any submission to the cruel and bigoted queen. It was a period, in short, which would have shed an uninterrupted lustre on the character of Elizabeth through its continuance, had it not been obscured by an event, to be deplored rather as her misfortune than her fault, which diminished its brightness at the time, and dimmed, by its malignant influence, all the glories of her future reign. "The Princess Elizabeth had been confided," says her elegant biographer, Miss Aikin, "on the death of her father, to the protection and superintendence of the queen dowager ; with whom, at one or other of her jointure-houses of Chelsea or Hanworth, she usually made her abode. By these means it happened, that, after the queen's re-marriage, she found herself domesticated under the roof of the lord-admiral ; and in this situation she had soon the misfortune to become an object of his marked attention."* That Seymour should obtain the most dishonourable advantages over Elizabeth, under circumstances in which she was thus unhappily placed, will not be a matter

* Vol. i. page 77.

of surprise to those who are acquainted with his character and his views; the weakness of artless and unsuspecting youth on the one hand, and the veiled designs and insidious practices of matured depravity on the other. The aim of Seymour was to obtain the hand of Elizabeth on the demise of his own wife; and he too well knew that the possession of her *honour* would be the best *security* for the attainment of this end, when the proper period arrived for the completion of his scheme.* To say nothing of the personal

* Vigneul Marville has written, (says Mr. D'Israeli,) in his lively and bold manner, what, I confess, I think just, concerning our *Virgin Queen*, as the voice of adulation has distinguished her.

Elizabeth passionately admired handsome and well-made men; and he was already far advanced in her favour, who approached her with beauty and with grace. On the contrary, she had so unconquerable an aversion for ugly and ill-made men, who had been treated unfortunately by nature, that she could not endure their presence.

When she issued from her palace, her guards were careful to disperse from before her eyes hideous and deformed people, the lame, the hunch-backed, &c. in a word, all those whose appearance might shock her delicate sensations.

attractions of the precocious princess, an animated and intelligent girl of fourteen,

There is this singular and admirable circumstance in the conduct of Elizabeth, that she made her pleasures subservient to her politics; and she maintained her affairs by what, in general, occasions the ruin of princes. So secret were her amours, that, even to the present day, their mysteries cannot be penetrated; but the utility she drew from them is public, and always operated for the good of her people. Her lovers were her ministers, and her ministers were her lovers. Love commanded; love was obeyed; and the reign of this princess was happy, because it was a reign of *love*, in which its chains and its slavery are liked.—D'Israeli's *Cur. of Lit.* vol. i. 317, 1st series. Surely this entertaining writer had forgotten (when he wrote the last paragraph) that her long and obstinate attachment to Leicester was so far from "maintaining her affairs," and rendering her reign "happy," that it blended disaster and disgrace with every political measure in which he was the principal agent, and heaped odium upon herself and her annals. Mr. D'Israeli seems to have changed his opinion with respect to Elizabeth's chastity since he wrote the above-quoted passage; and, in his second series of *Literary Curiosities*, to have adopted the hypothesis, of the *cause* of its preservation mentioned by Bayle in his *Dictionary*, vol. ii. page 760, note x. But the reason alleged for her not marrying, by her physician, Dr. Huic, was an excuse framed to blind the people, and silence the

which might well inflame the imagination of a courtly libertine; the dictates of a daring ambition actuated his mind with a steadier influence, and taught him to avail himself of the multiplied opportunities of engaging her affections, lulling her caution, and triumphing over her virtue, which were afforded him by her residence under his own roof, by the natural ardour of her character, and by the shameful connivance of the queen dowager at the liberties taken by the admiral with her charge, or rather by her actual participation (though, perhaps, unwittingly) in

solicitations of her parliament; since it is notorious that, had the match been popular, she would gladly have married the Duke of Anjou. The open indelicacy of her behaviour to Leicester can admit only of *one* interpretation. It may be gathered from Sir James Melvill's account of the ceremony of Leicester's being made an earl. "I was required," says he, "to stay till he was made Earl of Leicester; which was done at Westminster, the queen herself helping to put on his ceremonial, he sitting upon his knees" (*i. e. kneeling*) "with great gravity; but she could not refrain from *putting her hands into his neck, smilingly tickling him*, the French ambassador and I standing by. Then she turned, asking me how I liked him."

the process of her seduction.* The result, it may fairly be concluded, was consistent with the general history of the operations of the human passions, when uncontrolled by principle, and of human infirmity, when tried above its strength. The lord-admiral obtained from Elizabeth *all* that he could wish for, except her hand; and, from the tender secret intercourse which subsisted between them after their separation, and the deep and long-cherished grief which she felt and expressed after his execution, it is clear that he would eventually have been gratified in that respect also, the ultimate object of all his previous detestable proceedings, had not his prospects and intrigues been destroyed by a premature but deserved decapitation.

* "It seems, that on one occasion the queen held the hands of the princess, while the lord-admiral amused himself with cutting her gown to shreds; and that on another, she introduced him into the chamber of Elizabeth, before she had left her bed, when a violent romping scene took place; which was afterwards repeated, *without the presence of the queen.*"—Miss Aikin's Memoirs, &c. vol. i. page 78, 3d edit.

If the conclusion to which we have alluded may be reasonably drawn from the particulars which have been advanced, a clear light will be thrown on many points of Elizabeth's conduct and character after her accession, which, without such an explication, would be unintelligible. We now discover the secret of much of her personal and public behaviour. She had lost the great security of all that is amiable in female character, and with it her self-esteem. No check remained for the preservation of delicacy, or the controul of passion. Hence originated her undisguised admiration of handsome men; her disreputable attachment to a worthless male favourite, who had nothing to recommend him but the external graces of form and appearance; her dislike to women whose personal attractions she knew to be superior to her own; her avowed contempt of legitimate union; her stern discountenance of all innocent intercourse between the youthful of both sexes; and her malignant persecution of those whose hearts were united by the sacred link of honourable

love.* The secret conviction of her early

* It would be easy to adduce numerous proofs of all these bad traits in the character of Elizabeth. A remarkable instance of that, which is last upon the list, is given in a curious anecdote told by Sir John Harington. "She did oft ask the ladies around her chamber, if they loved to think of marriage? and the wise ones did conceal well their liking thereto, as knowing the queen's judgment in that matter. Sir Matthew Arundel's fair cousin, not knowing so deeply as her fellows, was asked one day hereof, and simply said, she had thought much about marriage, if her father did consent to the man she loved. 'You seem honest, i'faith,' said the queen, 'I will sue for you to your father.' The damsel was not displeased hereat; and when Sir Robert came to court, the queen asked him hereon, and pressed his consenting, if the match was discreet. Sir Robert, much astonished at this news, said, he never heard his daughter had liking to any man; and wanted to gain knowledge of her affection, but would give free consent to what was most pleasing to her Highness's will and advice. 'Then I will do the rest,' said the queen. The lady was called in; the queen told her that her father had given his free consent. 'Then,' replied the lady, 'I shall be happy, and please your Grace.' 'So thou shalt, but not to be a fool and marry. I have his consent given to *me*; and I vow thou shalt never get it into thy possession. So go to thy business; I see that thou art a bold one, to own thy foolishness so rashly.'"—*Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. 185.

departure from female virtue, which lay like a poison at her heart, drying up the sources of all complacency and joy, was naturally manifested in general irritability and peevishness of temper, and in violence and inconsistency of outward conduct; and rendered her cruel and tyrannical against law, reason, and humanity; revengeful without injury; harsh without offence; and virulent and unrelenting in the gratification of her malice. Nor was this moral distortion contrasted by any great or glorious trait in her public character. The love of her people was bottomed on the pride of rule, and co-existent only with their implicit obedience.* Her zeal for the reformed

* Elizabeth, with all her boasted patriotism and affection for her people, did not hesitate to recur to the most unconstitutional means of gratifying her vengeance. She caused Charles Baillie, as we have already seen, to be *racked*, for bringing over from France Mary Queen of Scots' defence; she caused all the servants of the Duke of Norfolk to be racked; (D'Israeli, vol. iii. p. 475;) and she had recourse to an obsolete statute, and an illegal stretch of authority, to smite off the right hands of Stubbs and his printer, for the publication of the former gentleman's work, entitled, "The Discovery of a gaping Gulph, wherein

faith was, at best, but equivocal; for had the Pope yielded up the question of supremacy, she would readily have reconciled herself and her subjects to the Church of Rome; and, while France was yet reeking with the blood of the Protestant victims of Saint Bartholomew's day, she permitted a renewal of the overtures for her marriage with the youngest son of Catherine de Medici, the planner and perpetrator of the massacre: to

England is like to be swallowed up by another French marriage, &c." Our gracious queen could, likewise, burn people for their religion. Two Dutchmen, Anabaptists, suffered in Smithfield, in 1575; and died, as Hollinshed sagely remarks, with "roaring and crying." She made a terrible use of the terrible act of the twenty-seventh year of her reign. One hundred and sixty-eight suffered under it, convicted of being priests, of harbouring priests, or of becoming converts.—Pennant's London, p. 425. These severe proceedings were not the stern acts of law, guarding against greater or wider future evils by a few examples of terrible retribution, but sprang entirely from the irritated personal feelings of this *nursing mother of her country*, and her patriotic ministers. The *rack*, says Blackstone, is utterly unknown to the law of England, though it was occasionally used as an *engine of state not of law*, more than once in the reign of Elizabeth.—Com. v. iv. p. 326.

which we may fairly add, that her foreign politics, (with the exception of Spain,) instead of being characterised by dignified, liberal, and comprehensive principles, were made up of intrigue and finesse; and resembled the tricks and shifts of a dirty pettifogger's office, rather than the grand and honourable measures of one of the first and most enlightened cabinets in the world.*

That vanity and self-conceit should bear an excessive sway in the mind of Elizabeth, seems somewhat extraordinary, as these weaknesses are rarely associated with the violent, the stern, and the vigorous, in human character. She formed, however, a remarkable exception to the general rule. Her biography is full of instances of such expositions of these petty feelings, as would excite our contempt, were it not merged in the stronger emotion of indignation at what is worse than vanity or self-conceit.† Of their influence on her behaviour,

* See Brodie's Hist. Brit. Empire, introduction, p. 130.

† We might multiply, even to satiety, examples, of the grossest nature, of Elizabeth's vanity and self-

one proof, among a thousand, is afforded us, in the account of the audiences which were given by the queen to Melvil, the Scotch envoy.

conceit. These, however, at worst, are only foibles; and had not her character exhibited features more deformed, such lighter defects in it might have been suffered to sleep in peace. But her whole conduct requires that we should "nothing extenuate," though charity demands that we should set down "nought in malice."—A Dutch ambassador assured her Majesty, and she received the assurance with peculiar complacency, that he had undertaken a voyage to see *her*, who for beauty and wisdom excelled all other beauties in the world. So fond was she of dress, that she left three thousand different habits in her wardrobe, at her death. Dancing, also, was a favourite amusement with her, as a means of displaying her grace, vigour, and agility. Sir Roger Aston assures us, that whenever he was to deliver any message to her from James of Scotland, on lifting up the hangings, he was sure to find her *dancing*, that he might communicate to his master her youthful and vigorous appearance.—Weldon's Court of King James V. This affectation of activity, the old queen persisted in to the last dregs of life. In the very year which terminated her reign, one of her courtiers describes her, as still endeavouring to deceive herself and others, by making exertions quite incompatible with her declining strength and advanced age. "The queen, our sovereign," says he, "was never so gallant many years, nor so set upon jollity. Her council, and others,

“ At divers meetings,” says he, “ we had divers purposes. The queen, my mistress, had instructed me to leave matters of gravity sometimes, and cast in merry purpose, lest otherwise she should be wearied, she being well informed of that queen’s natural temper. Therefore in declaring my observations of the customs of Dutchland, Poland, and Italy, the buskins of the women were not forgot; and what country weed I thought best becoming gentlewomen. The queen said she had clothes of every sort; which, every day thereafter,

by compact, had persuaded her to give up the progress into the west for this year, by reason of the hindrance of harvest by the taking up of carts, and *the people’s groans*: but she is come about again to hold it on as far as my Lord of Hertford’s, which is fifty miles from hence; and order is given yesterday for the remove the same day seven-night; *hunting or disporting* in the mean time, every other day, which is *the people’s ague*; and if things go forward, or continue the next year as they are in present, will give a motive of exception to Sir Walter Raleigh against the prophet David, that affirms the age of man, but not as he will think the age of woman, to be seventy years, and whatsoever to exceed that period to be *labor et doler*.”—Secret Correspondence of Sir Robert Cecil with James VI. p. 231.

as long as I was there, she changed. One day she had the English weed, another the French, and another the Italian, and so forth. She asked me which of them became her best? I answered, in my judgment, the Italian dress; which answer I found pleased her well, for she delighted to shew her golden-coloured hair, wearing a caul and bonnet, as they do in Italy. Her hair was rather reddish than yellow, curled, in appearance, naturally.

“She desired to know of me what colour of hair was reputed best; and whether my queen’s hair or hers was best; and which of them two was the fairest? I answered, that the fairest of them both was not their worst faults. But she was earnest with me to declare which of them I judged fairest? I said she was the fairest queen in England, and mine in Scotland. Yet she appeared earnest. I answered that they were both the fairest ladies in their countries: that her Majesty was whiter, but my queen was very lovely. She enquired which of them was of highest stature? I said my queen. Then, saith she, she is too high; for myself am neither too high, nor too

low. Then she asked, what exercises she used? I answered, that when I received my last dispatch, the queen was lately come from the Highland hunting: that when her more serious affairs permitted, she was taken up with reading histories; that sometimes she recreated herself with playing upon the lute and virginals. She asked if she played well? I said reasonably, for a queen.

“ The same day after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdon drew me up to a quiet gallery, that I might hear some music, but he said he durst not avow it, where I might hear the queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I took up the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and seeing her back towards the door, I ventured within the chamber and stood a pretty space, hearing her play excellently well; but she left off immediately, as soon as she turned about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward seeming to strike me with her hand, alleging that she used not to play before men; but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. She asked how I came there? I

answered, as I was walking with my Lord of Hunsdon, as we passed by the chamber door, I heard such melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how; excusing my fault of homeliness, as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed; declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment her Majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me for so great an offence. Then she sat down low upon a cushion, and I *upon my knees* by her; but, with her own hand, she gave me a cushion to lay under my knee, which I at first refused; but she compelled me to take it. She then called for my Lady Strafford out of the next chamber, for the queen was alone. She enquired whether my queen or she played best? In that I found myself obliged to give her the praise. She said my French was very good; and asked if I could speak Italian, which she spoke reasonably well. I told her Majesty I had no time to learn the language, not having been above two months in Italy."—"I told her Majesty that though I had no reason of being weary, I knew my mistress her affairs

called me home; yet I was stayed two days longer that I might *see her dance*, as I was afterwards informed :* which being over, she enquired of me, whether she, or my queen, danced best? I answered, the queen danced not so high, or disposedly, as she did."

* This amusement, to which her Majesty was extremely partial, as displaying at once her vigour and her grace, differed extremely from the waltzes and quadrilles of the present day. The learned Selden has not considered it as beneath his unexampled erudition to touch upon the subject. "The court of England is much altered" (temp. Charles I.): "at a *solemn dancing*, first you had the *grave measures*," (hence our balls formerly began with *minuets*,) then the *corantoës* and the *galliards*, and this kept up with ceremony; and at length to *Frenchmore*" (this was the *country dance*, borrowed from the French, and receiving its name from the partners standing *contre* and opposite to each other) "and the *cushion dance*;" (in which the partners, kneeling down, saluted each other;) "then all the company dances, lord and lady, groom and kitchen maid, no distinction. So, in our court, in Elizabeth's time, gravity and state were kept up. In King James's time, things were pretty well; but in King Charles's time, there has been nothing but *trenchmore*" (or *Frenchmore*); and the *cushion dance*."—*Omnium Gatherum* trolly poly, hoity toity! under the article of "King of England." See, also, *Aikin's Memoirs*, v. i. p. 381.

The personal attractions of Elizabeth, however highly they might be appreciated by herself, or lauded by her supple ministers, and hoaxing foreign visitors, do not appear to have been very overcoming, if we may estimate them by an honest portrait drawn by one who had no interest to serve in perverting the truth. From the account of Paul Hentzner, indeed, a German who travelled through England in her reign, she seems to have been a subject for the rigid outline of Holbein, rather than the delicate touch of a Vandyke, or a Lely. He is describing her Majesty going to prayers :

“ First went gentlemen, barons, earls, knights of the garter, all richly dressed and bare headed ; next came the chancellor, bearing the seals in a red silk purse, between two ; one of which carried the royal sceptre, the other the sword of state, in a red scabbard studded with golden *fleurs de lys*, the point upwards ; next came the queen in the sixty-fifth year of her age, as we were told, very majestic ; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled ; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant ; her nose a little hooked ; her lips narrow ; and her teeth black (a defect

the English seem subject to, from their great use of sugar). She had in her ears two pearls with very rich drops: she wore false hair, and that red. She had a small crown, reported to be made of some of the gold of the celebrated Lunenberg table. Her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine pearls. Her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low. Her air was stately; her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans; and over it, a mantle of black silk, shot with silver thread: her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness. Instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels.”—

“Whoever speaks to her, it is kneeling: now and then she raises some with her hand.”—

“Wherever she turned her face, as she was going along, every body fell down on their knees.”*

* Paul Hentzner, 'printed at Strawberry Hill, p. 91.

The mode in which the *royal table* of this idol was daily served, was an offering to pride and vanity, well adapted to her taste ; but which (thanks to the events of the last two centuries) is now known, only to be smiled or wondered at, in all the enlightened nations of the world.

“ A gentleman entered the room bearing a rod, and along with him another who had a table-cloth, which, after they had both *kneeled three times*, with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table ; and, after kneeling again, they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a saltcellar, a plate, and bread : when they had kneeled, as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired, with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady, (we were told she was a countess,) and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting knife ; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times, in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the plates with bread

and salt, with as much care as if the queen had been present. When they had waited there a little time, the yeomen of the guard entered, bareheaded, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn, a course of four and twenty dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt; these dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and laid upon the table, while the lady taster gave to each of the guards a mouthful to eat, for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, (being carefully selected for this service,) were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of all this ceremonial, a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who, with particular solemnity lifted the meat off the table and conveyed it into the queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the court."

But, with whatever contempt we may regard the foibles, or however indignant we may feel at the harsher features of the character of Elizabeth, we can contemplate the close of her reign only with emotions of unmixed commiseration. Submission and adulation had offered all their satisfactions to her for nearly half a century; she had the respect of foreign courts, and popularity at home: pageantry, and pomp, and pleasure, had exhausted their arts to soothe her pride, and amuse her fancy; wherever she directed her eye, her look enlightened every countenance with a smile, and, in a literal sense, every knee was bent to do her homage. In the midst of this unexampled halcyon state of prosperity, her soul was converted into a land of desolation: she gradually became peevish, morose, and gloomy; sleep was banished from her eyelids, and peace from her bosom; she loathed her food, rejected medicine, and after a few weeks endurance of all the agonies of a "wounded spirit," unsolaced by recollections of the past, uncheered by hopes for the future, she drew her

last anguished sigh, on the twenty-fourth of March, 1603.

The following picture of her wretched state, at the close of her life, is transmitted to us by an eye-witness, Sir Robert Carey, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, a friend of the dying queen's, who had come to watch for the concluding pang, that he might be the first to communicate the joyful intelligence to the Scottish King. This he effected, by slipping out of the chamber of death the moment after Elizabeth's expiration; and, at the risk of his neck, (for he had a terrible fall on the last day of his journey,) riding post from London to Edinburgh.*

"When I came to court, I found the queen ill-disposed, and she kept her inner lodging; yet she, hearing of my arrival, sent for me. I found her in one of her withdrawing chambers, sitting low upon her cushions. She called me to her; I kissed her hand, and told her it was my chiefest happiness to see her in safety and health, which I wished might long continue. She shook me by the hand, and

* Memoirs of Sir Robert Carey, p. 54, et infra.

wrung it hard, and said, ' No, Robin, I am not well ;' and then discoursed with me of her indisposition, and that her heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days ; and in her discourse she fetched not so few as forty or fifty great sighs. I was grieved, at the first, to see her in this plight ; for in all my life time before, I never knew her fetch a sigh, but when the Queen of Scots was beheaded.

" I used the best words I could to persuade her from this melancholy humour ; but I found by her, it was too deep rooted in her heart, and hardly to be removed. This was on a Saturday night ; and she gave commandment that the great closet should be prepared for her, to go to chapel the next morning. The next day, all things being in readiness, we long expected her coming. After eleven o'clock, one of the grooms came out, and bade make ready for the private closet ; she would not go to the great. There we stayed long for her coming ; but at the last she had cushions laid for her in the privy chamber, hard by the closet door, and there she heard service.

“From that day forwards she grew worse and worse. She remained upon her cushions four days and nights at the least. All about her could not persuade her either to take any sustenance, or to go to bed.”

Historians and politicians have sought for the cause of this awful termination of Elizabeth's career in various external circumstances; such as, regret at her severity to Essex, and the discovery of his penitence by the token of the ring, which should have been delivered to her by the Countess of Nottingham; her secret anger at being obligated to pardon Tyrone; or the keen mortification with which the intrigues of her courtiers and ministers with James of Scotland corroded her bosom: but the christian philosopher will probably attribute her “mind diseased” to another origin—to the “rooted sorrow of a “memory,” which dwelt on many an act of foulness and of tyranny; and to “the written troubles of a brain,” that could well exercise itself in the comparison between duty and action; in the reflection of how much had been bestowed, and how little had been effected; and in the

calculation of chances for and against the enjoyment of that final state of bliss, “ where only the *righteous* shall shine as the firmament of heaven, and as the stars, for ever and ever.”

ROBERT DUDLEY, EARL OF LEICESTER.

It is a very interesting feature in the novel of Kenilworth, that it introduces the reader to nearly all the remarkable characters of the court of Elizabeth; and clothes the puppets with so much circumstantiality, as makes them almost objects of vision as well as of reflection. The men who awed Europe, and at the same time shrunk under the frown of their own queen, are ranged before us in their real stature, persons, dress, and manners; and we regret, or admire, their servility *in the presence*, and weaknesses or high-mindedness, when for a moment they escape from it, as intensely as if we had mingled personally in the gorgeous group. Of these characters,

Dudley, as befits him, makes the most conspicuous figure; and though he is shewn in far too mild a light by the author, yet we forgive this defect, for the splendour and truth in the general drawing of this distinguished favourite. Of the real characters of the great it is difficult to obtain a correct idea; but the inferences which we may draw with respect to that of Leicester, even from the accounts of those historians or biographers who have spoken most favourably of him, are such as convince us that he was any thing rather than an honourable man, or able minister. On the other hand, though the *invectives* of his personal enemies ought, in common sense, to be disregarded, yet as most of the atrocious *facts* with which they charge him, have never been sufficiently disproved to stamp them as calumnies, we cannot but receive their assurances or evidence ~~of these~~ with a considerable degree of confidence.* Of these moral draughtsmen,

* Grotius has given us the general opinion of Leicester's character in foreign countries, when he says, "Egregius virtutum simulator; et qui invisos atque infelices Dudleïæ gentis spiritus haud ingrâtâ comitate

the author of "Leicester's Commonwealth" is the most full and particular ; and, if we may believe even half of what he tells, we must rise from the perusal of his book with the conviction, that Dudley was one of the most detestable of all recorded royal minions. Son to John duke of Northumberland, (who paid the penalty of his ambition with his head,) Robert was early initiated into the life of a courtier ; and received the honour of knighthood from Edward VIth. His prospects, however, became clouded in the former part of Mary's reign, from his being implicated in the intrigues and attainder of his father ; but fortune had destined him for a brilliant course, and the queen's pardon and favour revived his courage, and bade his hopes blossom with a renovated vigour. Shortly after the accession of Elizabeth, the glories of Dudley's fortune began to expand. He became the marked favourite of the sovereign ; was made master of the horse ;

velaret ;" an accomplished pretender to virtue, capable of concealing the wicked spirit of the Dudley family under the mask of an agreeable and affable politeness.

installed knight of the garter ; and sworn a member of the privy council. Large successive grants of land by the crown were also bestowed upon him ; and all suitors to the throne confided the prosecution of their interests to him, as the most certain channel to attention and success. His quarrel with the noble-minded Thomas Earl of Sussex, on the subject of the proposed marriage between Elizabeth and the Archduke Charles of Austria, was, for a time, a bitter drop in his cup of prosperity ; but the interference of majesty compelled an apparent reconciliation, which, while it secured him from all molestation from the generous Sussex, neither lessened his personal influence, nor was leavened by any diminution of the royal affection. A fallacious proposal of Elizabeth's, which deceived even Leicester, of marrying him to Queen Mary of Scotland, induced him to commit the evil deed already related—the destruction of his first wife, Amy Robsart. The murder was perpetrated, but without its expected reward ; for Mary declined accepting the proposal. The increasing affection of Elizabeth for her

favourite was now more conspicuously manifested, by creating him, in 1564, on the one day, baron of Denbigh, and on the next, earl of Leicester. This was followed by his being elevated to the chancellorship of Oxford, as he had before been to that of Cambridge; and about the same time a high foreign honour was conferred upon him—the order of St. Michael, sent by Charles IXth, king of France. In 1572, Leicester ventured on a step, which, had it been discovered by the queen, might have shaken his fortunes to their foundation—his private marriage with Douglas baroness dowager of Sheffield. The transaction, however, was so cunningly and secretly managed, that the reality of the marriage, which was denied by the earl, could not be determined till many years after the death of this desperate profligate. Leicester had long raised his thoughts to the hand of Elizabeth. Willing, however, as she was to be his mistress, her selfish love of rule would not allow her to become his wife; and the earl, irritated by her determined and repeated refusal, entered into a third matrimonial en-

gagement, and took the hand of the Countess of Essex ; with whom he had, for some time before this legal connexion, carried on a criminal intercourse. All Leicester's subtlety was insufficient to conceal this affair from the queen : she soon discovered it ; her fury was unbounded ; and the favourite was immediately put into strict confinement. But love speedily triumphed over rage : Leicester's society, even though married, was indispensable. She again liberated him, restored him to all his honours, and smiled upon him with augmented favour. Her criminal or childish partiality bestowed upon him, in 1585, the command of the forces sent into Holland ; where he disgraced himself, his mistress, and his country : and at the critical period of the Spanish invasion, when the honour, safety, and existence of the country were at stake, in defiance of the dictates of her own judgment, and the advice of her wisest friends ; of public opinion, and private remonstrance ; she conferred the command of the forces assembled at Tilbury upon this notoriously incompetent nobleman. The infatuation of

his royal mistress appeared to increase rather than diminish ; nor is it easy to see what would have been the consequences of her dotage and his ambition, had not his life been rather suddenly terminated, at Cornbury, in Oxfordshire, on September the 4th, 1588, not without a rumour of his having accidentally taken a dose of poison, that he had prepared for one of his intended victims ; a report, which, whether or not founded in truth, is a sufficient intimation of the estimate formed by the English public of his character.

It is not surprising, indeed, that the world should have attributed the demise of Leicester to an accident of this description, as it was sufficiently notorious that a similar mode of dispatching his rivals and enemies was familiar to his practice. Italy, it seems, had then the credit of producing the most skilful compounders of poisons, and the most subtle exhibitors of them, of any nation in Europe ; and of these Leicester had provided himself with a formidable troop. It consisted of “ a

chirurgeon, that then was newly come to my

lord from Italy ; a cunning man, and sure in operation ;” a Doctor Julie, from the same country, a Doctor Dale, and a Doctor Bayly, “ a man also not a little studied in his art ; for,” says our informant, “ I heard him once myself, in public act in Oxford, and that in presence of my Lord of Leicester, (if I be not deceived,) maintain, that poison might be so tempered and given, as it should not appear presently, and yet should kill the party afterwards, at what time should be appointed.”*

By the potency of such compounds, and the activity of the earl’s agents in administering them, it is asserted that almost all those who stood in the way of Leicester’s ambition, or excited his indignation, were either removed, or permanently injured. In this manner are accounted for, the death of Lord Sheffield, of the Earl of Essex, of Cardinal Chatilian, of Mistress Alice Draycot, of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, and of Lady Lenox ; as well as the impaired health of the Earl of Sussex, and other less celebrated objects of his appre-

* Leicester’s Commonwealth, p. 24, edit. 1641. |

hension, hatred, or malice.* It would be disgusting to exhibit Leicester under the various aspects of extraordinary and gross turpitude which his contemporaries have attributed to him ; suffice it, then, to say, that the author of his " Secret Memoirs" closes his work with this general estimate of the character of a man, who was for thirty years the friend, favourite, and, we fear we must add, paramour of Queen Elizabeth.

" Yet in himself hath he much less of good wherewith to procure to himself love or credit amongst men, than these ancestors of his had ; he being a man wholly abandoned of humane virtue, and devoted to wickedness ; which maketh men odious both to God and man. In his father, no doubt, there were to be seen many excellent good parts, if they had been joined with faith, honesty, moderation, and loyalty ; for all the world knoweth that he was very wise, valiant, magnanimous, liberal, and assuredly friendly where he once promised ; of all which virtues my lord, his son, hath neither shew nor shadow, but only :

* Ib. 27, et infra.

certain false representation of the former, being crafty and subtle to deceive, and ingenious to wickedness; and as for valour, he hath as much as a mouse; his magnanimity is base sordity; his liberality, rapine; his friendship, plain fraud, holding only for his gain, and not otherwise, though he were bound with a thousand oaths, of which he maketh as great account as hens do of cackling, but only for his commodity; using them especially in greatest number, when he meaneth to deceive; namely, if he swear solemnly by his *George*, or by the *eternal G—d*, then be sure it is a false lie; for these are observations in the court, and sometimes in his lodging. In like case, his manner is to take up and swear by the *bible*; whereby a gentleman of good account, and one that seemed to follow him, (as many do that like him but little,) protested to me of his knowledge, that, in a very short space, he observed him, wittingly and willingly, to be forsworn sixteen times. This man, therefore, so contemptible by his ancestors; so odible of himself; so plunged, overwhelmed, and defamed

in all vice; so envied in the court; so detested in the country, and not trusted of his own dearest friends; nay, (which I am privy to,) so misliked and hated of his own servants, for his beastly life, niggardize, and atheism, (being never yet seen to say one private prayer within his chamber in his life,) as they design nothing in this life (so much) as his ruin, and that they may be the first to lay hands upon him for revenge: this man, I say, so broken within and without, it is impossible that her Majesty and wise counsel should fear: I can never believe it. Or, if it be so, it is God's permission; without all doubt, for punishment of that his wickedness and sin, which is both rooted in, and rested on, him; so that when this man shall perceive, indeed, that they fear him, then will he handle them accordingly, and play the *bear*" (his crest) "indeed; which inconvenience I hope they will have the care to prevent. And so I leave it to God and to them, craving pardon of my Lord of Leicester for my boldness, if I have been too plain with him."*

* Secret Memoirs of Robert Dudley earl of Leicester, page 216, edit. 1706.

THOMAS RATCLIFFE, EARL OF SUSSEX.

We cannot present to our readers a more spirited and complete sketch of the character of this nobleman, and of his quarrel with Leicester, than that which is afforded us in the distinguished work of Miss Aikin, which we have already quoted.*

“ Thomas Earl of Sussex was an antagonist of a different nature ; an enemy rather than a rival ; and one who sought the overthrow of Leicester with as much zeal and industry as Leicester himself sought his ; but by means as open and courageous, as those of his opponent were ever secret, base, and cowardly. This nobleman, the third Earl of Sussex, of the surname of Radcliffe, and son of him who had interfered, with effect, to procure more humane and respectful treatment for Elizabeth, during the period of her adversity, had been first known by the title of Lord Fitzwalter, which he derived from a powerful line of barons, well known in English history, from

* *Memoirs of the Court of Elizabeth*, vol. i. page 398.

the days of Henry the First. By his mother, daughter of Thomas second duke of Norfolk, he was first cousin to Queen Anne Boleyn; and friendship, still more than the ties of blood, closely connected him with the head of the Howards. Several circumstances render it probable that he was not a zealous Protestant; though it is no where hinted that he was even secretly attached to the Catholic party. During the reign of Mary, his high character and approved loyalty had caused him to be employed, first, in an embassy to the Emperor Charles V. to settle the queen's marriage articles, and afterwards in the arduous post of lord-deputy of Ireland. Elizabeth continued him for some time in this situation; but wishing to avail herself of his counsels and service at home, she recalled him in 1565; conferred upon him the high dignity of lord chamberlain, vacant by the resignation of the Earl of Arundel; and appointed as his successor in Ireland, his excellent second in office, Sir Henry Sidney; who stood in the same relation, that of brother-in-law, to Sussex and Leicester; and whose singular merit and good

fortune it was, to preserve to the end the esteem and friendship of both.

“The ostensible cause of quarrel between these two earls seems to have been their difference of opinion respecting the Austrian match; but this was rather the pretext, than the motive, of an animosity, deeply rooted in the natures and situation of each; and, probably, called into action by particular provocations now unknown. The disposition of Sussex was courageous and sincere; his spirit high; his judgment clear and strong; his whole character honourable and upright. In the arts of a courtier, which he despised, he was confessedly inferior to his wily adversary; in all the qualifications of a statesman, and a soldier, he vastly excelled him.

“Sussex was endowed with penetration sufficient to detect, beneath the thick folds of hypocrisy and artifice, in which they were involved, the monstrous vices of Leicester’s disposition; and he could not, without indignation and disgust, behold a princess, whose blood he shared, whose character he honoured, and whose services he had embraced with

pure devotion, the dupe of an impostor so despicable and so pernicious. That influence which he saw Leicester abuse, to the dishonour of the queen, and the detriment of the country, he undertook to overthrow by fair and public means, and so far as appears, without motives of personal interest or ambition : thus far all was well, and for the effort, whether successful or not, he merited the public thanks. But there mingled, in the bosom of the high-born Sussex, an illiberal disdain for the origin of Dudley with a just abhorrence of his character and conduct.

“ He was wont to say of him, that two ancestors were all that he could number, his father and grandfather, both traitors and enemies to their country. His sarcasms roused in Leicester an animosity, which he did not attempt to disguise. With the exception of Cecil and his friends, who stood neuter, the whole court divided into factions, upon the quarrel of these two powerful peers ; and to such extremity were matters carried, that for some time neither of them could go abroad without a numerous train armed, according to

the fashion of the day, with daggers and spiked bucklers.

“ Scarcely could the queen herself restrain these ‘angry opposites’ from breaking out into acts of violence : at length, however, summoning them both into her presence, she forced them to a reconciliation, neither more nor less sincere than such pacifications by authority have usually proved.

“ The open and unmeasured enmity of Sussex seems to have been productive, in the end, of more injury to his own friends than to Leicester. The storm under which the favourite had bowed for an instant, was quickly overpast, and he once more reared his head erect and lofty as before. To revenge himself by the ruin or disgrace of Sussex was, however, beyond his power : the well-founded confidence of Elizabeth in his abilities, and his attachment to her person, he found to be immovable ; but against his friends and adherents, against the Duke of Norfolk himself, his malignant arts succeeded but too well ; and it seems not improbable that Leicester, for the purpose of carrying on without molestation his practices against them,

concurred in procuring for his adversary an honourable exile, in the shape of an embassy to the imperial court, on which he departed.

“After his return from this mission, the queen named the Earl of Sussex lord-president of the North; an appointment which equally removed him from the immediate theatre of court intrigue. Not long after, the hand of death put a final close to his honourable career, and to an enmity destined to know no other termination. As he lay upon his death-bed, this eminent person is recorded to have thus addressed his surrounding friends: “I am now passing into another world, and must leave you to your fortunes, and to the queen’s grace and goodness; but beware of the gipsey, (meaning Leicester,) for he will be too hard for you all; you know the beast so well as I do.”

SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH.

No character brought forwards in Kenilworth shed greater lustre on the court and reign of Elizabeth (with, perhaps, the exception of

Sir Philip Sidney) than this extraordinary man; who blended, in his single person, the qualities of a scholar, wit, and poet; a gentleman and hero; a philosopher and christian. Rawleigh's "History of the World" substantiates his claim to very profound reading; a singular comprehensiveness of mind; and a rare grandeur of views and principles.* It is a monument of equal strength and taste, in literary composition; pregnant with wisdom, information, and entertainment; and couched in a style of marvellous purity and sweetness, for the age in which it was written. His pretensions to wit and poesy are fully justified by the few,

* Of the *literary assistance* which was contributed to produce this incomparable volume, see D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, second series, v. ii. p. 126. But, allowing the hypothesis to the utmost extent, a sufficient portion of the work will remain (the indisputable product of Sir Walter's own mind) to evince his vast depth of thought, his rich luxuriance of fancy, and his complete command of magnificent and harmonious diction. The work was written during his confinement in the Tower; and, as he says himself, is one of three volumes which were to complete his original design.

but beautiful, specimens which remain to us of his compositions of this description. The lines in answer to Christopher Marlow's "Come live with me, and be my love," (so finely set as a glee by Webb,) breathe the spirit of gaiety and fancy, sobered down by much good sense.

"If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy love." &c.

His poem called "The Lye," which seems to have been written shortly after his imprisonment in the Tower, is impregnated with the philosophical spirit; and though its estimate of the world, and the various departments of social life, is, perhaps, too darkly tinged, yet it evinces a deep knowledge of the heart of man, and a long and steady observation of what was passing on the great theatre of his action.

"Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant;
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie."

His "Farewell" is at once original and tender. The "Pilgrimage" may be estimated from the following touching verses:

" Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of truth to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation.

My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage—

Whilst my soul, like a quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven!"

Nor, if all else were wanting, could we hesitate to pronounce him a "gifted bard," from the single composition of "Verses on his Death," which has such lines as these:

" E'en such is time, that takes on trust,
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days."

Rawleigh's life of daring adventure, and (to a great extent) of success, is an unquestioned proof of consummate courage; of high qualities for command; and sound judgment for execution. His patient endurance of a

long and unjust confinement in the Tower, occupied in intellectual employments, and scientific pursuits; in chemistry, medicine, natural history, and literary composition, evinces the calm, great, and philosophic mind : and the composure with which he received the intimation of his sentence, and bade farewell to all that was dear to him on earth ; the cheerful submission with which he resigned himself to the will of God ; and the unostentatious fortitude with which he dignified the last moments of his existence, were the product, not barely of a religious spirit, but of deep christian impressions. The prominent events of Raleigh's chequered life are generally known. Sprung from an ancient but impoverished family in Devonshire, his education was that of a gentleman ; but it was left to his own genius, talent, and ardour, to carve out for him a provision and station commensurate with the greatness of his views. Burning with the spirit of adventure, and the thirst of fame, he quitted college ere he had completed his education, and united himself to a brave band of enterprising volunteers, commanded by his

cousin Champernon, in 1569, and associated for the generous purpose of assisting the cause of the Protestants in France. A six years service in this warfare made him the finished soldier; and, in 1578, he gave evidence of his skill and valour, under the banners of General Morris, in the plains of Flanders. The prospect of a novel scene for the exertion of talents applicable to any purpose induced him to accompany his uncle, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in a colonizing expedition to North-America, which turning out unsuccessfully, he passed over into Ireland, where he was employed against the rebels. Circumstances which arose in this service, occasioned Rawleigh's introduction to Elizabeth, and laid the foundation of his future fortune; though the little proof of gallantry mentioned by the author of Kenilworth, might, perhaps, assist (if it really occurred) in increasing a partiality which she appears to have entertained for him on first beholding his handsome and noble figure; for, says Fuller, "coming out of Ireland to the English court, in good habit, (his clothes being

then a considerable part of his estate,) he found the queen walking, till meeting with a plashy place, she seemed to scruple going thereon; presently Rawleigh cast and spread his new plush cloak on the ground, whereupon the queen trod gently, rewarding him thereafter with many *suits* for his so free and seasonable tender of so fair a *foot-cloth*." The more probable occasion, however, of the first interview of Rawleigh with Elizabeth, was the report of her council on the quarrel between him and Lord Grey, which had happened in Ireland, and been discussed before them on the return of his lordship and the young soldier to England. Rawleigh's eloquence, extraordinary talent, and noble candour, had excited the admiration of the cabinet; they mentioned the favourable impressions which he had made on them to the queen. She directed him to be brought before her. His figure and address excited that tender sentiment which she was accustomed to feel for personages so gifted; and he became from that moment one of her most highly-valued personal friends. Leicester, however, saw his prosperity

with an evil eye. He had been Rawleigh's patron, but it was before he aspired to any part of that royal favour, which the earl regarded exclusively as his own. He, therefore, brought forwards the young Earl of Essex as a rival of Rawleigh; and rendered the court, in other respects, so irksome to him, that he determined to return to employments more congenial to his mind, than the petty concerns of intrigue and etiquette. The active part which he took in the preparations against the Spanish invasion, and the destruction of the invincible Armada, relieved him, for a time, from the ennui of a country life; and no sooner was this warfare gloriously terminated, than he engaged in expeditions to America, rather of a marauding than a legitimate description; and took the command of some of them himself. But the period of his sunset now arrived. The queen died, and Rawleigh's prosperity terminated. James was his personal enemy; for, in an unlucky hour, Rawleigh had said, "why need go to Scotland for a king." The speech had been reported to his majesty; and he never forgot or forgave it. The royal pedant

waited not long for an opportunity of revenge. Rawleigh was accused of taking part in Lord Cobham's treasonable conspiracy; insulted with a mock trial; and sentenced to death, though not the shadow of a proof appeared against him. For the present, however, his life was spared, and decapitation commuted for a strict and tedious imprisonment in the Tower. The celebrated Sir Edward Coke, afterwards judge, had, as attorney-general, the honour or infamy of conducting this prosecution against him; and never had the long robe been so disgraced, as it was on this occasion by this consummate lawyer. His insulting language to the prisoner almost surpasses belief. The dialogue between the attorney-general and the accused was of this description :

“ *Rawleigh.* I will wash my hands of the indictment, and die a true man to the king.

“ *Attorney.* You are the absolutest traitor that ever was.

“ *Rawleigh.* If my Lord Cobham be a traitor, what is that to me?

“ *Attorney.* All that he did was by thy

instigation, thou viper; for I *thou* thee, thou traitor.

“ *Rawleigh*. It becometh not a man of quality and virtue to call me so; but I take comfort in it, it is all you can do.

“ *Attorney*. I protest, before God, I never knew a clearer treason.

“ *Rawleigh*. I never had intelligence with Cobham since I came to the Tower.

“ *Attorney*. Go too: I will lay thee upon thy back, for the confidentest traitor that ever came to a bar.

“ *Lord Cecil*. Be not so impatient, good Mr. Attorney; give him leave to speak.

“ *Attorney*. If I may not be patiently heard, you will encourage traitors, and discourage us. I am the king's sworn servant, and must speak. If he be guilty, he is a traitor; if not, dismiss him.

“ *Nota*. Here Mr. Attorney sat down in a chafe, and would speak no more, until the commissioners urged and intreated him. After much ado he went on, and made a long repetition of all the evidence, for the direction of the jury; and at the repeating of some

things, Sir Walter Rawleigh interrupted him, and said he did him wrong.

"*Attorney.* Thou art the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived.

"*Rawleigh.* You speak indiscreetly, barbarously, and uncivilly.

"*Attorney.* I want words sufficient to express thy viperous treasons.

"*Rawleigh.* I think you want words, indeed, for you have spoken one thing half a dozen times.

"*Attorney.* Thou art an odious fellow: thy name is hateful to all the realm of England for thy pride.

"*Rawleigh.* It will go near to prove a measuring cast between you and me, Mr. Attorney.

"*Attorney.* Well, I will now make it appear to all the world, that there never was a viler viper upon the face of the earth than thou."*

Immured in the Tower for fourteen years, "he improved his imprisonment," says his

* The Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, with his trial at Winchester, page 86 et infra, 1677.

biographer, "to the greatest advantage of learning, and inquisitive men. Since his Majesty had civilly buried him, and, as it were, banished him this world, he thought it no treason to disturb the ashes of former times, and bring to view the actions of deceased heroes." But at length being "weary of a state wherein he could be only serviceable by his pen, but not in a capacity of serving and enriching his country any other way, (of whom Prince Henry would say, that no king but his father would keep such a bird in a cage,) he fell upon an enterprize of a golden mine in Guiana, in the southern parts of America." The king accepted the proposition; and Rawleigh sailed on the adventure. But his good fortune had deserted him: the expedition was unsuccessful; his son was killed; Keymis, his captain, destroyed himself in despair; and Rawleigh returned baffled and ruined. He was now arrested, through the intrigues of Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador; who, at the suggestion of his court, earnestly sought his life. "King James," continues his biographer, "was willing to

sacrifice Sir Walter to the advancement of peace with Spain, but not upon such grounds as the ambassador had designed ; for he desired a judgment upon the pretended breach of peace, that by this occasion he might slyly gain from the English an acknowledgement of his master's right in those places, and hereafter both stop their mouths, and quench their heat and valour. Hence, upon his old condemnation, (for having had experience upon a former trial, they cared not to run the hazard of a second,) he was sentenced ; the old judgment being averred against him ; and from Westminster Hall he was carried to the gate-house, and from thence the next morning to Parliament-yard, where he had the favour of the axe granted him.* But

* Anne, the good-natured wife of James the First, was anxious to save the life of Raleigh. She addressed the following letter to Buckingham for this humane purpose :

“ Anna, R.

“ My kind Dogge,

“ If I have any power or credit with you, I pray you let me have a trial of it at this time, in dealing sincerely and earnestly with the king, that

Many persons have wondered how that old sentence, that had lain dormant sixteen years and upwards, against Sir Walter could have been made use of to take off his head afterwards; considering the then Lord Chancellor Verulam told him positively, (as Sir Walter was acquainting him with that proffer of Sir William St. George for a pecuniary pardon, which might have been obtained for a less sum than his Guiana preparations amounted to,) in these words, "Sir, the knee-timber of our voyage is money. Spare your purse in this particular; for, upon my life, you have a sufficient pardon for all that is passed already, the king having under his broad seal made you admiral of his fleet, and given you the power of the martial law over the officers and soldiers." It was, indeed, the opinion of

Sir Walter Rawleigh's life may not be called in question. If you do it, so that the success answer my expectation, assure yourself that I will take it extraordinarily kindly at your hands; and rest one that wisheth you well, and desires you still, as you have been, a true servant to your master. To the Marquis of Buckingham."—Cayley's *Life of Raleigh*, vol. ii. page 156.

most lawyers, that he, who by his Majesty's patent had power of life and death over the king's liege people, should be esteemed or judged *rectus in curia*, and free from all old conviction."

In defiance, however, of this constitutional and legal objection, and of his eloquent appeal to James I., Sir Walter suffered.* The simple account given to us by his biographer of this unjust proceeding, and of Raleigh's behaviour in the last moments of his existence, is both interesting and edifying.

"Upon Thursday the 29th October, 1618, Sir Walter Raleigh was conveyed by the Sheriff of London to a scaffold in the Old Palace at Westminster, where he was executed

* His death was by him managed with so high and religious a resolution, as if a Roman had acted a christian, or rather a christian a Roman: so, as amongst the number that contributed to the destruction of the Earl of Essex, none but he died pitied. Which James finding, he, according to the mode of weak and ill-consulted princes, set forth, in print, a declaration; which, according to the ordinary success of such apologies, rendered the condition of that proceeding worse in the world's opinion.—Secret Hist. Court of James, vol. i. page 164.

bout nine of the clock in the morning of the same day; whose confession and several speeches there delivered, with his gesture and behaviour, were as follow.

“ His first appearance upon the scaffold was with a smiling countenance, saluting the lords, knights, and gentlemen, with others of his acquaintance there present; when, after a proclamation of silence by an officer appointed, he addressed himself to speak in this manner.

“ ‘ I desire to be borne withal, because this is the third day of my fever; and if I shew any weakness, I beseech you attribute it to my malady, for this is the hour I look for it.’

“ Then pausing awhile, directing himself towards a window, where the Lord of Arundel and the Lord of Doncaster, with some other lords and knights, sat, with a loud voice he said as followeth :

“ ‘ I thank God, of his infinite goodness, that he hath sent me to die in the sight of so honourable an assembly, and not in darkness.’
But by reason the place where they sat was

some distance from the scaffold, that they could not easily hear him, he said, ‘ I will strain myself, for I would willingly have your honours hear me.’ The Lord of Arundel answered, ‘ We will come upon the scaffold ;’ where, after he had saluted every one of them severally, he began as follows :

“ ‘ As I said, I thank my God heartily that he hath brought me into the light to die, and not suffered me to die in the dark prison of the Tower, where I have suffered a great deal of adversity, and a long sickness ; and I thank God that my fever hath not taken me at this time, as I prayed God it might not,’ &c. &c.

“ ‘ And now I intreat you all to join with me in prayer, that the great God of Heaven, whom I have grievously offended, being a man full of all vanity, and have lived a sinful life in all sinful callings, having been a soldier, a captain, a sea-captain, and a courtier, which are all places of wickedness and vice ; that God (I say) would forgive me, and cast away my sins from me, and that he would receive me into everlasting life. So I take

my leave of you all, making my peace with God.'

"Then proclamation being made that all men should depart the scaffold, he prepared himself for death, giving away his hat and wrought night-cap, and some money, to such as he knew that stood near him; taking his leave of the lords, knights, and other gentlemen; and among the rest, taking his leave of the Lord Arundel, he thanked him for his company, and entreated him to desire the king that no scandalous writing to defame him might be published after his death, saying further unto him, I have a long journey to go, and therefore will take my leave.

"Then putting off his gown and doublet, he called to the headsman to shew him the axe; which being not presently shewed to him, he said, 'I pray thee let me see it; dost thou think that I am afraid of it?' And having it in his hands, he felt along upon the edge of it, and smilingly spake to the sheriff, saying, 'This is a sharp medicine, but it is a physician for all diseases.' Then going to and fro upon the scaffold, on every side

he prayed the company to pray to God to assist him, and strengthen him.

“ And so being asked which way he would lay himself, on which side the block, as he stretched himself along and laid his head on the block, he said, ‘ So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lieth.’ And then praying, after he had forgiven the headsman, having given him a sign when he should do his office, at two blows he lost both head and life, his body never shrinking nor moving. His head was shewed on each side of the scaffold, and then put into a red leather bag, and his wrought gown thrown over it; which was afterwards conveyed away in a mourning-coach of his lady’s.

“ The large effusion of blood which proceeded from his veins amazed the spectators; who conjectured he had stock enough left of nature to have survived many years, though now near fourscore years old.

“ He behaved himself at his death with so high and religious a resolution, as if a christian had acted a Roman, or rather a Roman a christian; and by the magnanimity

which was then conspicuous in him, he abundantly baffled their calumnies, who had accused him of atheism."

Thus perished illegally, inequitably, and inhumanly, one of the greatest ornaments of the English nation, in the age in which he lived: the

"(Favourite of Fortune once, but last her thrall,) Accomplish'd Raleigh! in that lawless day,
When, like a goodly hart, he was beset
With crafty blood-hounds, lurching for his life,
While—as they feign'd to chase him fairly down:
And that foul Scot, the minion-kissing king,
Pursued with havock in the tyrannous hunt."*

Sir Walter was buried in the church of St. Margaret, Westminster, on the day of his being beheaded. It was left to a sensible churchwarden to inform us of the fact, who inscribed it on his monument about twenty (now fifty) years ago.†

A peculiar majesty of style, massiveness of language, and philosophical solemnity of thought, are everywhere manifested in Raleigh's great work the *History of the World*. The "summing up" of the first and only part is

* Crowe's Lewesdon Hill. † Pennant's London.

strikingly fine, and not to be matched in any English writer for the last century and a half; but, as his late Majesty said to Dr. Samuel Johnson, "there were giants on the earth in those days."

"For the rest," says he, "if we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of this boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add to that which hath been already said, that the kings and princes of the world have always laid before them the *actions*, but not the *ends*, of those great ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of *God*, while they enjoy life, or hope it; but they follow the counsel of *Death* upon his first approach. It is *he* that puts into man all the wisdom of the world, without speaking a word; which *God*, with all the words of his law, promises or threats, doth infuse. *Death*, which hateth and destroyeth man is believed: *God*, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred. *I have considered*, saith

Solomon, *all the works that are done under the sun, and behold all is vanity and vexation of spirit.* But who believes it, till *Death* tells it us? It was *Death*, which, opening the conscience of Charles the Fifth, made him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre; and King Francis the First of France, to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the Protestants in Merindol and Cabrieres, which till then he neglected. It is, therefore, *Death* alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent, that they are but abjects; and humbles them at the instant; makes them cry, complain, and repent; yea, even to hate their forepassed happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar; a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel which fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness; and they acknowledge it.

“O eloquent, just, and mighty *Death*! whom none could advise, *thou* hast persuaded!

what none hath dared, *thou* hast done! and, whom all the world hath flattered, *thou*, only, hast cast out of the world and despised. *Thou* hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness; all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *HIC JACET!*"*

SIR JOHN HARINGTON.

This agreeable beau of Elizabeth's court does not make his personal appearance in the novel

* P. 668—9. Rawleigh intended a *second* and *third* volume, "which," says he, "I have hewn out;" but it does not appear that either of them was ever written, or that even collections were made for them. The story of his burning the MS. of the second volume is disproved by Oldys, in his life of Rawleigh. It is not the least of Rawleigh's merits, that, amidst all the active engagements of his foreign enterprises, he did not overlook the humble *potatoe*, but introduced it from the West-Indies into his own country; conferring, thereby, upon the British empire, a benefit which (as far as the great mass of the population is concerned) has spread a wider comfort around, than all the advantages of all our possessions in or near the New World.

of Kenilworth; but is more than once alluded to, by the Queen, as a favourite, a godson, a wit, and a satyrst; and, as such, merits a place among the interesting circle of the characters which we are describing. John Harington, esq; and Isabella, daughter of Sir John Markham, (who were two, among the many, objects of Bishop Gardiner's persecution, as adherents to Queen Elizabeth before she ascended the throne,) were the parents of our witty knight. The particular cause which excited the prelate's indignation against his father and mother was as follows: A letter had been entrusted to Harington to be conveyed to Elizabeth during her confinement, but the watchful eye of Gardiner having discovered its delivery, John was immediately apprehended and imprisoned in the Tower; where being detained for twelve months, he was at length liberated, at the solicitation of Philip of Spain, with the loss and expense of £1000. The malice of Gardiner extended, also, to his wife Isabella; whom he separated from the service of Elizabeth; and, by affixing to her the odious appellation

of heretic, excluded her from the house of her own father. Fortunately, she found, in a Mr. Topeless, that assistance which parental affection would not afford her; and continued with him till Elizabeth's accession, when she became a lady of the privy chamber to the queen; who permitted her husband and herself again to enjoy their retreat at Kelweston, a manor and mansion, four miles from Bath. The issue of this couple were John and Francis. The elder was born about the year 1561, the fifth year of Queen Elizabeth; whose gratitude for the services of the father, during her persecution by Queen Mary, prompted her to stand godmother to the son. John was educated at Eton, and afterwards entered at Cambridge under the tuition of Bishop Still, whose attention made so deep an impression on the youth, that the remembrance of it never faded from his mind; and he himself says, he never went to him but he grew more religious, and never parted with him, but with additional instruction. Under so admirable a tutor, and with the advantages of great natural talents, Harington became soon conspicuous for his

literature and wit ; qualifications that increased the regard which Elizabeth already entertained for her godson. He now went to court, where he quickly rendered himself remarkable, not only by his good-natured satire, and sprightly epigrams, but, also, by a translation of the tale of Alcina and Rogero, from that luxuriant effort of fancy, Orlando Furioso. This performance, circulating amongst the ladies of the bedchamber, at length reached the eye of the virgin queen ; who, feigning herself offended at the licentiousness of the story, imposed upon Harington the translation of the *whole poem*, as the punishment of his assurance. The poet readily submitted to this mode of expiation, and produced Ariosto in English, to the great satisfaction of the queen, who received him again into favour, and permitted his return to court, from whence he had been banished till the translation should be completed. But the satirical propensity of Harington could not be overcome by this slight check ; and, in the year 1596, another sprightly effusion had nearly implicated him in circumstances still more unpleasant than his former inadvertence.

It was called the *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, and occasioned by the erection of a newly-invented water-closet in his house at Kelweston. The fertility of genius, and the depth of reading, displayed in this little tract, ought to have skreened our author from indignation ; but, as it contained, at the same time, many satirical allusions to the personages about the court, and some sly insinuations levelled against the queen herself, an universal cry of vengeance was excited against Harington ; and nothing but the great partiality of Elizabeth for him, and her gratitude for the fidelity of his parents, saved him from the horrors of the star chamber. Tired, at length, with the folly and hypocrisy of a court life, he seated himself quietly at Kelweston, enlivening the country around with his hospitality and wit. To sprightly characters allowances are generally given for slight deviations from the common-forms of decorum ; the *manner* in which they are made usually compensating for their singularity. Harington frequently availed himself of this privilege, and several anecdotes are handed down by tradition, in which our hero

seems to have sacrificed strict good manners, to the opportunity of saying a good thing. One incident of this kind occurred at the table of Lady Rogers, at Bath, the mother of his wife; who, being accustomed to dine at an unconscionable late hour, Sir John determined to try the effect of his wit, in order to work a reformation. A large company being assembled, therefore, at her ladyship's house, and the dinner on the table, one of his own sons was commanded to repeat the grace. The boy immediately began with, "O Lord, that givest us our meat in due season," when our knight immediately interrupted him, bade him be silent and not tell such a lie; "for I never knew," said he, "our meat in due season here in all my life." The singular sagacity of Sir John seems to have been, in a degree, imparted to his particular friend and companion, a spaniel dog, which he named Bungay. This celebrated animal, tradition tells us, was so extremely docile and well instructed, that he frequently travelled alone from Bath to London, carrying in a basket slung round his neck, packages and letters; calling for refresh-

ments at the houses in the way which his master was accustomed to frequent, and then pursuing his journey to court, where his fidelity and sagacity always assured him caresses and good cheer. In one of these expeditions, Bungay, unfortunately, fell into the hands of a party of beggars, who emptied his basket, carried him off, and sold him to the servants of the Spanish ambassador. After a long and fruitless enquiry for this faithful servant, Sir John accidentally went to the Spanish ambassador's; when, to his infinite satisfaction, he recognised his companion sleeping under the table. Being rather perplexed in what manner to ascertain his property, and to request its restoration, he told the ambassador that the animal before them possessed many more talents than he was apprised of. This naturally induced an explanation, when Sir John, to identify the dog, called him by his name, and made him perform a variety of singular tricks, to the astonishment of his excellency, who immediately insisted that his old master should once more receive the faithful animal into his protection. Bungay, among

many other useful offices which he was accustomed to perform, frequently went from the manor-house at Kelweston to Bath for two bottles of wine, which the vintner would carefully pack up in the basket that hung suspended from his neck. One day, on his return with the cargo, when he had performed only half his journey, the handle of the basket unfortunately broke, and the whole apparatus fell, of course, to the ground; but as Bungay never lost his presence of mind, he quickly discovered a method of completing the errand on which he had been sent. One of the bottles he immediately conveyed into a secret part of an adjoining hedge, and taking the other in his mouth, travelled home as fast as he could. Having delivered this, he posted back after the remaining one, which he soon conveyed to Kelweston, in a similar manner, and with equal safety. The concluding circumstance of poor Bungay's life bears ample testimony to his affection and sagacity, and places him upon a par with the far-famed dog of Ulysses. Attending Sir John, who was on horseback, to Bath, the animal suddenly leaped

upon the horse, with such an expression of affectionate fondness to his master, as surprised him. This he repeated three or four times successively ; and immediately running into the adjoining hedge, lay down and expired. The knight honoured his memory with some tributes of regard by writing two epigrams on Bungay, and having his figure introduced into the print prefixed to his translation of Orlando Furioso. The family, also, have preserved an honourable memorial of this sensible creature, in giving the name of Bungay to every successive dog that has been kept by the descendants of Sir John ; and the beautiful spaniel some time since belonging to the late Doctor, the great grandson of the knight, retained this celebrated appellation. In 1599, Harington was made a knight banneret in the field, by Essex, lord-lieutenant of Ireland, for the valour he displayed in that country. The disgust which the queen conceived both against him and Essex, on account of this honour being conferred without her privity, induced him, probably, to withdraw altogether from court, and retire once more to Kelweston.

Here he flattered himself he could pass his remaining days in the pursuits of philosophy, and the calm pleasures of rational occupation ; but he had mistaken the petulance of pique for a change of disposition ; and no sooner did James accede to the throne, than all his accustomed propensities returned ; he again languished for courtly parade, and determined to ingratiate himself with the new monarch ; which, from the following original letters, preserved by the late Dr. Harington, it seems he soon effected.

“ To the Honourable Knight, my trusty friend, Sir John Harington, by Bath.

“ Honourable Sir,—I received your letter sent by this gentleman, who delivered to his Majesty that which was committed to him. All you sent to Mr. Hunter, your assured and constant friend, is so well accepted of his Majesty, that I do not doubt but in the anon time ye will find more in effect nor (than) I can express by paper. And although for the present I do not advertise particularly, yet must I entreat your favourable-censure as one

that shall ever love you, and do his best for the accomplishment of your desire. In short time I hope to see you; when and where I am not certain, but then shall you know more of our master's love to yourself, and of my devotion to do you service; and shall constantly remain your assured friend, F. ARESKYNE."

"To the Honourable Knight, my loving neighbour, Sir John Harington, by Bath.

"Sir,—Yours by Mr. Nicholas Stranger, dated at Westwood, the 27th of March, I received at Court, at Holyrood House, the 2d of April. I find yourself and the spinning gentlewoman hath been oft scared; but now, God be praised, past danger. His Majesty and his train are to march forward on their journey towards London on the 5th of April. His Majesty accepted your emblem lantern and letters now last, exceeding kindly, as yourself shall say at meeting. I doubt not but your expectation shall be satisfied. Thus in haste, having many dispatches in hand, as this bearer can bear witness, I rest; requesting you to make much of the spinner, that

she may make much of the carder, and convert your spinning and keyding in riding. The kind and courteous knight will use your counsel at the Parliament ; it may be for both your benefit. I commit you to the Almighty.

“ Your affected and avowed friend, to do
you service, WM. HUNTER.

“ From the Court at Holyrood House, this
5th of April, 1603.”

But the surest earnest of James's future favour was the following letter to Sir John, under the king's own hand, written two days before the above.

*“ To our trusty and well-beloved Sir John
Harington, knight.*

“ Right trusty and well-beloved friend, we greet you heartily well. We have received your lantern with the poesie ye send us by our servant, William Hunter ; giving you hearty thanks, as likewise for your last letter, wherein we perceive the continuance of your loyal affection to us, and your service. We shall not be unmindful to extend our princely

favour hereafter to you, and your particulars, at all good occasions. We commit you to God.

JAMES, R.

“ From our court at Holyrood House, the 3d of April, 1603.”

Sir John enjoyed a great portion of James's esteem, frequently corresponding with him, and going occasionally to court; though it does not appear that his Majesty performed the promise of particular patronage made in his letter to the knight. He died at length, advanced in years, in 1612. One of the most singular honours conferred on Sir John was the visit which his royal godmother paid to him at Kelweston, in the year 1591; where she was gratified with all the delicacies of the times, and, what was much more to the taste of Elizabeth, with a profusion of complimentary verses and poetical conceits, the productions of the pen of her witty host. It was upon this occasion that she made her godson a present of a splendid golden font, whose family preserved it till 1643; when, being removed from Kelweston to Bristol for

greater security, it fell with that city into the hands of the rebels, and was heard of no more. John Harington, the puritan and republican succeeded to Kelweston, on the death of his father ; who, though much abused by party-writers, possessed a degree of popularity in the neighbourhood where he resided, that proved his private virtues were great, if his political principles were wrong. His son and successor, also, John, was equally beloved at Kelweston ; for the Lady Dyonisia, his mother, having quarrelled with, and being determined to inconvenience him, by removing the personal property from the seat, and disposing of it, the inhabitants of the parish rose upon the servants, dispersed them, and replaced the goods in the house for the benefit of the heir.*

* For most of the particulars in the above account we were indebted to repeated conversations with the late excellent Dr. Harington : others will be found in the "*Nugæ Antiquæ*."

MASTER ROBERT LANEHAM,

Master-keeper of the Council-chamber door.

This whimsical personage, so important in the regulation of the grotesque gaieties of Elizabeth's court, is introduced in the novel with strict attention to the actual circumstances of his person, manner, and costume. "The earl (Leicester) was approached (says our author) with several fantastic congées, by a person quaintly dressed in a doublet of black velvet, curiously slashed, and pinked with crimson satin; a long cock's feather in the velvet bonnet which he held in his hand; and an enormous ruff, stiffened to the extremity of the absurd taste of the times, joined with a sharp, lively, conceited expression of countenance, seemed to body forth a vain, hair-brained coxcomb, and small wit; while the rod which he held, and an assumption of formal authority, appeared to express some sense of official consequence, which qualified the natural pertness of his manner." This singular personage attended at Kenilworth, during the right royal reception which was given to Elizabeth in the year

1575, so spiritedly described by our author; and, in conjunction with *Captain Cox*, (of whom we shall speedily make mention,) imagined and executed the diversified pageants which were exhibited on the occasion. Of these he communicated a most minute, amusing, and elaborate account to his friend, "Master Humfrey Martin, mercer," in London, which was afterwards published, with the following title, and has been since reprinted in the first volume of Nichols's "*Progresses*," and in "*Kenilworth illustrated*,"—"A Letter, wherein part of the entertainment unto the Queen's Majesty, at Killingworth Castle, in Warwickshire, in this summer's progress 1575, is signified; from a friend, officer attendant in the court, unto his friend, a citizen and merchant in London."

It is to be regretted that we possess no further account of the lively and facetious writer of this curious detail, than is incidentally contained in the letter itself; but his communicative disposition has furnished numerous hints respecting himself, from which we may collect the following facts—that he

was a native of Nottinghamshire, and went to St. Paul's school, and also to "St. Antonez," where he was in the fifth form, and read Esop, Terence, and Virgil.

It seems he was originally destined for trade, and that his master's name was Bomsted, a mercer in London, in which place he probably resided early in life. Here he evidently formed an acquaintance with other respectable tradesmen besides his friend, Humphrey Martin, mercer and merchant, to whom his printed letter is addressed; as he particularly commends himself to Master Alderman Pullison, to Master Thorogood, and to his merry companion, Master Denman, mercer. As a merchant-adventurer he traded into "sundry countries," amongst which he particularly enumerates France and Flanders; but as he mentions Spanish, as well as French and Dutch, in the foreign languages he had acquired a knowledge of, it seems probable that he visited Spain also. To these accomplishments he added dancing and music, playing, according to his own account, on the guitar, cittern, and virginals; he sang also,

and appears to have been a gallant with the ladies, and a *bon vivant* with the men; loving sack and sugar, or else, according to his own confession, he should not “blush so mooch a dayz;” “I am woont,” says he, “to be jolly and dry a mornings;” and in his remembrances to his London acquaintances, he names, especially, his “good old friend, Master Smith, customer, by that same token—set my horse up to the rack, and then let’s have a cup of sack. He knows the token well enough, and will laugh, I hold ye a groat.”

He mentions his love of reading; and that his friend may not marvel to see him “so bookish,” he describes his education; adding, that when at leisure from “the council,” he reads various books. “Stories,” says he, “I delight in: the more ancient and rare, the more likesome to me:” and the truth of this is abundantly shewn in his letter.

Whether his “adventures” proved unsuccessful, or his mercurial disposition ill suited the habits of a merchant trader, is not apparent; but that one or the other was the

case may well be guessed; and it appears that some time before the queen's visit to Kenilworth, he became a protégée of the munificent and powerful Earl of Leicester; by whose influence he was made "clerk of the council chamber-door, and also keeper of the same." Nor did his patron's kindness rest here; for Laneham very gratefully relates, that, besides this, the noble earl "gave him apparel for his own back; got him allowance in the stable; and helped him in *his license of beans*; whereby (although he does not much use it) his good father is well relieved, by being permitted to serve the stable; and thus, adds he, I now go in my silks, that else might ruffle in my cut canvass; ride on horse-back, that might else manage on foot; am known to their honours, and taken forth with the best, that else might be bid to stand back."

How he carried himself in his office is thus described with much naiveté in his own words. "When the council sit, I am at hand; if any make a babbling, Peace, I say; if I take a listener, or a prier in at the chinks or

lock-hole, I am bye and bye at the bones of him ; if a friend come, I make him sit down by me on a form or chest—let the rest walk, a G—d's name."

With the companionable qualities before described, it is not surprising that his society was sought, and that he was admitted into the company of his superiors. Accordingly we find, that many afternoons and nights during the stay of Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, he was with Sir George Howard, and sometimes at Lady Sidney's chambers ; but always among the gentlewomen "by my good will." To his old companions in London it seems he was known by the appellation of the *Black Prince* ; and to evince his knowledge in Spanish, he concludes his description of himself at the close of the letter by the term "El principe Negro."

Whether this curious letter be the only instance of Laneham's authorship may, perhaps, be questioned, though the grounds of the doubt are merely conjectural ; but in D'Israeli's *Quarrels of Authors*, vol. iii. page 271, is the copy of a very rare poetical tract,

describing with considerable force the revolutionists of Queen Elizabeth's reign, entitled "Rythmes against Martin Marre, prelate;" in which is the following stanza:

" And ye grave men that answer Martin's mowes
 He mocks the more, and ye in vain loose times,
 Leave apes to dogs to bait; their skins to crows;
 And let old Lanam lash him with his rhymes:
 The beast is proud when men weigh his inditings
 Let his works *go the way* of all waste writings."

It seems not improbable that amongst the various qualifications of our Laneham, a talent for versification was included; and his powers for satire and ridicule cannot be doubted: these he possessed in a super-eminent degree.

The first publication of Laneham's letter was in small octavo size, and black letter; and contains eighty pages; without date or printer's name. It is extremely scarce, and of much value.

CAPTAIN COX.

Little of this worthy's personal history is known ; but it appears that his taste was in great requisition in the invention and arrangement of the motley pageants of his day. His fame survived his death ; and afforded a subject, in after times, both of eulogy and ridicule. The wit of Ben Jonson made it a vehicle of the latter. In his masque, entitled "The Masque of Owls at Kenilworth, presented by the Ghost of Captain Cox, mounted on his hobby-horse," in 1626, the following lines occur. The reader will perceive in them a good vein of humour.

Enter Captain Cox, on his Hobby-Horse.

Room ! room ! for my horse will wince,
 If he come within so many yards of a prince
 And tho' he have not on his wings,
 He will do strange things.
 He is the Pegasus that uses
 To wait on Warwick muses ;
 And on gaudy days he paces
 Before the Coventry graces ;
 For to tell you true, and in rhyme,
 He was fool'd in Elizabeth's time,

When the great Earl of Lester
 In his castle did feast her.
 Now I am not so stupid
 To think you think me Cupid,
 Or a Mercury that sit him,
 Though these cocks here would fit him ;
 But a spirit, very civil,
 Neither poet's god nor devil,
 An old Kenilworth fox,
 The ghost of Captain Cox,
 For which I am the bolder,
 To wear a cock on each shoulder.

This Captain Cox, by St. Mary,
 Was at Bullen (Boulogne) with King Ha-ry ;
 And, if some do not vary,
 Had a goodly library,
 By which he was discerned
 To be one of the learned ;
 To entertain the queen here,
 When she last was seen here.
 And for the town of Coventry,
 To act for her sovereignty.
 But so his lot fell out,
 That serving then a-foot,
 And being a little man,
 When the skirmish began,
 Twixt the Saxon and the Dane,
 (From thence the story was ta'en,)

He was not so well seen,
 As he would have been o' the queen,
 Though his sword was twice so long
 As any man's in the throng ;

And for his sake the play
 Was call'd for the second day.
 But he made a vow,
 (And he performs it now,)
 That, were he alive or dead,
 Hereafter it should never be said,
 But Captain Cox would serve on horse,
 For better or for worse,
 If any prince came hither,
 And his horse should have a feather;
 Nay such a prince it might be,
 Perhaps he should have three.

Now, Sir, in your approach,
 The rumbling of your coach
 Awaking me, his ghost,
 I come to play your host,
 And feast your eyes and ears
 Neither with dogs nor bears;
 Tho' that had been a fit
 Of our majnshire wit,
 In times heretofore,
 But now we have got a little more.

These, then, which we present
 With a most loyal intent,
 And, as the author saith,
 No ill meaning to the Catholic faith,
 Are not so much beasts as fowls,
 But a very nest of owls,
 And natural, so thrive I;
 I found them in the ivy,

A thing, that tho' I blunder'd at,
 It may in time be wonder'd at,
 If the place but affords
 Any store of lucky birds,
 As I may make them to flush,
 Each owl out of his bush.

Now these owls some say were men;
 And they may be so again,
 If once they endure the light
 Of your Highness's sight;
 For bankrupts we have known
 Rise to more than their own,
 With a little, little savour
 Of the prince's favour.
 But as you like their tricks,
 I'll spring them, they are but six.

Hey! Owl first, &c.

This masque was performed before Charles the First, when he was Prince of Wales.

Laneham, in his descriptive Letter, (to which our novelist has been almost exclusively indebted for the particulars of the entertainments at Kenilworth,) makes mention of this Captain Cox, as "an odd man; by profession a mason, and that right skilful; very cunning in fens, and hardy as Gawin," for "his ton sword," (or long sword,) says he,

“hangs at his table’s end. Great oversight hath he in matters of story: I believe he have them all at his fingers’ ends. Then in philosophy, both natural and moral, I think he be as naturally overseen; besides poetry and astronomy, and other hid sciences, as I may guess by the omberty” (quantity) “of his books. Beside this, in the field a good marshall at musters; of very great credit and trust in the town here” (Kenilworth), “for he has been chosen ale-kunner many a year, when his betters have stood by, and ever quitted himself with such estimation, as yet to taste of a cup of nippitate” (nappy-ale), his judgment will be taken above the best in the parish, be his nose ne’er so red.”—Laneham’s Letter, 23, Kenilworth Illustrated.

END OF SECOND VOLUME.



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**is book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**



